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OUTWEST



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OUT WEST

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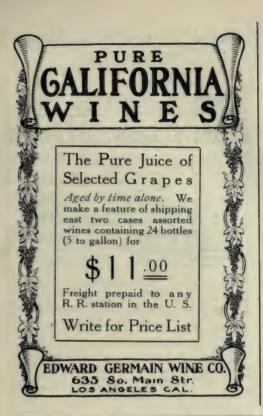
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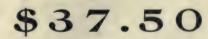
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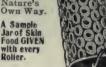


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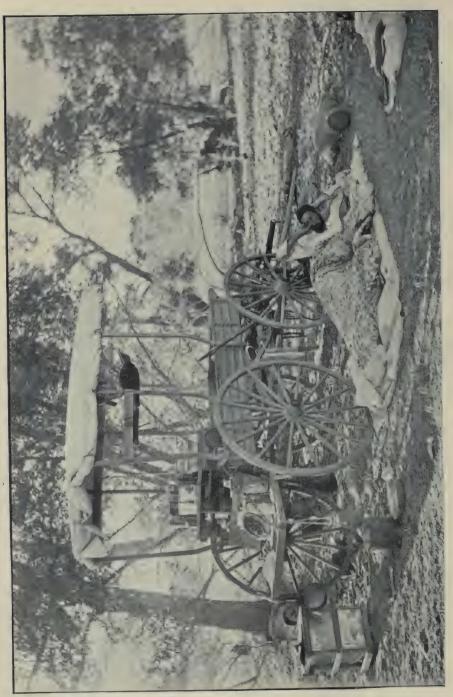
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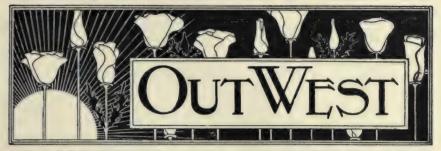
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ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH-"TIME TO GET UP"



Vol. XXVIII. No. 1

JANUARY, 1908

THE BURDEN OF THE SOUTHWEST

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



HE deep black bulk of the barren ranges threading back and forth across the desert loomed near and overwhelming; their strange, serrated peaks, blended into the purple-dark horizon, took on the semblance of grim, relentless faces, menacing and merciless. A moon like

a disk of dull copper swung up over the tallest peak and flooded the canons and the wide, shallow sand-washes with yellow light. One by one the moonlight detached patches of black and white from the sombre hillside and set them out clearly—rough shacks of wood and the inevitable corrugated iron of a desert mining camp, and, scattering below, the white of tents like the bivouac of an army. army.

From the porch of one of the shacks a woman looked down over the shadow-filled cañon, white-blotched with tents, and up to the dim, menacing mountain line. In every tent a battle was on; in every tent some white-faced man or woman, resolute and brave, or fear-racked and despairing, struggled to wrench free from the grasp of an insidious enemy.

The woman on the porch was wrung with the tragedy of it; a few hours before, her hands had closed the eyes of one who had lost in the fight. Her lips had said what words might be, not of comfort but of strength, to the dark-eyed bride who, heart-broken and alone in a stranger land, was even now out in the desert night, taking the still form of her husband back to the home that would never be home again.

The moonlight flooded the rugged hills; the wild fragrance of strange shrubs blew in on the wind; but the woman sat tense and still in an agony of protesting pity. This tragedy just ended was one of hundreds, of thousands; every city and town and mining camp, every little corner of the wide desert, had its own version.

Her heart had its own version; she, too, had journeyed into the Southwest seeking health for one dear and near. She knew what

it meant to care for one sick and helpless, in strange surroundings; where hospitals were few and always filled, and money would not buy many of the comforts that had been matters of course and now meant help or hindrance in the keen fight for life. She knew what it meant to find even the shelter of four walls and a roof not always easy to come at; and to find that dread of the scourge from which she fled had gone before and chilled the friendliest hearts.

Something, something, must be done. But what? what? Out of the silence of the night a voice seemed to speak to the woman, and to show her the thing that she could do to help. The next day she went out with new strength and a great purpose to bear wherever she could such part of the burden as she might.

But this thing which the woman saw, and strove to help, is no individual burden—no one alone can ease it. It is a struggle with the silent, secret arch-enemy of the human race—and the race must meet it.

In 1905, Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote: "Tuberculosis is today the scourge of the world. It causes more deaths, more suffering and sorrow, and a greater economic loss, than any other agency within the whole range of human affliction. Of the 75,000,000 living Americans, 8,000,000 at least must die from this cause; some authorities put the estimate as high as 10,000,000.

"The immediate problem in the fight is the disposition of the helpless consumptive. Both on humanitarian grounds, for the pathos of his case is without parallel, and in the interests of public safety, for he is necessarily a radiating influence of infection, he should be placed in proper sanitarium surroundings."

No part of the United States is more concerned in this question of the helpless consumptive than the Southwest. Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California confront such a problem as may well demand a hearing from the nation as a whole. A problem arising, not from internal, but from external circumstances, and yearly increased and complicated, not by internal weakness and inadequacy, but by an overwhelming influx of sick and poor people whose own States immediately cease to be in any way responsible for their support.

No small part of the difficulty comes from the complete misunderstanding of conditions and possibilities of life in the Southwest. The invalid, his family, and even the physician by whose advice he comes, have no adequate knowledge of the simplest conditions that will confront him. He goes out, too often, with a light pocket to a strange place, to seek work which he is not able to do, for the sake of a climate about which he knows nothing. He only learns by experience that much of what he has been told is mistaken or is not applicable to his own case. Perhaps the first American to sound the praises of the South-west as a land in which to regain lost health was Josiah Gregg, who journeyed with a trading caravan to Santa Fé in the Thirties, and returning strong and well, wrote the "Commerce of the Prairies." The 'Forty-niners following him had their say, and a trip "across the Plains" came to be a sovereign means of avoiding a journey into regions still more remote from chart or guide.

Now and again some threatened man joined a party of trappers or buffalo hunters and grew brown and long-haired and healthy. Later he scouted with the troops who hunted the Indians into reluctant



A "BURRO TOURIST" AND HIS "PUP TENT"

A burro and what can be packed on his back constitutes he summer travelling outfit of many a health seeker

peace, and later still he rode behind the herds of long-horned cattle that replaced the buffalo on these same wind-swept, sun-warmed, "short grass" plains.

The cattle pushed on across the mountains into the farther Southwest, and the man whose lungs were "not just up to the mark" went with them. He was often a good fellow, and there were not many of him. He rode with the cowboys and lived in camp, and if he got well, he more likely than not bought a few cows, located some water-hole, built a cabin and a stockade corral, and became a useful citizen in the land that had given him a new lease on life.

When he went back to "God's Country," he told of good happen-

ings in the land of his adoption. If he had a handy pen he wrote the things that had befallen him, with something added for good measure. The story was printed, and others of his kind read it and faced West to follow his trail to like fortune.

Sometimes he left the cowboys and with some grizzled prospector tramped behind the hardy burros through the hills and cañons till a ledge of yellow-streaked rock ended the trip. Rarely this—very rarely—yet it has happened. And then he went home to tell a larger tale than cattle-brands, and still others came back on his trail to find yellow-streaked ledges, between whiles of getting well.

So, with a strangely careless disregard of details an iridescent illusion grew up—half rooted in these stories that had something of truth in their romance, and half in the reports of over-enthusiastic physicians that had much of romance in their truth. Too often the actual health-seeker regarded himself as a potential explorer and adventurer for whom all sorts of interesting experiences waited just beyond the end of his ticket.

If he or his friends could scrape together enough to satisfy the railroad and leave a few dollars in his pocket he started out hopefully with visions of mines and cattle ranches leading like the prophet's pillar of fire. It did not matter that he perhaps had never been astride a horse and that he could not give the name to a granite boulder; the dream grew as the miles slipped by, till it ended in a room in a cheap lodging-house and a letter home for more money.

Meanwhile tuberculosis increased; every condition of modern life fostered it. The cities of the East became veritable breeding places for it; physicians experimented and experimented again, caught as at a straw at the things that had been written of the desert and the plains, and "Climate" became the countersign of an ever-recruiting army moving every winter toward the West.

Some were benefitted, some were cured, and these added their experience to the urge westward. In various ways the West profitted; the most useful citizen in many a community came there for health, and, having found it, chose to cast his lot with the land. Wealth, energy, culture, and trained ability came with the health-seeker, and still come; but other things come also—things that are just the reverse, and that go to heap up the burden under which the Southwest is staggering.

Tuberculosis finds victims among all classes; but it is as truly a poverty-disease as the itch was a filth-disease. It riots and multiplies in the haunts of the poor, and in these it breeds the germs flung broadcast to spread the infection in more favored places. No other thing, not even war, is so great a drain on the resources of the world. It has been said to disable from one-quarter to one-third of the population at the productive period, between fifteen and forty-

five. Its victims represent a great army withdrawn from the active productive forces of the country; and in the very nature of things more than half of this army must be supported by charity, public or private.

This is the very core of the problem. Science may very well be able to stamp out the disease entirely, but the proper means must be provided and the victims must be placed in favorable surroundings and maintained there under favorable conditions till they are cured, or until death renders them no longer a menace and a source of infection to others.

How best this may be done is a question that confronts the whole world; and confronts every individual country. In no part of the



A SUMMER HOTEL IN THE MOUNTAINS

world has it been met adequately, and in each country the course of action must be guided by the sum of existing conditions. But in the ultimate consideration it is too large a thing for private charity; it is too large a thing for sectional control.

It comes as truly within the province of the general governemnt as the repelling of an army of invasion. If 10,000,000 of the American citizens living today were threatened with death by a foreign power the whole country would arm and rise to meet the emergency. No community or town would be left to protect itself as best it could; but a systematic campaign, based on all obtainable knowledge of the invader and of the country invaded, as well as of the forces available against him, would be pushed to the utmost.

The victory over yellow fever, the still losing battles with typhoid

and diphtheria and consumption, and the misuse and waste and bungling application of relief means in recent great calamities, should have proven that we need a Department of Public Health as seriously as we needed a Department of Commerce and Labor.

Until we have such a department to take up on large lines and systematically the battle with tuberculosis, the control of it can be only local and temporary; but until such larger aid shall come the fight must be carried on with whatever means are available in each section. The immediate solution will probably come from the Southwest, where the situation becomes yearly more urgent, and the methods worked out from a multitude of varying cases are more generally applicable.

For the present the campaign must be one of mingled help and education. No small part of the difficulty is the before-mentioned misunderstanding of local conditions. Too often the physicians who send thousands of men and women out every year to a supposedly favoring climate have only a vague idea of what their patients are going to. They have some tabulated statements of temperature, moisture, altitude, and the local death-rate, the names of a few towns, and nothing more.

One physician sent a tubercular patient to Hawaii just at the opening of the rainy season, assuring him that a dry climate was his one hope. Another sent a man into one of the most arid parts of the desert, and, as his patient must do something to earn a living, gravely advised him to spend his time in fishing, live on fish as far as possible, and sell his surplus catch to get what else he might require. The patient would have needed a line some hundred miles long to reach running water enough to wet a fish-hook!

For a good many years California and Colorado, in a way, divided the westward drift, and conditions in those states are more generally known; but soon the arid regions of New Mexico and Arizona began to catch the overflow, and it is here that the problem centers today in its most naked difficulty and pathos—particularly in Arizona.

These territories are made up of large areas of diversified mountain and fothills, mesa and desert, wherein some of the atmosphere of the frontier still lingers, and the population, nowhere great, inclines to center in the towns, mining camps, and a few agricultural valleys.

It is still in many ways a new land, busy with its own development; the varied resources forbid that it should ever depend on "garden truck and tourists," and, in spite of the known value of the climate for pulmonary and nervous diseases, a large influx of invalids is not sought, but in many places is rather discouraged.

No extended attempt has ever been made to care for large numbers

of invalids. In various favorable places, and in or near the largest towns, sanitariums have been built for pulmonary and other patients. These are, for the most part, excellent, and many cures are recorded from them; but none of them are of large capacity, nor are they within reach of persons of limited means.

Camps of tents and portable houses under some general supervision have been established in many places, and offer very good conditions at lesser prices. There are hotels and private lodging houses in all the towns and large mining camps; but the hotels do not welcome consumptives, because the fear of the disease is so



THE WAY TO GET WELL

great and so general that other guests will not remain in the house known to be open to tubercular sufferers.

The victim of the "white plague" who turns to the Southwest, hoping to find no dread of the disease, will be bitterly disappointed; for the ever-growing experience with it in an endless variety of forms has impressed a fear upon all the people, and each year adds to the feeling. The sign "Rooms to Let" has been coupled, sometimes in print and often verbally, with the warning "No Consumptives Taken."

Yet here is a wide, sun-warmed, wind-swept land which is a natural sanitarium, wherein the invalid who has it in himself to get well has many odds in his favor. Has it in himself—that is the point. Too many people, sunken in inertia, expect to apply climate like a gentle, impalpable mustard plaster and have all their bodily ills

drawn out while they wait—and they usually wait indefinitely, under a low, long heap of desert sand.

The man who comes into the Southwest determined to get well is likely to win. If he can have certain things, he is nearly sure to win. For one thing, he should be sure of a dollar a day for six months at least; twice as much would double his chances. Food, shelter, medicine, and medical attendance are all dearer than in the East; a dollar a day means only the barest necessities, and scarcely that.

Many a man has lost his chance for life because those on whom he was dependent could not realize the difference in the cost of living. One poor, proud boy, starving on a pittance, trying to camp out and cook his own food, fell into the hands of a kindly person who wrote the plain truth to his family. They replied indignantly, telling him not to endure such hardship but to go up into the mountains (he had been ordered to breathe the balsam of pine forests), and find some hotel where he could get a comfortable room and good food. And for this they thought four dollars a week munificent!

The mountains of the Southwest are not the Adirondacks. There are not half a dozen hotels in five hundred miles of them. A man may ride a long day in many a direction and not find so much as a ranch-house or a miner's cabin at the end; and if he lives on four dollars a week, he will sleep in his own blankets and eat out of his own frying-pan.

Nor is it possible, except occasionally, for an invalid to realize the usual injunction of his physicians to "Get out on a ranch, away from sick people. Live out-of-doors, and eat all the fresh eggs and drink all the new milk you can get." The farming area is relatively limited; the weary head of a charitable organization has said that if there was a farm on every quarter-section of land in Arizona, there would still not be accommodation for all the invalids who have applied for "an easy job on a ranch" in the past five years.

There are farms where board and lodging may be obtained for a reasonable price; but there is little chance to earn one's living by light work. There is little "light work" on a farm. The demand is for capable and experienced help; and for the safety of others, a tuberculous person cannot be employed around cattle and dairy-stock, which is the work often sought.

There are very few of the old-time cattle-ranches left in Arizona. The cattle business is conducted on entirely different lines for the most part; and this avenue of adventure and outdoor life is closed to the would-be emulator of the "Virginian" and his author.

This beloved illusion is the one that dies hardest. Only recently the writer was asked to find a place on a ranch for a modest person who wanted a piano at his disposal, all the saddle-horses he could

use, town and postoffice near—and special opportunities to study the "natives" and acquire "local color."

There are very few ranch-owners who care to burden themselves with an invalid at any price. Adventures are to be sought chiefly in the pages of the cheaper magazines, and one may safely live unarmed the year through, among any Indians or cowboys in Arizona.

Still less do the mining camps offer the light outdoor work which



CAMPING IN STYLE
Several health seekers often join in a party and spend the summer in tenting and travelling

the consumptive desires. The work there is all hard and only a small part of it is done above ground. Sometimes there is an office position to be had, or a chance to help the cook in the boarding-house, but even these are rare.

It should be said frankly that there is no great encouragement for the man or woman of tuberculous tendencies who seeks light employment in the inland Southwest. There are ten applicants for every position, and the wages are, many times, lowered almost below the living point by this pathetic competition. The largest chance for recovery lies in a reasonable freedom from anxiety as to living expenses, for a few months at least. Without this the invalid would far better remain at home.

Climate cannot make up for lack of nourishing food; for lack of warmth, and a comfortable bed, and cheerful surroundings.

Many a person has died of deprivation and hardship in the Southwest, who might have lived outdoors in his own back-vard, eaten home-cooked food, enjoyed the society of family and friends, and regained a good measure of health. When it comes to be understood that any clean outdoor air, with nourishing food and warm clothing, will go far to cure tuberculosis, the pathetic pilgrimages in search of climate will cease—at least in their maddest phases.

The morning train drew in to the station of a town in Arizona and a middle-aged man got off, walked to the waiting-room and fell unconscious to the floor. The head of a local charitable association was called, and had him taken to a room and put to bed. When he was able to speak, two days later, it was learned that he had come from one of the New England States, knew no one in the West, and had just five dollars in the world. He lived a week, died, and was buried by charity. A letter to his home elicited the inquiry as to whether a tombstone had been erected—he had started out with fifty dollars, and there ought to be enough of it left for that.

This is the problem, or one instance of it—the tuberculous invalid who sets out with little more than a railroad ticket to seek health in a land of which he knows nothing, and in which he must inevitably become a charge on public or private charity. Some phase of this question comes up daily during the winter months in every town in the Southwest. In the winter of 1905-6 the city of Phoenix and the county of Maricopa spent \$25,000 in relief, public and private, for these suffering strangers whose own home States, counties and towns left them to the mercy of the charity of a community wherein they had never had residence or citizenship.

Even then—and this is a fair example of other towns and counties—there were those to whom help came too late or not at all. A butcher noticed that an old woman came regularly to ask for the "dog meat"—the trimmings of meat given to customers for their animal pets. Sometimes a well-grown boy, evidently far-advanced in tuberculosis, came with her. It was not until the boy died and the mother had to seek charity for his burial, that the truth came out. These two had been starving for weeks. Such work as the mother could get (when the boy was not too sick to be ieft alone) paid the rent of one little room, and they lived on old bread from the baker's and the scraps of meat begged at the butcher-shops.

Nor is even this the worst, for this boy died in his mother's arms. Men have lain for days in their cots in unwarmed tents, not able to reach so much as a drink of water. They have died alone, been buried by charity, and their very names never known, or learned only with great difficulty after long search. And the careless cheerfulness with which physicians and laymen continue to send fresh victims to swell the list is perhaps the hardest part of the problem.

"Gone to Arizona for his health. Yes, gone out there to rough it awhile; that will set him right if anything will. Going to get a job on a ranch and punch cattle, or maybe have a try at mining. Has to make his grub some way, you know. We fixed him up with a ticket, and that's all we can do. He'll make it all right out there." Cheerfully, contentedly—in spite of the fact that the boy is no horseman and never handled a pick—and has a "temperature" every day.



A ROAD STATION IN THE COCONIMO FOREST

Travelers obtain supplies of food and horse-feed at these occasional road-stations in the remoter mountains

And what happened? Well, he found dozens of his kind ahead of him. The ranches wanted able-bodied men who knew their business; the mines had no place for an invalid; and the farmers needed help that could pitch hay all day with the thermometer at ninety.

This happened to one boy; he stuck to the idea of mining, though he was too weak to swing a pick. He carried a dry washer over the hills for miles, winnowing the particles of gold-dust out of the sand in little cañons. He made perhaps a dollar a week, and starved and froze on it till a charity ticket took him home to die.

All this pathetic suffering, this bitter privation and poverty, this living upon the charity of strangers, heartsick, homesick—glad, rather than sorry when death comes at last—all this for the sake of

climate. Yet in every county in the United States there is some little nook where the stricken one might have set up a tent or built a cabin, lived out doors, seen his friends and family from time to time, and been comfortable for months on the price of his ticket to the Southwest.

His chances of recovery would have been infinitely better, and his anxiety infinitely less; for any sort of out-of-door climate, with plenty of good food, shelter, and some ease of mind, is better than air of balm and a mind torn and body weakened by the effort to live on half-enough a month.

On the whole, the condition of the masculine invalid of little or no means is better than that of the feminine. He may pool his small sum with others of his kind and go into camp with a tent and a modest cooking outfit, and at least live out of doors. A woman must have some sort of roof over her head, or at least a tent near some base of supplies and protection.

The one sort of feminine work for which there is constant demand is domestic service, and for this the invalid is seldom fitted by strength or training. Indeed, few homes will admit a woman consumptive as domestic help; even if the risk of contagion were absent, the housekeeper does not want a maid who may become helpless on her hands at any time.

Clerkships and office positions are of necessity much fewer than the applicants for them, and the chance for other work is much less than in the vicinity of large cities.

The woman health-seeker who would come to the Southwest with only a small sum above her ticket should think well before she ventures. She will probably have to live in some small, sunless, uncomfortable room, infected with the disease-germs of former occupants; and if she is able to earn her foot at all, it will probably be by service in the cheaper restaurants and eating places, where the white, sick faces of the "help" during the winter months present a piteous and thought-provoking sight. It is to these places that the consumptive of small means goes for his meals, and it needs no scientist to point out the danger of fresh infection.

Too often the woman invalid has a child-like faith that if she can only get to the place she has selected, she will be provided for *some way*. One girl from a distant city wrote to the busy head of a local charity, already taxed to the utmost, saying she was tuberculous, but believed the climate of that section would cure her, and asking to be assured of support for six months. She did not even give the name of her home city, nor of any friend or relative who might assist in her support.

It is just this willingness to be cared for at the expense of strangers that marks a large percentage of the cases that apply for charity.

Men and women who never earned or spent a dollar in the community expect tax-payers or private individuals to do for them what their own home-places or their friends and relatives neglect to do. The calm heartlessness of some of the people who shift their own burden to the shoulders of a distant commonwealth and ship their helpless dependents away, to die among strangers and be buried by public charity, is one of the sinister complications of the question.

The people of the Southwest have endeavored to meet the pathetic and difficult situation entailed by the yearly influx of helpless consumptives, and are meeting it with an efficiency that may serve as a valuable example for future dealings with the problem; but justice and humanity at once demand that the whole burden shall not be



A ROAD STATION IN THE DESERT

left to them. It is not fair play that the inhabitants of a community shall be taxed year after year to support large numbers of indigent invalids who are strangers—as many a Southwestern town is taxed.

The time is coming when the subject of tuberculosis in the United States must be dealt with from a larger standpoint than local organization and private charity. Local organization is doing invaluable work and can never be dispensed with; private charity will always give timely and generous aid; but neither is stable and far-reaching enough to deal adequately with this condition. Neither has sufficient resources or sufficient authority.

Sanitariums are yearly established by private charity and do real good while they last; but at best they reach only a limited number

of patients and depend for their existence on resources that are likely to be temporary. Many of them fail of full success from lack of authority to enforce the sanitary measures necessary for the recovery of the patient and the safety of those who may come in contact with him.

The deep and unshakable belief in the contagious character of tuberculosis which prevails in the Southwest is based upon close observation and the most patent and convincing examples. The few and feeble ordinances against expectoration in public places—which physicians and scientists agree is the foremost means of spreading the disease—have been enforced imperfectly in a few towns; but for the rest no precaution has been possible.

Since the yearly influx of tubercular invalids to certain parts of Arizona, the Indian tribes of the adjacent region have developed tuberculosis until two out of every three deaths of adults are from this cause. These Indians have not changed their mode of life to any great extent since the advent of the first white settlers, and the outbreak of tuberculosis among them is clearly due to contact with invalid whites.

Well-authenticated cases of tuberculosis in animals, and especially in poultry, kept where they have access to grounds frequented by consumptives, are noted yearly; and the increase of the disease among the native whites of the Southwest contributes to the deeprooted dread of it.

Only a general, persistent, broadly planned campaign of education, backed by such laws as may be found necessary, will control and ultimately stamp out the disease. Many of the larger cities of the United States, and a few of the States themselves, have valuable leagues and associations formed to battle with tuberculosis. All of them do good, some of them much good; but the need is for something more powerful and far-reaching than any merely local organization can be.

There must be some means of mapping and keeping watch over the infected districts of all the country. There must be laws and public opinion that will make wholesale sanitation possible. There must be some form of supervision for all cases that come upon public charity; and there must be enough public hospitals and sanitarium colonies in suitable places all over the country to relieve the drain upon local charity and stip the great amount of otherwise unavoidable suffering.

Until this can come, the Southwest will continue to be the hope of the consumptive, and the forces already at work there for his help and protection must be strengthened and increased. There is no charity possible in the United States today that would do as much good, directly and indirectly, as the establishment of half a dozen



IN THE FORESTS OF NORTHERN ARIZONA

well-maintained sanitarium colonies at suitable points in the Southwest. The country could well dispense with a great college or two and a few hundred libraries for the sake of adequately protecting its healthy citizens and returning an army of invalids restored to health to the general body of workers.

While this remains a hope rather than a reality, the local work must go on along the lines of mingled help and education. Other local organizations will follow the example of the Arizona Health League of Tucson and of Phoenix, kindred but independent organizations; and of the Associated Charities of Phoenix.

The Health League had its origin in the pathetic tragedies of suffering which occur daily—tragedies of loneliness and ignorance, and pitiful need. It drew many earnest men and women into the work, and today a consumptive coming to Tucson can learn in a few hours as much about local conditions as would take weeks by himself. Instead of the terse "No consumptives taken" at all but the poorest places, he finds a list of desirable rooms and their prices; there is medical help, if need be; work, if he can work; reading matter, help in illness—all through the friendly helpfulness of the League.

The Associated Charities of Phoenix is working along similar but broader lines, seeking to systematize and co-ordinate all sources of local help, to the end that there may be the most efficient service with as little waste and misapplication as possible. Its most important work is toward evolving a permanent organization on lines applicable to general as well as local conditions; and in inducing co-operation and arousing responsibility in those parts of the United States generally from which the largest numbers of indigent invalids come.

Beyond the actual relief-work, a general understanding of conditions and possibilities of life in the Southwest is the thing sought. There is no question of the value of the climate for pulmonary patients—other things being favorable. Every range of altitude, from 10,000 feet and more, to lower than sea-level, may be found; and of temperature, from cold to semi-tropic. There are broad, sun-swept deserts and forest-covered mountains, with widely varying foothills and valleys between.

It would seem that each individual might find a spot peculiarly adapted to his need; but in order to do so, he must be able in some measure to take care of himself. Hotels, hospitals, and health resorts are naturally located near some permanent base of supplies and transportation; and many parts of the country must be reached by wagon-trips on which the food and camp equipment are carried along.

"Camping out" is the ideal life for the health-seeker who has

sufficient means and strength, or who can afford to hire the needed help; but some of the most painful tragedies are those of people who have started out with little means and inadequate outfits, and sickened and suffered in lonely, unsettled places where help could not be had.

Properly equipped, a party of invalids may live out-of-doors the year through, traveling into the cooler mountains in the summer and returning to the deserts for the winter. The varied beauty of the scenery is sufficient to keep up interest and more or less hunting will be found in all localities.

The actual living expenses will be little less than at a hotel, when the care of the necessary horses is considered; and there is little probability of earning anything on the trip to help out. Certainly this should not be counted upon.

It may be said again, and with all the force possible, that privation and hardship, mental suffering and lonely, distasteful surroundings will counteract all the good that the most perfect climate can do for a sick man or woman.

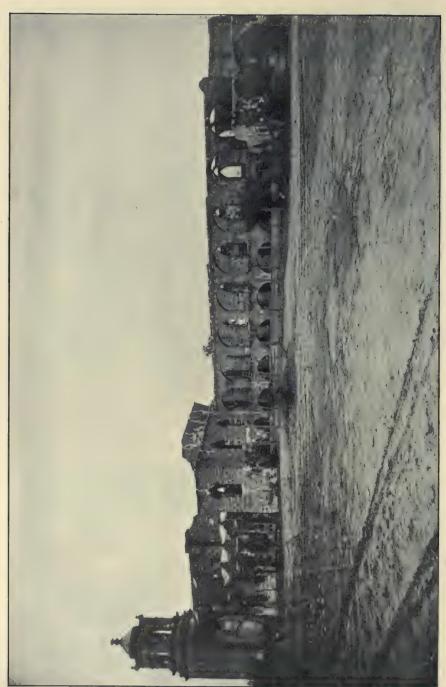
The sum spent in coming to the Southwest to live in discomfort would usually support the invalid in comparative ease for a considerable time nearer home. The out-door air of one's own birthplace, with good food shelter, and such good cheer as may be, will do far more to restore health than lonely and anxious waiting to be well in a strange land.

Dewey, Arizona.

UNIVERSITY



A "LUNGER'S" CAMP IN THE DESERT



CLOISTERS AND CHLLS, MISSION SAN JOSE,

THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF SAN ANTONIO

By EARLE HILL CALLAHAN.

"There a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long-forgotten hands—
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown.
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before."

-Byron.



PAIN, in the advancement of her great Colonial policy, has bequeathed to the Western Hemisphere monuments of a character destined to form indissoluble links in the historic chain binding together the two great Republics of the North American Continent—the United

States and Mexico.

Texas, or Tejas—the latter the name of a large and powerful tribe of Indians, who at one time resided in Texas, between the Neches and Trinity Rivers (from which tribe the State is said to have derived its name)—contains within her borders many of these noble and majestic ruins.

The Texas Franciscan Missions, Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion de Acuña, San José de Aguayo, San Juan de Capistrano, San Francisco de la Espada, now existing in the immediate vicinity of San Antonio, and Mission San Antonio de Valero—or what is known world-wide as the "Alamo"—the church of which now stands in the heart of the city were all built in the early part of the eighteenth century by an expedition, sent out by the Spanish Government, consisting of nine Alcantarine Franciscan Fathers, of the College of Santa Cruz, of Querétaro, and of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of Zacatecas, Mexico, under the direction of that great Catholic apostle of Mexico, the Right Reverend Father Antonio Margil de Jesus.

This particular branch of the Franciscan Order—the Alcantarines (or those who followed the reforms introduced by Peter of Al cantara)—whose vows were "to go barefoot, wear coarse woolen frocks fastened about the body with a string, wear a scourge or knotted rope suspended from the waist, deny themselves all social intercourse, and claim for their own no earthly possession," flour-ished in Spain, and were peculiarly fitted for this great pioneer work of christianizing the Indians, and the establishment and maintenance of the Roman Catholic faith in Mexico. These Friars manifested the most extraordinary zeal in the performance of the arduous duties connected with this hazardous undertaking, exercising a strange fascination—almost an hypnotic influence—over the Indians with whom they came in contact.

During this period the French, who were a constant menace to Spanish dominion in the New World, made frequent invasions into Spanish territory, and the establishment of the Missions, which were fortified and were also called Presidios (Spanish for "Garrison"), was a measure adopted by Spain not only for the purpose of civilizing and christianizing the Indians, and thus rendering them powerful allies, but also to protect their possessions against the attacks of the French or hostile Indians.

When a Mission became a Presidio, it was allotted a force of about two hundred and fifty men. If the Mission had no special ramparts for defense, the Church usually served as such. The Missions, when thus fortified, placed the Indians in direct contact with the troops, with whom the poor Indian was extremely persona non grata, and many a midnight brawl was the result. This, together with the licentious lives of the soldiers, often proved a source of great sorrow and anxiety to the good fathers, who, however, refrained from complaint to their Government, realizing the necessity for the presence of the soldiery in their practically helpless situation.

The buildings of a Mission were erected around a square, or "Plaza de Armas," and consisted of a church, officers' quarters, with store-house, prisons, etc. The size of the square depended upon the population, the strength of the force intended to be stationed there, and also upon the extent of the district dependent on the Mission or Presidio.

The permanent site of a Mission was determined largely by its proximity to water supply, each of the Missions being immediately adjacent to large irrigating ditches and also to the San Antonio River, but the provident monks were apparently unwilling to depend on these outside supplies in the event of siege or attack, and at each Mission can be found a well.

A number of these old irrigating ditches, or acequias, made by the Indians under the direction of the Fathers, are today in existence. The most remarkable and the oldest is the Pajalache, or Concepcion ditch. The construction of this ditch is thought to have been begun about 1729, and was so used until 1869—about one hundred and forty years. This particular acequia was used to supply the Mission Concepcion and its lands with water.

It is related that the monks and Indians kept a boat constantly on this ditch, from which they worked to keep the ditch clean and free of all obstructions.

The erection of the fine churches of the Missions of San José, San Antonio de Valero, La Concepcion and San Juan Capistrano were due, in a measure, to the exertions of Father Ramirez.

The numerical designations of the Missions, namely, First, Second,

Third and Fourth, are because of their respective distances from the city of San Antonio.

The endurance, zeal and fortitude exhibited by these Franciscan monks can only be appreciated when their primitive conditions and environments are thoroughly understood; and it was only their supreme devotion to their faith which sustained the good Friars in their heroic efforts to civilize and christianize the natives of this region. "These mutilated vet exquisite ruins attest to their having been a labor of love. The carvings, the capitals and windows must have been a wonder in art, considering the time and place of construction."



OLD BELL AT MISSION SAN JOSE Brought from Spain in 1718

The Missions were built out of rough blocks of limestone—a rock which, it is said, was peculiar to this locality. At present, however, no traces of any such rock are to be found in the vicinity, and much speculation has arisen as to the source from which the Franciscans derived their building materials. This rock has hardened with exposure, and was cemented with a strong gray mortar, made by the Indians, by a process known only to themselves. Age has rendered this mortar as hard as the rocks between which it is placed. All the efforts to discover the secret method employed by the Indians in the preparation of this mortar have proved unavailing. Tradition states that the Indians used their goats' milk in the mixing, instead of water,

but this is only a tale told by the simple folk of the Missions. No quarries were at hand to aid the monks; and all the settlers, from the Spanish soldiers down to even the children of the Mission, assisted in the building of these massive edifices, which consumed so many, long tedious years in construction. Even the Indian children pressed their little brown bodies up against the stones to help in rolling them into place. These Missions differed in construction from those of the northern part of the State, which were built of adobe and wood, while the Missions of Southwest Texas were of stone.



FRONT VIEW OF MISSION CONCEPCION

MISSION NUESTRA SENORA DE LA CONCEPCION PURISSIMA DE ACUNA.

The foundation of this—the "First"— Mission was laid in 1716, but it was moved to its present site in 1730, the foundation stone being laid on March 5, 1731, by Captain Perez of the garrison and Father Baigarro. It was competed in 1752, being twenty-one years in the course of construction, and is in a better state of preservation than any of the other Missions.

Mission Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion Puríssima de Acuña, so called in honor of the Virgin Mary, and one Juan de Acuña, then Viceroy of Mexico—a somewhat incongruous combination when the morals of the Spanish nobility of that day are taken into considera-

tion—is situated on the left bank of the San Antonio river, two miles distant from the City of San Antonio. It was built, as were the other Missions-not alone for worship and teaching, but also for defense, and this Mission appears to have been especially adapted for the latter purpose. Santa Anna is said to have expressed surprise that the Americans did not occupy this Mission, instead of the Alamo, during the siege of March 6th, 1836. It is a matter of speculation as to whether Santa Anna's opinion was influenced by the remarkable victory achieved by Bowie at Mission Concepcion, over the Mexicans, October 28, 1835, or whether he only pretended to see in this Mission strong points of defense, thereby reflecting



SIDE VIEW OF MISSION CONCEPCION

discredit on the judgment of the Americans in their choice of a vantage ground.

The repeated use of the Church of Mission Concepcion for the quartering of troops rendered it in a most dilapidated and disorderly state-totally unfit for worship. The late Bishop Neraz, of the Diocese of San Antonio, directed that the Church be repaired, and on May 2, 1887, it was rededicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. Services are now held in the Church-especially during the month of May, when the pious nuns of San Antonio can be seen wending their way towards the Mission, once the scene of active ecclesiastical life.

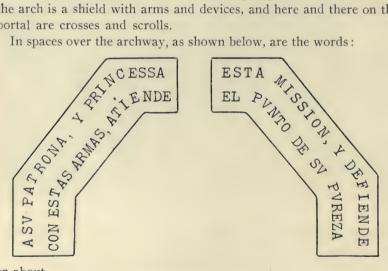
The inside of the chapel is a strange mixture with respect to its

appointments. While the floor is earthen, the seats are of the most modern kind. The wooden altar is characterized by great simplicity of ornamentation. The background of the altar is painted in a gorgeous manner, with a statue of the Virgin apparently enveloped on one side by clouds, and on the other by a mass of foliage. The words "Ego Sum Conceptio Immaculata" appear directly surrounding the Virgin's head. The walls and ceiling of the chapel are whitewashed, and there is a total absence of windows, except the small ones in the front.

The exterior of this edifice is perhaps the most absorbing from a standpoint of interest and study of all the churches of the Missions. The "Twin Towers," with the Moorish dome in the background, which suddenly break upon the traveler's view, produce a wonderful effect. The Mission Church faces due west, with small prison-like windows. The decoration of the facade, while rather severe, is replete with inscriptions and curious devices. The main doorway is surmounted by a triangle, in the center of which is a niche, devoid, however, of any statue, but which once probably contained an image of the Virgin.

The arch of the doorway is a divided polygon. In the center of the arch is a shield with arms and devices, and here and there on the portal are crosses and scrolls.

In spaces over the archway, as shown below, are the words:



or about-

"Its Patroness and Princess This Mission attends, With these its arms. And her honor defends."

Over this winds, circling in and out, the flagellum or knotted scourge of the Order of St. Francis. On the top of the facade is a stone with the date 1794, and underneath this is a shield with the engraving, "M-AVE," meaning "Ave Maria." In the two small

windows, each side of the upper part of the facade, are panes of colored glass, which, however, have been broken in several places.

The outside of the church is covered with a coat of mastic or cement, which was brilliantly painted in various geometric forms, after the fashion of tiles, and many colored portions are still visible.

"The topmost roofs of the towers are pyramidal in shape. The tops of the side walls of the church and the circle wall of the central dome have wide stone serrations in the Moorish style, the points of which around the finely proportioned dome stand out like canine teeth."

A very singular feature is the presence of not one, but many quatrefoil crosses, of different pattern, on the front of the church. These quatrefoils are repeated, over and over again, in the carved lozenges of the pillars in relief and frescoes of this Mission. Whether there is any especial meaning attached to these particular forms of the cross is not known.

The ramparts of the Mission are entirely gone—not the slightest traces of them are to be seen. The Square of the Mission was about four acres in extent, and in an adjoining field to the Mission church is a large wooden cross, which may have marked the burial place of one of the monks.

The first record of a marriage at this Mission reads as follows: "Joseph Flores of the nation Patumaco with Efiegenia of the nation of Pasalat."

Mention is made of two hundred and forty-eight marriages having been celebrated in the Mission Concepcion, from 1731 to 1799.

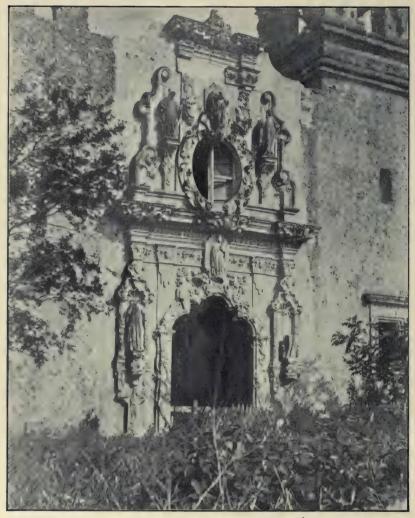
The buildings of the Mission surrounding the Church are all in a hopeless state of decay, and the side portion of the church, as shown in the accompanying illustrations will enable the reader to form a fair idea of the general condition of the Mission.

An indescribable sadness and melancholy creeps o'er one in gazing on this once happy and prosperous scene, and while Mission Concepcion is the only one of all the Missions within the city limits of San Antonio, vet it stands alone—silent and deserted, in the shadow of a great historic Past.

MISSION SAN JOSE DE AGUAYO,

San José—as this Mission is popularly known—was by far the most beautiful of all the Missions, and also the most elaborate. Over half a century is said to have been consumed in its construction; Father Margil, its founder, passing away long before its completion.

The outer walls enclosed approximately six hundred feet square of ground, but only ruined and scattered portions of these walls are m existence-the boundaries of the Mission being practically destroved.



WEST PORTAL, MISSION SAN JOSÉ

This—the Second Mission—was dedicated to Saint Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, and was founded in the year 1720. It was during this period that the Marquis San Miguel de Aguayo was Governor of Texas, which was then a part of Mexico—hence the title San José de Aguayo.

The Mission is situated on the right-hand side of the San Antonio river, about four miles from the City of San Antonio. As one approaches San José, the tower and portions of the Church can be seen sharply outlined on the landscape in bold contrast to the wide fields on all sides, but most picturesque in setting, reminding one of a strong citadel or fortress of mediæval times.

The architectural features of San José are particularly pleasing.



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL, MISSION SAN JOSE

Juan Huicar, one of the most celebrated architects of Spain, was sent by his king to decorate the Missions. His finest work is to be found in the sculptured facade of the Church of San José, which is indeed a "thing of beauty." The main portal is surrounded by elaborate carving, extending the entire length of the front. The principal doors were of solid live-oak, covered with cedar finely carved.

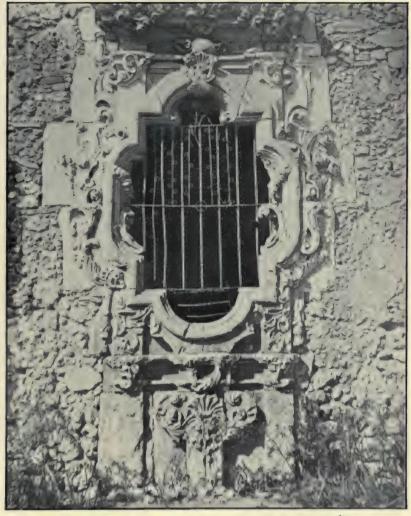
Six life-size statues adorn this portal, amongst which are those of the Patron of the Mission, San José, and the Virgin-and-Child. The action of the weather has contributed towards the destruction of the figures, several of them being headless. This condition has caused considerable discussion as to whom they represented. Bishop



ARCHES OF THE CLOISTERS, MISSION SAN JOSE

Neraz expressed the opinion that these statues were The Virgin, San José, San Benedict, San Augustine and San Francisco, and again another authority states that they were St. Ann (gone), San Joaquin (headless), the Virgin and Child, San José, Santa Nanoa and Santo Domingo.

Crowning the door-way of the church is a circular window of the most exquisite wreath-like design. Carved cherub heads are to be seen peeping forth from masses of flowers and leaves, and the effect is especially charming as the cherubic faces look upward to the Blessed Mother, who, with the Infant Christ in her arms, gazes tenderly down upon them.



SOUTH WINDOW OF CHAPEL, MISSION SAN JOSE Said to be the most perfect specimen of decorative art in America

The original plan of this church evidently included two towers, but only one of them was completed, which has been almost entirely preserved.

The entire north wall of the church and its roof were destroyed by a severe storm in December, 1868. The interior is absolutely bare, only the south and front walls standing; heaps of mortar and stone appearing where was once flooring-weeds growing out of every crevice and nook—absolute desolation holding sway.

Extending eastward from the rear of the church are double rows of arched cells and cloisters, about one hundred and thirty feet in extent, which lend to the Mission a most distinctly monastic appearance. The cloisters front the road, which runs directly past the south side of the church, while the cells are in the rear.

Immediately adjoining the church of the Mission, to the south, is a room once a baptistery but now used as a chapel. This and the granary are the only portions of the Mission which are practically intact, and, at intervals, services are held in this chapel. Its roof is in the form of three Moorish domes. A small window, at one side, the exterior of which is a masterpiece of artistic skill, is said to be the finest specimen of decorative art existing in America. Twisted wrought-iron bars, of unique design, form the usual protection seen at all windows of Spanish construction. The bas-relief work, surrounding the window, with its graceful and intricate scrolls and



GRANARY OF MISSION SAN JOSÉ Showing four of the five flying buttresses

conch-like devices, is a perpetual revelation of beauty and harmony of detail.

The floor of the chapel is made of bricks, irregularly laid. Within about six feet of the altar the paving appears to be of small round tiles, many of them broken. Three common, unpainted pine boards form the steps to the altar, back of which hangs a tapestry of crude Mexican handiwork. The tawdry paper flowers and tinsel adornments reveal traces of attention and devotion on the part of the pious Mexican women of the neighborhood. On the wall to the left hangs a large wooden cross, which bears a typewritten inscription to the effect that it was made by the Indians, but that the figure of Christ, which had hung on the cross, had been stolen by tourists. Bishop Forest, the present Bishop of San Antonio, states that it was the custom of the Indians to take this cross, and twice a day—morning and



DOUBLE CEDAR DOOR OF CHAPEL OF MISSION SAN JOSE Richly carved, but showing evidence of shameful vandalism

evening—walk around the church, with the cross elevated, reciting the prayers of the church.

Immediately below this cross stands a small trunk, quite dilapidated, but of modern construction, and also the lower portion of an oldfashioned bureau, evidently utilized as receptacles for vestments.

The entrance to the church consists of double cedar doors, ornamented with richly carved panels, which, however, have been greatly defaced by the visiting tourist, who, without the slightest hesitation, dares to mutilate a piece of work which took so many years to perfect, and which should be preserved with almost reverential care.

While an appeal to those who visit these missions may be in vain,

THE ALAMO

yet the author of this sketch feels it his duty to call attention to this vandalism, and urge on his own countrymen at least to abstain from such wanton destruction of property, which alone can guide the historian in his researches, and prove an unfailing source of delight and study to the archaeologist and antiquarian.

"Within the Vandal's heart lurks no respect,
He is the victor—all around neglect;
His wishes first—no heed to greatness past;
Without the right he holds her Treasures fast."

Near the doors of the chapel is a most interesting relic in the shape of a bell, used in the Mission of San José. On this bell is a typewritten statement, as follows:

"Bell used in the Mission of San José. It was brought from Spain in the year 1718."

The granary of San José Mission deserves special mention, as it is the only one of the granaries attached to the Missions which is in a fairly well preserved state. It is situated to the left of the entrance, all traces of the latter having long since disappeared. This structure is about one hundred and fifty by thirty-seven feet, and is supported, on either side, by five flying buttresses of most curious construction. A poor Mexican family is now domiciled within its walls.

Adiós, beautiful San José! May the zeal, intrepidity and self-abnegation exhibited by the patient Franciscan Fathers in their great work be an inspiration to all who visit your noble ruins.

MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE VALERO,

Bathed in the blood of martyrs, "The Alamo," or what was known as the Church of the Mission San Antonio de Valero, stands, today, a silent witness to the affairs of church and state—a monument to courage as well as to faith—once the peaceful abode of Spanish Friars, later the scene of a most frightful massacre.

The Alamo Mission was first established in 1703 on the banks of the Rio Grande, under the name of the Mission of San Francisco Solano. It was transferred in 1712 to the neighborhood of San Yldefonso. In 1713 it was moved to San José on the Rio Grande. In 1718, by order of the Marquis of Valero, it was transported to the San Antonio river as a protection against Indian invasion, and for the purposes of irrigation, and to the spot where it now stands in 1722. This Mission, which was called after the celebrated Franciscan monk, Saint Anthony of Padua, and the Duke de Valero (a Spanish Vicerov) appears at some date, impossible to discover, to have changed its name to the Mission of the Alamo. There are a number of reasons given by different writers for this change of name, all, however, radically different, and the most patient research discloses nothing authentic on the subject. "Alamo" is the Spanish word for cottonwood, and as the Mission was situated in a dense grove of these trees, it is thought the name may have been bestowed on this account. This tree is peculiar to the rivers and creeks of Texas, and greatly resembles the poplar in appearance. One solitary cottonwood tree remains in the rear of the Alamo, a lone sentinel keeping solitary vigil over those grim walls within which the brave Crockett, the gallant Travis and the noble Bowie sacrificed their lives on the altar of Texas liberty.

With the exception of the beautifully carved Moorish doorway and the pillars and niches on either side, the Alamo is not in any sense a pretentious building. The portal of the Alamo consists of two plain wooden doors placed there by the United States Government, the original ones being constructed of mountain cedar and mesquite panels, quite similar to those found in the doors at San José Mission. These doors were destroyed during the siege of the Alamo, being battered down by Santa Anna's followers in the last charge of that memorable contest.

Above this door-way is a monogram, "M. A. R." ("Maria Angelorum Regina"—Mary Queen of Angels). Over this monogram is a delicately carved crown. The initials, "N. O. D. (Nationum Omnium Domina—Mistress of All Nations), rudely carved, also appear. Doubtless these letters referred to the influence and prestige of the Spanish Nation at that time—1774—which was the date of the laying of the foundation stone of the Mission.

The interior of the Alamo suggests a most gloomy and sepulchral sight, devoid as are its walls in many portions of plaster, and its floor of "Mother Earth." To the right of the entrance is a small room once used as a Baptistry. It was in this room that that bravest of the brave, the lion-hearted Bowie, met his fate during the storming of the Alamo. Ill with that dreadful disease, pneumonia, weak with suffering, yet indomitable in spirit, he fell fighting to the last.

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

While the floor, as above stated, is of earth, yet during the occupancy of the Alamo by government troops, temporary wooden flooring was laid, and it was while constructing this floor that some Texas soldiers, in 1843, discovered a kettle containing fifteen thousand dollars in Spanish doubloons.

When the Alamo was secularized, its bell, together with other possessions of value, were removed, and its location for many years was unknown. However, in 1900 it was discovered at Goliad, Texas, and purchased by a resident of Victoria. The name of the Mission, San Antonio, together with the date, 1722, and the Spanish arms are cast upon it.

A most curious record is that of the First Baptism at the "Alamo," which reads as follows:

"On the 6th day of October, 1703, I baptized Mary of the Cross, and as she was very sick, I only gave her private baptism. The sponsor was Roque de los Santos, Governor. Her parents are heathens. In faith whereof, I sign this on the day and year as above. Be it observed that she was an adult and received neither the Chrism nor the Holy Oil.

"FRAY FRANCISCO ESTERES.

"Commis, Prefect Apostolic of these Missions,"

An interesting account of the condition of the Mission San Antonio de Valero in 1762 is to be found in "Documentos para la Historia de la Provincia de Texas (MS.), folios 163-167."

This record shows the Mission to have had at that time within its walls seventy-six families, which, counted individually, numbered



PORTAL OF ALAMO

two hundred and seventy-five souls, and that since its foundation one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two persons had been baptized.

"The settlement contains a convent fifty yards square, with arcades above and below. In the convent are the living rooms of the religious, the porter's lodge, the dining-room, the kitcheen, and the offices. All these rooms are adorned with sacred ornaments and furnished with such articles as are needed by the religious for their own use, and for supplying the Indians.

"In the second court is a room large enough for four looms. Upon these looms are made coarse cloths, embroidered cotton shawls, blankets and other common fabrics of wool and cotton needed to supply and properly clothe the Indians. Adjoining this room are

two others, in which they keep the stock of wool, cotton, combs, skeins, spindles, cards, and other things used by the Indians in making their clothing. The church of this Mission was finished, even to the towers and sacristy, but on account of the stupidity of the builder, it tumbled down. Another, however, of pleasing architecture is being constructed of hewn stone. For the present, a room which was built for a granary serves as a church. In it are an altar with wooden table and steps, a niche containing a sculptured image of Saint Anthony, an image of Christ crucified and another of St. John. All of these are dressed in robes, undergarments and silken vestments. A big room is used as a sacristy. In it are kept the large boxes that contain the ornaments. Among these are three covered chalices, two large cups, four communion vessels, a silken case for the cross, a vessel and a sprinkler for holy water, two candlesticks, an incense bowl and spoon, a censer, and three holy vials. All of these are of silver.

"The Mission has a well built stone chapel eleven yards wide. Among its ornaments is a stone cross two yards high and capped with silver. In the cross are hidden four reliquaries, each containing its own relic. The altar is adorned with carved and painted images. There are seven rows of houses for the dwellings of the Indians. They are made of stone and supplied with doors and windows. They are furnished with high beds, chests, metallic pots, flat earthen pans, kettles, cauldrons and boilers. With their arched porticoes the houses form a broad and beautiful plaza through which runs a canal skirted by willows and fruit trees, and used by the Indians. To insure a supply of water in case of blockade by the enemy, a curbed well has been made. For the defense of the settlement the plaza is surrounded by a wall. Over the gate is a large tower, with its embrasures, three cannon, some firearms and appropriate supplies.

"For cultivating the fields of corn, chile and beans that are tilled to feed the Indians and of cotton to clothe them, there are fifty pairs of cart-oxen, thirty of which are driven in yoke. There are also traces, ploughs, ploughshares, fifty axes, forty pickaxes, twenty-two crowbars, and twenty-five sickles. For hauling stone, wood and other things there are twelve carts. For carpentering they have the ordinary tools, such as adzes, chisels, planes, picks, hammers, saws, and plummets. For use in repairing their implements they have an anvil, tongs, a screw, mallets, hammers, files and other things connected with a forge.

"In the large room where the grain is kept there are at present about eighteen hundred bushels of corn and some beans. These supplies are to feed the Indians. The Mission owns a ranch which is a stone house about twenty-five yards long. It has an arched portico, and is divided into three rooms. These are occupied by the

families that care for the stock, which consists of one hundred and fifteen gentle horses, one thousand one hundred and fifteen head of cattle, two thousand three hundred sheep and goats, two hundred mares, fifteen jennies and eighteen saddle mules. The Mission and the ranch have the necessary corrals. For the irrigation of the fields, there is a fine main aqueduct."*

The above description is part of an official report on the condition of the Texas missions, and gives an excellent idea not only of the Mission San Antonio de Valero, but of a Mission settlement in general.



CHAPEL BELFRY, MISSION SAN JUAN

MISSION SAN JUAN DE CAPISTRANO

While Mission San Juan de Capistrano does not possess the graceful charm of architecture of the other Missions, yet its surroundings are most picturesque, and its ruined walls give a more complete idea of the purpose and plan of the old Spanish Missions of Texas. It was dedicated to San Giovanni di Capistrano-a Franciscan monk, born in 1386. The construction of this Mission was begun on the same day as that of La Espada—March 5th, 1731.

San Juan, which is about six miles below the city of San Antonio,

^{*}The above translation is the work of Miss Ethel Ziveley Rather, of the School of History of the University of Texas.

is practically in ruins. Only an arch or two remains of what was once the Convent of the Mission, and the convent yard now serves as a corral for ducks and chickens, while numerous small cattle-sheds adorn the outer walls.

To the left of the entrance of the Mission is the granary, which is scarcely recognizable as such, only small portions of the walls remaining. To the right of the granary are rows of huts occupied by the poor Mexicans of that neighborhood. These huts, which are built of stone, are of the crudest character. Adjoining these is a mere skeleton of what was once a quaint little chapel. The belfry of the chapel, clustered amidst a group of trees, is to be seen, with



PART OF SOUTHWEST WALL, MISSION SAN JUAN

three arches for bells, but only one bell is left. The interior of the chapel is a mere suggestion of one. There is no sign of any decoration, although the walls of the chapel are said to have had painted on them many different designs, and there also appeared some rude frescoing, the colors of which were exceedingly brilliant, which was probably an appeal to the Indian's strong passion for high color effects. This frescoing is described as "a curious mixture of Old and New World ideas."

These main buildings, unlike those of the First and Second Missions, form parts of the ramparts or boundary walls.

The well of the Mission still remains, and passing along the south wall, which is about three hundred and twenty feet in length, and

turning to the eastern portion of the Mission, is to be found about one hundred and sixty feet of new wall. This Mission is two hundred and eighty feet in length.

In the immediate vicinity of the Third Mission is the far-famed aqueduct, which was built by the monks over a hundred and fifty years ago. It consists of a series of low massive arches, on the top of which runs the Mission irrigating ditch. This aqueduct seems to be as good today as when built, and continues to furnish water for the Mexicans to wash with, and for irrigating purposes.

The Mission settlement of San Juan presents a more active domestic life than that of the others. Traces of Indian blood are plainly distinguishable in the Mexican inhabitants of the Mission, and their



AN ARCH OF THE CONVENT, MISSION SAN JUAN

savage instincts are to be seen in the keen interest evinced by them in the regular Sunday cock-fights, which take place in the Plaza of the Mission.

No record appears with regard to the division of the lands of San Juan Mission, and the occupancy, for a certain length of time, of its rooms or barracks appears to have vested the title in the occupants thereof. An odd transfer appears in the County Records as follows:

"Maria de las Santos Lopez and Bartara de las Santos Lopez, who were then occupying three rooms in the Mission San Juan, conveyed the same to the Province of Texas for the sum of \$34.00, January 28, 1826. This sum was paid to them by Antonio Saucedo, then Chief Justice." The Square of the Mission contains numerous large shade trees, planted in rows, and one can fancy he sees the monks, during their recreation hours, passing slowly to and fro, rosary in hand, silently telling their beads, or in deep meditation in accordance with the strict rules of their Order; and standing within the ruins of this old Mission, one can almost imagine the scenes enacted there during the supremacy of the Franciscans. The Spanish trooper, as he vainly endeavors to elude the watchful eyes of the Friars in his attempt to woo some one of the pretty Indian maidens, who perchance has gone within the chapel to pray, while her military admirer awaits her coming, idly loitering near the shrine of her devotions. And as evening



STONE HUTS, MISSION SAN JUAN Now occupied by poor Mexican families

advances, one of the Brothers, to whom has been assigned the special duty of looking after the personnel of the Mission, proceeds on his rounds, carefully locking the unmarried women and men in their respective dwellings, while, perhaps, in a distant corner an Indian is receiving public chastisement at the hands of one of the Friars, the custom being to publicly punish the men, the maidens being privately admonished.

Silence and eventide settle o'er the community. The low chanting of the monks has ceased. The lights in the Chapel have been extinguished. One by one the worshipers have dispersed, with the exception of a lone Indian penitent, who remains, in the darkness, per-

forming the penance imposed upon him at his last confession, while visions of his former savage days steal upon him, and the "Hail Mary," and "Our Father" become strangely confused with thoughts of the little papoose and squaw, who have gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

> "But these old Mission days have long since passed away, And naught greets the traveler but ruin and decay."

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA.

The Fourth Mission, which bears the name of the founder of the great Order of Franciscans—Saint Francis of Assisi—is situated on the right, or west, bank of the San Antonio river, about nine miles



PART OF SOUTH WALL, MISSION SAN JOSE

from the city. Considerable surmise has arisen over the latter part of the title of this Mission, "de la Espada." Tradition states that the old tower of the chapel was built in the form of a sword; and again it is said to have had reference to the fact that, for a time, Saint Francis was in doubt as to whether he was intended for a soldier or a faithful servant of the church militant. The construction of this Mission was commenced March 5th, 1731, and it was the last of the Indian Missions near San Antonio. It is asserted by some of the old natives, now living at La Espada, that another church existed this side of the granary, but nothing can be found to justify this claim.

The square of La Espada is quite irregular, and the old rampart walls, in many places, have entirely disappeared. The most interesting feature in connection with the Fourth Mission is the presence of a parish priest—the Rev. Father Bouchu. This good Father has, for over half a century, labored in this particular field, without receiving any compensation whatever from the Church, living entirely on a small income of his own. He is a Frenchman, by birth, and, for some reason known only to himself, remained during these many long years secluded within the walls of Mission San Francisco de la Espada. He is now eighty-odd years, but his interest in and efforts with his little flock of humble Mexicans appear as unflagging as ever, and the present condition of the Mission is due to his untiring work in its behalf. Upon the ruins of the old convent he has built with his own hands a priest house. The chapel, under his régime, has been almost entirely rebuilt, only the front retaining its original form.

The old well of the Mission is a little to the left of the front of the chapel, and is still in use. This is probably due to the fact of its close proximity to Father Bouchu's house.

The granary of La Espada, which extended from the entrance on the southern boundary, has been entirely destroyed; but near its site is a kind of bastion, called a "baluarte," semi-circular in shape, projecting outward from the southeast corner of the main wall, and containing small apertures all around for miniature brass swivel guns of Spanish construction. Marks of cannon balls and of smaller projectiles can be seen on the exterior walls, which show that this bastion was not used exclusively for protection against the savage Indians, but also as a defense against the French, at the time when Spain and France were striving for the possession of Texas.

This "baluarte" conveys an excellent idea of the manner in which the outer walls of the Missions were constructed for the purpose of defense, and there is no doubt but that these "baluartes" existed at the other Missions, but no trace of them can be seen, except the one above described.

The three bells in the tower of the chapel at La Espada were cast in San Antonio by these old missionaries, and three times a day, morning, noon and night, they are to be heard—no longer sounding the alarm of approaching enemies to the other settlements, as was the custom in the old Mission times, but now the glad reminder of "peace on earth, good will towards men."

The square of the Mission abounds with memories of the Texas army of independence, which made their first camping ground on this spot, which is now covered with a rank growth of mesquite brush. It was at this place also that Stephen F. Austin joined the

CALIFORNIA

troops as commander-in-chief upon his return from his imprisonment in Mexico.

It is related that at one time the Fourth Mission was in such a flourishing condition that the services of three Padres were deemed necessary—due probably as much to the fact that the Spanish troops utilized this Mission more than any of the others as a camping ground because of its peculiar defenses, which appear more impregnable than those of the other settlements.

La Espada has but a scanty congregation, and its church is dependent on the other Missions, whose residents attend the services of this Mission with marked regularity, and endeavor, in their feeble way,



CHAPEL OF MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA

to sustain the pious padre, who, 'midst ruin and desolation on all sides, strives to maintain the Faith which his predecessors so valiantly established.

The Mexicans and Indians of this Mission—especially in its later days—seemed to have mingled with great harmony, as accounts show the presence of Indians at the homes of the Mexicans, enjoying the friendliest kind of social life; but after the final departure of the Friars, the Indian, realizing that for him the rôle of beneficiary was no longer possible, returned to his native haunts.

In a few years La Espada will cease to present even the semblance of a Mission settlement. Father Bouchu's days are rapidly drawing to a close—his life work will soon be ended, and the good padre will go—

"Not like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach his grave like one who wraps the drapery
of his couch around him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

The Missions existed in a flourishing state until 1794, when by decree of Don Pedro de Nava, April 10th of that year, they were all secularized, the churches stripped of their valuables, all available and useful articles carried off, and the Indians dispersed.

These once powerful Missions, the pride and glory of Spain, pre-

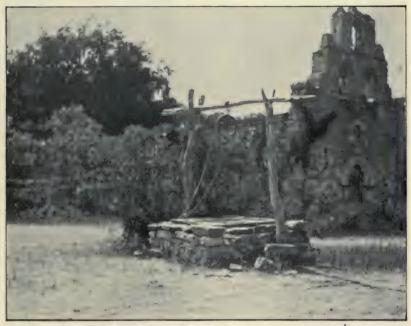


BALUARTE AT MISSION ESPADA

sent today but shadows of their original greatness. The whirr of the crickets, the gentle chirping of the birds, the drowsy hum of the bees, the lowing of distant cattle alone disturb the peaceful scene; and while the Missions are in a sad condition of partial ruin and decay, yet they still retain their wonderful architectural beauty, which, combined with their exquisite ornamentation and construction of limestone and mortar, lend a great charm to these old monastic structures, which, unless soon restored, Time, with his ruthless grasp, will obliterate.

With the exception of the Alamo, which was purchased by the State of Texas under the Act of April 23rd, 1840, for twenty thou-

sand dollars, from the authorities of the Church, the Missions are the property of the Roman Catholics, who cling to them with a strong, jealous tenacity, and, as such property, they can be restored and maintained only by the Church, which, with its millions of adherents, the world over, should certainly exhaust every effort towards the rehabilitation of these interesting historical settlements especially the Missions of San José and Concepcion. This restoration could be done with but a comparatively small expenditure of money, and these valuable relics restored and preserved to future generations, demonstrating not alone the influence of the Church in the past, but also its present strong vitality and growth.

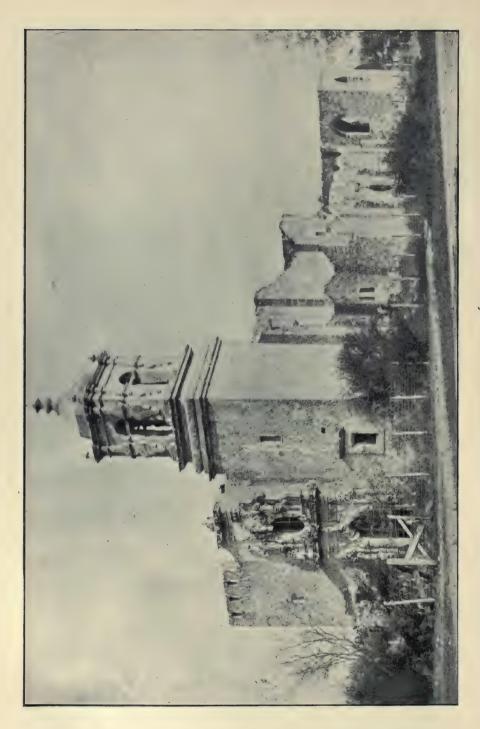


OLD WALL, MISSION ESPADA

That the gentle followers of Saint Francis were important factors in the early history of Texas cannot be gainsaid. How far reaching and beneficial their missionary labors no man can determine. The present inhabitants of the Missions, while extremely poor, are a peaceful, law-abiding people. Their children, while showing unmistable signs of their Latin-Indian ancestry, are rapidly becoming a part of the great civilization of the Southwest.

The good Franciscans have long since passed to that great bourne from which there is no return. No monument has been erected to commemorate their work. Individually, with the exception perhaps of Father Margil, they are unknown, and the majority of tourists





who visit these Missions would doubtless be unable to recall even the name of the Order to which these Friars belonged.

As Thomas á Kempis hath truly said:

"Today the man is here; tomorrow he hath disappeared. And when he is out of sight, quickly also out of mind.

"Tell me, now, where are all those doctors and masters, with whom thou wast well acquainted, while they lived and flourished in learning? Now others possess their living, and perhaps do scarce ever think of them. In their lifetime they served something, but now they are not spoken of."

San Antonio, Tex.

THE HIGHWAYS OF THE NATIONS

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

HEN the mists go up the mountains
And the winds blow out to sea,
I shall follow, follow, follow
Till I set my fancies free.
I shall have a restless army
Felling forests where I go,
While the wild things break from covert,
As the giant trees fall low.

We shall tunnel, tunnel, tunnel,
Till the way is straight and clear,
While the joy of life thrills through us
In the noontide of the year.
We shall blaze a path straight forward
Till before our eyes the sea
Flashes blue and wide and wondrous,
And I set my fancies free.

I shall stand and watch them meeting,
East and West, with alien eyes,
Till the sudden flame of kinship
Flashes out in glad surprise.
Then in all the tremulous laughter,
In the tears of joy I see
Where the stranger finds a brother,
I shall set my fancies free.

Oh, the long, long way before me
Where my heart will soon be gone!
Would that every rose of sunset
Might at once glow into dawn!
When the ice has left the rivers
And the buds are on the tree,
In the camps of highway makers,
I shall set my fancies free.

Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH.



GUY DE BELLISCHON, know that this story I am about to tell is true. It happened to me in the forest of New France in the year 1634, and I set it down now after so many years, because— But, after all, I cannot be sure why I set it down, nor why, indeed, I

said that it was true, even though it did happen to me, and though I can see at this moment the four scars that furrow my wrist.

Are all things true that our eyes tell us, and that our hands have touched? I do not know. I have strange thoughts sometimes now that I am old.

I have marked the methods of crafty story-tellers by the campfire, and know that the most skilled begin their stories in the middle, thereby playing on their listeners, and holding them against their will. I understand this device, but I will not employ it. No, the setting down of this strange tale is for myself alone—and for the good God who watches me—and so I must do it without trickery, as carefully and honestly as I may. I shall open it at the beginning, and tell it step by step, praying that my wit may serve me to state it clearly, for if I have reason for writing it, it is that I may read it over to myself, and judge it as if it happened to another. In that way I hope to come to some conclusion that will help the disquiet of my mind.

There was nothing of disquiet in me in that year when these events began. I was as young, and confident, and light of purse, as was New France herself, and as I pushed my way about the outat-elbows fort at Quebec, my courage was as fresh as my coat was drabbled.

And so I set upon a desperate venture. A canoe-fleet of Huron Indians had come from out of the unknown to the Northwest to barter peltries at Quebec, and I bribed and purchased till I obtained foothold in their canoes on their return. I say "foot-hold" because I find no other phrase, but it was my knees that bore my weight day after day.

It was August when we left Quebec. We numbered some hundred canoes, and traveled in broken lines, so that we looked like crooked black writing on the running water. I was not allowed to paddle, for I was bungling, so there was nothing for me but to double down in the canoe, and watch the back of the Indian in front of me, and listen to the dip of his paddle. I did this while hours piled into weeks.

Yet, after the first, after the cramped muscles had settled into lethargy, the days went not unkindly. I was a burden to the Indians, and they scorned me, so I was thrown back on myself and

my thoughts. That was new. Life does not often give us time for thinking, and I, who have always been slow of head as well as speech, have trusted more to my sword than to my wit; so that, at that time, when I found myself forced to make a comrade of my mind, I did it but slowly. Yet having done it, I found in it a strange new pleasure, and if I set down in this narrative but little of the hardships of the way, it is because—perhaps in view of what came later—all the suffering of the time seems shadowy, and the wild journey only a background for what went on within me.

There was much hardship. I was bare-footed that I might not bring sand into the canoe, and the Indians snatched my hat from me the first day, for its brim annoyed them in steering. So I was uncovered to sun and wind and 'stinging gnats till my flesh was cracked and swollen. But my squalidness—and it was such as to make me unfit for gentle eyes—was of the outside only. My spirit was my own, free to cast all savagery aside, and fly back, even to the court itself, to a spot where waited a constant welcome.

For there was a woman in France. She was fair, and gracious, and high of place, but she loved me. That was why I had come to Quebec to compel wealth from the wilderness. She was sure that I would succeed, so I had courage. But there was little gold in New France, and many to seek it.

I was on my way to trade for furs. The fact stuck hard in my throat in spite of the edict that made it possible for me to do it without losing rank. Trade had always been a disgrace, so how could a group of men pass a decree that would make it a pursuit clean for a gentleman's hands? Was one law good for the wilderness, and another for Provençe? I thought of these things as I lay looking up at the stars.

For one happens upon lawless thoughts in the wilderness at night. Though, indeed, I thought often of the good God himself, and of why he should have made this strange wild land, and created no one to live in it. For it seemed to me then (since this was before the happening that I am about to tell) that He could not have had anything to do with making the Indian. To be sure my curé says the same thing now—though not when I am there to hear.

I had never prayed much, for I felt that, since the good God knew what I was doing, He would like it better if I did not stop to talk about myself, and that He would not want me to come to Him whining when I slipped, and when things went wrong. But at that time I prayed to Him every night; except when, for weariness of body, I could not keep awake; and I prayed to be delivered, not from the Iroquois, but from a strange temptation. I do not understand this temptation, for there is no one to explain why the great woods change the blood of a man till he becomes a stranger to his

own spirit. It is hard to believe, but it is true. There was I, often hungry, always in great discomfort, surrounded by filth and insult, and yet, with it all, I felt each day the breath of the terrible forest entering into me, possessing me, stealing me from my memories. And then I would call on God for help, and send my thoughts back where they belonged. For I knew where all this led. Little time as I had been in the wilderness, I had seen how, if men once let their hearts slip from them into the keeping of the woods, they could never again live their lives beyond the sea with their own people. They hungered always for the unmapped forest, and the dark winding waters. This had happened to firmer heads than mine—even to Champlain himself—so what hope was there for me, unless I struggled? And I did struggle, for the woman was waiting.

When the woman filled my mind-which she did most of the time, but not always, as she has forced me since to tell her—there was a companion-thought that staved with me, and troubled me like a gnat buzzing at my ears. The wilderness sufficed me; would it not content the woman? It would be years before I could go back to her; might she not come to me? I was ashamed of the thought even then, for I knew that I should have more pride of race than to be willing to bring a woman to hardship, but I set the memory of my weakness down to show myself how strangely the woods and the solitude cloud a man's reason. For I would say to myself, and think, at the time, that it sounded true and fair, shall a man treat his love as his mistress rather than his wife? hold her for fair-weather days, and refuse to divide with her the trials that fill his way? Shall he not rather take her to his side, and say, "Live with me, whatever my life. Share what I share, if we in truth are one." But these are impossible thoughts, and are cumbering the story in which they have no part. I must hold myself from writing more of them down.

Yet what can I set down of this part of my tale that will clear my mind? For I do not know when it first happened, when it was that the air began to change. Yet I think that it was after we left the St. Lawrence, and turned northward into the Ottawa. The way grew harder with every mile. We fought with rocks and falling water, and made our way over portages that were so long and rock-beset that we stumbled to our knees for weariness. I am glad to remember this, not from self-pity, but to show that we had active work to keep us from becoming excitable and womanish. There was no monotony to breed fever in our minds, and we should have eaten long, and slept heartily. But we did not. I was slow in seeing that something was wrong, but I noticed at last that our canoes traveled in huddles, and that the Indians stopped their gambling at night to look sidelong at each other, and then to pile brands on

the fire. The forest had grown unfriendly. I do not know quite what I mean by unfriendliness, but there was a feeling of repulsion in the air—a something to make a man stop and fumble for reasons.

Perhaps it was the sky. For the clouds looked cold, while the air was sultry. I said to myself that it was the weather that filled me with hateful thought, for never had I seen such strange grayness as wrapped us round. The air pressed on us, sticky and thick, and we labored in our breathing. It was very still. Nothing moved in the forest. Every noise that we made fell back on us with a clang of echoes, and the calls of the canoe-men dropped like stones on the water. Yet, with all our clamor, there was not even a crow to shout back to us from the shore. Only the week before, the trees had been full of eyes and tongues, so we did not know what to make of the silence. It would have been heartening to have seen so much as the splash of a fish in the dull water. Twice I heard the pad of feet as we brushed near the shore, and, since I could see nothing, I did not like the sound. I tried to peer into the bushes, but the leaves hung loose and flat like dead things, and shut me away. I rubbed my hand after I touched them, though they were not dusty.

One day I asked the Indian in my canoe why he looked at the shore so often, and whether he feared the Iroquois were near, and instead of grunting and turning his back, as was his custom, he answered that he did not know. That night he gave me two bowls of sagamité for supper, and lay down to sleep near my feet. I tried to push him away (for his beaver robe was foul), but he only grunted at my kick, and would not move; so that I knew he had terror in his heart, and was putting faith in the nearness of my arquebus, which formerly he had scorned. He slept that night, but I did not. I lay with my head in my arms, and wondered if my mind had gone wrong, and if we should ever reach Allumette Island.

I looked toward Allumette Island because there we should halt for a day, stretch ourselves, talk with the Indians who lived there, and change the color of our thoughts. We were forced to stop. The island lay in the mid-channel of the Ottawa, and the Algonquins, who held it, used their position to collect toll of passing tribes.

We came upon the island toward dusk, and my heart jumped as the dark shore shaped into sight out of the drifting river-mist. I had never before known fear—which was small credit to me, since it came from the slowness of my mind—so I had not rightly understood what it was that made my throat closed and furry; but when I saw the pointed lodges of the Algonquins and the home-shine of their fires, I forgot that they were strange Indians and that the wilderness still pressed, and I craned ahead to hasten the meeting. The Algonquins had heard us, and were at the shore. I looked at

them, and then laughed out and held out my hands like a witless child. For there stood a white man—a mighty man in a scant black gown. It was Father Brébeuf, the Jesuit. I splashed and fell to the shore, and felt his arms about me, and said muddled things aloud about men with white faces. Yet I had never seen the Father before, and I feared the Jesuits. It is strange—this feeling God puts between men who have the same color and speech.

That night the Father and I went into the woods to get away from the smoke and vermin of the lodges, and as we walked I tried to tell him of the strange fear that had followed us up the Ottawa. He listened carefully. I could see his face in the fire-shine, and he pushed his great lips forward, and frowned.

"Did you see any wolves?" he asked, with his voice low.

I answered that we had seen but one, a great ragged beast that slunk behind us at the last portage, and at that the Father crossed himself, and handled his breviary, and would not let me speak again.

"Wolves are not like other animals," he said, after a time. "It is not by accident that we call the devil the 'infernal wolf'." And after that he left me, and went alone to pray.

I went back into one of the lodges, and wondered why I was cold. I could not sit down, for a rabble of dogs—starved, fleabitten brutes—trampled over me, so I stood in the smudge of the fire, and watched the Indians gambling with cherry-stones, and thought hard of my mother in Provence, and wished that the Father would finish his devotions. And because I was afraid, and knew at last that it was fear that was racking me, my heart went high with relief when an uproar rose outside. I seized my arquebus. I would welcome an enemy I could face.

But outside I found that the clamor had been of welcome. A hunting party had come in, and they brought an Iroquois whom they had captured straying near the camp. It was unusual to find one Iroquois alone, and talk bubbled. Was the captive a decoy? Was there an ambush? The old men smoked, and the braves looked to their arrow-points. The prisoner was bound, and left in the center of the camp.

I examined him, with my eyes large. He was the first Iroquois I had seen, though at Quebec I had supped three times a day on tales of their ferocity. I judged this man a warrior. He had been through hardship, for he was gaunt and foot-sore, but there was no look of lassitude about him. He would not speak, even to Father Brébeuf's whispered pleadings, but he was insolently unafraid, and his eyes, which seemed never to shift from mine, were very keen. So steadily did he regard me that I grew to feel as if all the issue lay between him and me, and I went off to sleep wondering if a

Frenchman's scalp were indeed so precious to an Iroquois that he coveted it even when about to die.

The night was wakeful, for the camp feared ambush, but the hours passed without break, and morning showed a silent forest. The Indians forgot caution, and made ready to enjoy the prisoner. All day they feasted him, and treated him with compliment and kindness. They tended his bruised feet, and offered him a wife from out their tribe. But he maintained his negligence, and would not speak. He watched me, as he had done the night before, but he showed no other interest. Father Brébeuf was with him all day, telling him as well as he could in the Iroquois speech—the prisoner was a Mohawk—of the pains of Hell, and of the bliss of the angels, and of Paradise. But he talked to a blank face. This grieved the father. He hungered for souls even as I did for gold, and he knew that his opportunity would end with sunrise—for after that would come the torture.

The sun went down in fog that night, and a catamount nosed near the camp, and cried with a sob in its throat like a tired woman. I saw the brush drawn into piles, and the children hunting for stones and jagged shells, and I sickened and turned away from the pot of food, even though we had salt with it in honor of the holidaying. I begged Father Brébeuf to demand that the prisoner be shot instead of tortured, but he said that he could not interfere; and when I saw his composure, I went away and walked up and down the sand, and knew that I was a slow man, and better in action than in trying to understand human motives.

The sport began at moonrise. I do not know that it is necessary for me to set much of it down. It is not what a white man should think or read. But what happened did not move the captive. He was driven around the circle, he was streaming blood, and blistered with fire, but he made no sound, and when burning splinters of pine were pushed into his flesh, he bared his teeth to a grin.

Father Brébeuf kept close to him, and I followed, the Indians jostling. I handled my knife under my cloak, and my limbs were cold. I found myself muttering, though I said no words that I could understand. Father Brébeuf did not notice me, though I plucked incessantly at his gown, crying that we should attempt a rescue. He had no ears. He was holding out his crucifix to the prisoner, and speaking of repentance, and the flames of Hell.

The prisoner tottered after a time, and the savages saw they had been gluttonous, and must go more slowly. They drew away. The Iroquois folded his mangled arms, and stood scornful, looking over the heads of his torturers, and when an old woman wrapped in a filthy deer-skin began to saw at his bleeding leg with a rough-edged clam-shell, he did not even glance down.

Then something snapped within me. I took the crone—she was a mass of bone and wrinkled skin and foulness—and threw her aside. Then I turned on Father Brébeuf. Heaven forgive me for what I said. I called him "Black Gown," even as the Indians did, and cursed him for a coward and an impostor.

He faced me at that. He was a mighty man, and as he stepped at me there was rage in his eyes. But in an instant he changed—changed even as I was bracing myself for his blow. His glance shifted from mine, and he looked up, as if at a face that was watching him; then he kissed his reliquary, and whispered a prayer. There was nothing for me but to turn away, and the Indians laughed and taunted. My blood was hot, for the Father had beaten me by weapons that I could not grasp. I had thoughts of our Holy Church it shames me to remember.

So I looked at the prisoner. As usual he was watching me, his eyes twitching and shining in his blood-stained face, and as I looked him over, feeling my knife's edge, and planning desperate things, he threw back his head as if he choked, and gave a sudden cry.

"Black Gown," he called in French with a strange whining accent, "Black Gown, baptize me. I am ready." And at the sound of his voice the Indians took spirit again, and went back to their torture.

But I had lost my reason. I drew my sword, and standing beside the risoner I slashed at every one, even letting my sword-point prick at Father Brébeuf when he came near. And all the time I shouted vain-glorious and useless things. I cried that I was a gentleman, and would not pollute myself further with such sights. I warned the Indians that they could kill me if they pleased, but that I should die hard, and that I would not let them touch the prisoner while I lived. I said furthermore that I would allow no priest to compel the poor wretch to be baptized through fear of torture; that the good God did not like trickery, and wished his believers to come willingly. I shouted this, and much more, and my voice rattled high and broken, for my sword-play kept me breathless.

The circle round me widened. The braves withdrew to observe the color of their blood where my sword had found its way, and there was much muttering. They were loth to touch a Frenchman, and the old men took the matter to the council fire, and left me standing alone. Father Brébeuf stood with his head down, and his great shoulders were bowed. "You will be sorry for this, my son," he said without looking at me, and, because there was no anger in his voice, my vain-glory left me, and I felt lonely and weak. The fires were dying, and the woods looked cold. The Indians scowled at me, and the dogs sniffed at my feet, and drew away. I looked at Father Brébeuf's averted face, and knew I was a fool.

The council was short, and the verdict a surprise. I looked for death, but La Borgne, the one-eyed chief of the Algonquins, was crafty, and he knew that I had favor with Champlain. So he came at last—the dawn was reddening—and made me a present of the prisoner. He used much ironic compliment. I was dear to him. My wishes were his. He had supposed that I desired furs, and had been prepared to furnish them. But he saw his mistake. I desired nothing but the prisoner. What I desired, I must have. He rejoiced that he could give it to me. And having received what I wanted, I would return at once to my home.

There was more, but I did not listen. I was deaf with heart-sickness, which numbs a man's mind. My life was spared, but I was to be turned out of camp with the wounded Iroquois on my hands. It was quickly done. I was given meal, dried meat, and a canoe—La Borgne kept the goods that I had brought for trade—and in an hour the Iroquois and I were pushed from the shore. There were no leave-takings. Father Brébeuf would have said goodbye in kindness, but I thought him the source of my misery, and turned away when he offered his hand. I know, looking back, that he tried to tell me something, and that he was terribly troubled. He is dead long since, and I can never know what he wanted to say. I would cross many seas to find him if he were alive.

I pushed the Indian behind me, took paddle, and started for Quebec. That was all that was left me to do, for without stores or escort I could accomplish nothing in the wilderness. I traveled stolidly, heavily, and did the work that came to my hand. I washed the Indian's wounds, and tended him; three times a day I fed him, but I would not look at him, and I should have killed him if he had tried to speak. I was leaden with despondency. Yet I was careful of myself, for I wished to reach Quebec. I could not die wilfully while a woman waited news.

So for three days I traveled, paddling awkwardly, but making progress. My thoughts were lumpish and vague, and only one thing struggled through my apathy. The Iroquois was studying me. And each time that I met his eyes, the sap of hope went out of me.

The morning of the fourth day, a bird waked me. The sun was full and gentle, and as I embarked for the day I noticed that the leaves were shining, and that a bunch of lilies shone red upon the bank. The breeze brought haunting odors, and life grew less bitter in my mouth. I thought of the woman, and my eyes strayed, so that I was unprepared when the rapids seized at me. The current tore away my paddle, and splintered my canoe. I saved the Iroquois, and with him two bags of provisions. And then I sat down on the shore, looked at my salvage from the wreck, and laughed.

I sat there some time. I let the sun shine on my head, and warm

me, and after a time I smoked my pipe. And then I turned to the Iroquois. I spoke to him for the first time, and found that he understood me, and that his name was Ouhensiwan. I told him that we would walk to Quebec together, and I told him, too—and I bit the stem of my pipe—that we should reach Quebec in spite of the devil. He shivered at that, and I shrugged to see how well our priests had taught their lessons. Then I took bearings, and we dove into the forest.

We shared that forest with God and the shadows. We fought with swamp and thicket and solitude, but always I remembered that no white man had looked on these things before, and the thought put virtue into me. The Iroquois was nice-footed as a weasel, and his maimed legs kept pace with my sound ones. We traveled as cellmates, bound in body, but our minds apart. I despised him for his filth and low cunning—he stole my tobacco when he thought me asleep—but I could not free my spirit of him. I would wake in the night, and see his eyes gleaming at me. Then I would lie with my teeth together, and count over the deeds of bravery of the men of my house. That helps a man when he is a craven and cannot find in his mind a proper scorn of his cowardice.

We ate our dried corn sparingly, drank from the streams, and traveled till our wearied feet caught in the logs and threw us down to rest. We saw no game. I had saved my arquebus; but it was lumber in my hands, for the woods were untenanted. I watched our bags of corn grow light, and feared starvation. I told Ouhensiwan that we must eat less, and grumbled at the perverse chance that there should be no game in the forest.

He grunted at that, and, opening our bag of meal, looked at it a long time. Then he stood by the fire, and pulled his robe ot his eyes. "Go find deer. Plenty deer, but they run from me. Go tomorrow alone. I stay here." His voice, with its strange, whining French, ran up and down in a wail. I found sweat on my hands. I cursed him for an ingrate to send me out to do the hunting alone, but I was afraid, and had ado to keep my voice steady.

Yet I followed his advice. The next day I want out alone. My mind told me there was no game in the woods, and therefore I could find none, but something else that was within me knew that now I was alone, I should find four-footed things on every side. I stumbled along, praying, hungry as I was, that I should see no deer, but I had not gone half a league before a buck rose in my path. His sides were heaving, and his eyes wide, but not from fear of me. He stared over my shoulder, and cowered toward me like a cosset lamb, as if the sight of me were protection. I looked back. I saw nothing. Only the air had grown stale in the mouth, and the leaves on

the path where I had come, hung like strings. I leaned against a tree, and fought with sickness of body and mind.

For I could no longer shut my understanding. Old tales that I had heard lightly came back to me, and I knew at last what had traveled with me, and why Fear had been my bed-mate. I saw the buck shiver, and knew what was waiting me behind the trees or in my camp. I held fast to the tree, and babbled for a time with a dry tongue, asking the good God why he had brought this thing on me. Then I turned to go back. The buck whimpered after me till I drove him away.

I walked with a steady step, as I remember, but with my lips muttering. Only when I reached my camp could I stay myself from making useless sounds. Then I smoothed my face, and kept my eyes before me. But there was nothing to see. The camp was unchanged, and Ouhensiwan squatted as usual by the fire.

I did not call it strange, for I was not really deceived. Yet when I knelt to God that night, I begged Him, if He were going to take my reason, to take my life first. Ouhensiwan watched me on my knees, but kept the smoulder of the fire between us. I thought—when the breeze fanned the flame for a moment—that he was trembling.

The next day Ouhensiwan asked to be taught to fire the arquebus, and I showed him. I had not fallen low enough to betray fear before a thing that seemed an Indian, and my hand was steady as I poured the powder into the priming pan. But I knew my bluster of courage was as useless as my terror.

Six days passed after this. I remember every incident concerning them, but they went by uneventfully, and there is nothing to set down.

The seventh day we needed food, and I left Ouhensiwan, and went out to hunt. I killed two rabbits and a wood-pigeon, and would have gone back to my fire to make a stew. But as I turned my face that way, a wild-cat squealed at me with a shake of its voice that meant fear, and a bunh of leaves that flecked my hand left a touch like wet slime. I looked up, and the sky was gray, and the coldness of it set my teeth clattering. My breath was short, and my feet numb weights. Yet I set myself toward camp. If my time had come, I must meet what was waiting. I walked fumblingly, and as I went a slow rain began to fall. It dripped on the leaves with a queer sound so that sometimes I looked behind me. Yet I held my course straight, and when I reached the opening where I had made camp, I raised my head and called.

"Ouhensiwan!" I bellowed. "Ouhensiwan, come here."

There was no Indian to answer. The rain had beaten out the fire, but the mat of ashes was warm, and crouching on it was a

great ragged wolf, who howled at my voice, and squirmed toward

me on his belly with his eyes shining.

I called upon the Virgin, I remember, and she must have stayed the brute's feet somewhat, for he came after me blunderingly as if foot-sore. I ran sobbing among the trees, striking my forehead against the trunks, and whimpering when the blood ran in my eyes. I knew that what was behind was gaining on me, and when I could hear the pant of breathing, I ran into a tree to check myself.

What was to come, had best be over quickly.

The tree was a great pine with low-lying limbs, and as I crashed into it, my hands closed on a branch. I was no longer trying to save my life, but I climbed by instinct, and pulled myself up into the tree just as the thing behind me reached by heels. I felt its claws rip at my bullet pouch, but the leather held. That cleared my reason somewhat, and I was able to look down without a glaze in my eyes. The thing was leaping to reach me, and its hot breath was on my face. I forgot whether it were beast or devil, and knew only that it was too foul a thing to look on, and that I must kill it or die. So I took my knife, and leaned down to drive the great blade home. Four claws fastened in my wrist, and I heard the sound of tearing flesh, but I was beyond pain, and pulling my arm free, I sent the knife on its way. Then I gave a great cry to the God who had deserted me. For my knife, armed with my full strength, dug into the throat of the thing before me, and left no mark. I withdrew it, and there was no wound. The air was flame. and then it grew black. And after that I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness, it was daylight. It had been dusk when I had said good-bye to life, and when I felt the bright light hammer on my eyes, I knew that I was still alive, and the cruelty of what I had still to meet nearly left me sobbing. I had been spared only to meet fresh abominations, and for a time my spirit was too weak to meet what I knew was waiting. I opened my eyes at last, and when I did, I saw that the morning was clear and crisp, and that I was lying by the fire. Ouhensiwan was turning meat on a spit, and a pot of meal bubbled on the coals. I looked at these things, and at the sun shining on the colored leaves, and at the kind blue of the sky, and I rolled over on my face, and lay there, and taught myself to be a man. And when I had learned

my lesson, I stood up.

That morning Ouhensiwan served me at breakfast. He had / never done that before, though I had many times commanded him. I ate well, and thought long and hard, and smoked my pipe by the

fire while I was making up my mind.

Ouhensiwan watched me, and when my pipe was empty, and I would have filled it again, he stood before me, and held out the bag of corn. "Go!" he said, and pointed south. "I stay here. Go now." He pushed the corn into my hand.

But I brushed him away, and went on smoking. "No," I said. "You go also. Where I go, you go." And when he grunted angrily, and pushed the bag still closer, I thrust out my wrist, and pointed to the four wounds where the caked blood was hardly dry.

"Look at that," I commanded, "and get over there to the other side of the fire," and he, who had never obeyed me, went at once, whining, and trembling, and crouching, and when I heard the sounds he made I set my teeth hard.

He crawled back to me after a time, and when I ruled my spirit so that I could look at him, he asked me why I would not go and leave him. "Why? Why?" He cried the word again and again, and the sound moaned like the wild-cat that I had heard the

night before.

At that, I broke into speech. My tongue was swelling, and I was heavy as stone, and I talked to keep my reason. I spoke with my face toward Ouhensiwan, but I was really not talking to him, but to the woman in France, for I wanted her to understand. I said that if I left this thing, were it man or demon, it would starve. It could not hunt, and if I deserted, it would die by slow starvation, a worse torture than the Algonquins could devise. And in my madness and despair, I called upon the God who had abandoned me, and turned me over to the Devil, and defied Him to tempt me to forget my honor, even if He had forgotten me. It seems now that He should have struck me dead for my blasphemy, but He was very merciful.

And all the while Ouhensiwan crouched quiet, with his robe over his head, and I shall never know how much it was given him to understand. When I finished, I asked him but one question.

I said, "When you tracked us up the Ottawa, were you following

me, or the Hurons?"

And he answered, "I was following you."

That afternoon we took up our way again. Thinking I was about to die, I was careless of my strength, and did not force myself to eat as formerly, but otherwise we went on as before. Yet there was one change—Ouhensiwan became my servant. I never spoke to him, but I was past anger; and when I prayed, there was sorrow in my heart for him as well as me. Six days we journeyed in this fashion; six nights I lay down and sent my soul to say good-bye to the woman I loved, and six mornings I marvelled when the dawn found me alive.

The seventh day I woke to find myself alone. I knew then what to expect, so I knelt again and prayed, and then I sat and waited. I was almost content, and could notice the flowers, and the sunshine. I had kept control of myself in the six days, but I was glad the waiting was over. It came as a blow when I saw Ouhensiwan, looking as usual, walking toward me through the trees. I stood up, and demanded what he meant by leaving me without permission.

He did not answer, but he came nearer, and I saw that his eyes were red. Fresh venison was hanging on a tree, and he dropped on his knees, and crawled toward it. He snarled over it, tearing it in his hands, and as I watched him the half-healed muscles in my wrist jerked as if the wounds were opening newly.

I turned and walked away. I knew then that I was about to see what no christian man should look upon and live. That I was about to die did not concern me, but this thing that was about to happen, I would not see. A man may not choose how he shall

die, but he may refuse to defile himself by looking on certain things. I walked, and I walked slowly. I heard steps pursuing, but I went on, not hastening nor checking my speed. Something seized my arm. It was a man's hand; the hand of Ouhensiwan. I stopped, despite my will, and the Iroquois stepped in front of me, and pushed my arquebus at me.

"Take it. Use it. Kill me." He was whining and shivering, and

saliva dripped from his mouth.

And then I laughed in his face—laughed long and loud and foolishly. I threw my arquebus back at him, and tossed my knife on the ground. "Take them yourself," I cried. "You know they are straws, and you mock me," and hiccoughing laughter I turned away.

I heard Ouhensiwan's step go back to the fire, and then I walked and listened, and walked and listened, and waited for the rush of four feet behind me. But nothing came. A bird sang—a black bird with red wings—and I watched its throat swell, and told myself I would not look around, and added numbers aloud to prove that I was sane. And then I heard the report of my arquebus.

I rushed back in great bounds. That sound brought me to myself, and I ran to the fire, and knelt beside what I found there on the ground, and took its head into my arms, and called it brother. It had but a moment to live, and my tears dropped on it, and I begged God to be merciful to it. And so it died, looking up at me, and I held it in my arms without loathing, and laid it down only that I might kneel and pray. I knelt all day in those green woods without food. I have been called a grave man from that time.

That ends the story. What guided me through the woods, turned them to friendliness, and brought me to safety and prosperity, I

do not know. I walked as one led, and asked no questions.

I have had a happy life, as lives go, but now that I am old I cannot fight away thought, and many questions come and go. Something gave its life for mine there in the forest. Am I blood-guiltless? And there is another and more terrible thought that I try to put away, and cannot. Is there, perhaps, a soul in eternal torment sent there by my forwardness? I saved a body from death by torture, but I sent its soul on without the baptism that it would have had if I had left it to its fate. Father Brébeuf said to me that I should be sorry, and I wish that I could be, and so do penance. But I do not know that I am. For how could I see the thing tortured, even had I known about it—what I knew later? Yet always I can hear its voice crying, "Black Gown, baptize me. I am ready." And I was the one who interfered. But one thing I am sure is true. I know I am not letting my fancy cheat me when I say that its eyes were peaceful as my tears fell on it when it died.

I have never told the woman of this, for hers is a merry heart, and I would not cloud her thought as mine is clouded. And then there is another thing. Many times my mind veers to the question with which I started. Is it true—even if it happened? It is not good to let the thought dwell on these things, and I go out, and oversee the garden, and fix my mind upon the bees. If Father Brébeuf were alive, I would cross the water to him. But he is dead, and I

can only wait. I do not know.

San Francisco.

WHEN SUMMER'S DONE

By MARGARET TROILI.



T IS a holy night, and utterly still. The trees stand wrapped in their own shadows, a silent company in the moonlight. On the near hill they are numerous, but the farther hills swim in haze. There's the old potent charm in the moonlight world, by-ways of hap-

piness to wander away into; charm-haunted places on some other chart than that of the day. The earth is a-dream in the long light of the sinking new moon, the stress and strain of creation a little loosened. The stars glow untwinklingly above. The crickets yielded a tender tremolo awhile gone, but even they are enspelled. One of eternity's pauses, lulling the earth in God's safety and security, and guiding all life to its simple destiny. I know the brethren are praying outside, and why should there be walls between us? For would I not also pray to do my growing right? What the tree should be, that it is, in simple sincerity.

Night after night, vibrant with crickets and moonlight. The long shadows lie down the hill. The fall is coming, for it is October. There is a solvent in its air for the summer charm. The earth is beginning to stir under the spell, ever so quietly—the turn of a leaf, the fall of a petal from the full-blown luxuriance of summer. The moonlight is quiet with fulfillment. The year has pulsed to its acme; let now the after-harvesters come and pluck away the blooms, and the fruits, and the festive garments from the trees and the hillsides. The birds are going. The trees will speak no more in their leaf-language, but withdraw to some spiritual kingdom of tree-life where the souls of them mingle. Their earth-work is done for the season—let them go to some sanctuary where the great God is and tell Him how they bound the earth and sky together,

In their tenderness they will speak. Down there in the earth some spring-artery pulsed against a root, some flickering little pulse-beat of all the mighty waters that beat the earth with passion. Down there, too, little pebbles that root-tendrils felt their way about. Down there, mighty rocks that a great root gripped about and had for anchorage. Long ways to travel and search out, deeper and deeper. Other life, too, down there; going down among the homes of the burrowers, perhaps, being a roof-tree even under ground. Some furry little animal nestling against a root, little teeth and claws gnawing and scratching. Sometimes the earth quivering; a rock turned over in its sleep; sometimes a chasm at the end of a root journey, a cave of rocks or cavern of stalactite and crystal. Underground rivers faring silently; springs born in its arms; fargoing waters sinking down, trickling over the feet of the tree.

Roots of other trees holding firmly, binding the earth together as with a strong net. Sometimes, too, it may come on men in the depths—men digging and delving, men going up and down out of the earth. Sometimes men give their dead to rest with the trees underground, among the burrows and underground ways, among the strong roots

going down.

Then the tree rises out of darkness and solidity into sunlight, moonlight, starlight and the burdenless air. The sunlight paints it, and because of the subtle weight of the atmospheres and the strain of its motion it gains form. Men and animals faring over the earth find homing in its shelter; birds on the ocean of the air steer their courses for its green island-top. Burrows among its roots, habitations in its shade, nests in its branches—going down, reaching up, standing in the human stream, it crosses many planes of life.

So in the sanctuary, tell, O tree, how it fares with creation—how it pulls and strains and gives and loosens and grips and tightens; how it changes and sways and heats; how it moves and pauses and lulls; how it stirs and rises and breaks forth in the world. Tell it, O tree, for all our unburdening. And tell, too, how our hearts suffer in the swift changes, for they are tardy in response. Tell all the dreams of the summer—and what they have come to.

The trees have only waited for the birds. The romance, the nest-building, the rearing of the family, the teaching of the brood—the mission of the bird has become a career, and is finished. The tree is a whole world for careers, besides its own. Its summer work is done. It puts all its motion into growing, never moving out of its vista and perspective, its hill and horizon, but growing

stronger and higher, longer and deeper.

Now the shadows are long on the hills, even in the noon-time. The dryads no longer escape into their trunk-prisons. At nine o'clock the morning seems very fresh and early, as if the earth had slept late and then woke up with a greater brilliance. The days are yet like jewels. The hillsides are bronze, the pines deep, dark green, and the buckeyes all russet, for they are the first to go. They hang green balls now where the pendants of blossoms whitened. The birds are few. The quail call yet, and the brown birds still hop about, but the twittering linnets and sparrows and bee-martins that kept house in the ivy by my window have given up their leaseholds. All the early summer jubilation is hushed. The wind sweeps on in the blue, and are trees toss and stir with beautiful motion, and yet it is quiet.

The last week of October—and it is fall in earnest. The crisp, snapping cold touches up the nerves and puts the body on its mettle. The sun departs early—by four o'clock the west side of the Pass is in shadow. Then the cool, thin blue of the distant peaks betokens the coming frost; smoke rises, curling crisply out of chimneys—that sign of human habitation so comforting in the outer world. The trees are frost-bitten; locusts and walnuts and cottonwoods droop with leaves limp. All the green houses will soon be despoiled. But the tree knows its season, and takes all things into its heart. This comes; this goes. It has no regret; it makes no attempt to clog the eternal order. But the summer raiment was splendid—weaver of shade, summer sky of green,

tent of the winds, harborage of birds, a shelter against the vast, unhomed sky. The trees give a graceful roof to the earth, fretwork and tracery and pergola all about it, big blossoms of clouds above it, and stars plucked down to bloom in the leaves. But now the bare twigs will rib the clouded sky, and the stars will be back in heaven.

The splendid sycamores by the creek, whose flecked trunks rise into a dancing, glinting heaven of leaves, will soon robe themselves in grey. They have been happy with summer; very cheerful with their tops laved in the wind current to which the pines on the hills are swaying. When the creek comes back—he does not summer here—he will whisper softly at first as he seeks his way around their fet. When they do not answer he will begin to cry more loudly, and then brawl uproariously, till at last they will return from the sanctuary, and come out to their little bud windows to see. But it will be spring again,

The hills are russet and dull, dark green, and dull grey and dull tan, and bright yellow with balsam and blossoming sage in touches here and there. And soon it is November. The sunlight is wanner, no longer golden yellow. The hills are bluish; the rain of leaves incessant. The brook sycamores are again yellow and golden brown. The creek procession has put on its colors, ochre, yellow, reddish and golden brown, and trails through the dull, monotonous slopes

of the Pass.

THIVE TY

Spoliation, spoliation; no gentle solvent of spells now, but a tearing down. The blue sky is ploughed up into cloud-furrows and

streaked with "wind-tails."

The snow comes. In the night it steals down upon Bear mountain. There is a grand flurry in the morning. All the trees have put on their furs, and spread white rugs about them. But it does not last long. In the forenoon they are again sombre and dark. Towards evening, the air seems to congeal about them and they dare not stir a finger-tip of leaf. Then I am sure their spirits are away, for the quiet is almost desolation.

The usurer wind returns and exacts the last leaf-farthing from the trees, and they are paying, paying. The sycamores are coining yet—red and brown they stand in the creek. Bear mountain is bedding down its pines and firs in snow. The summer's work is done and gone. Everything that grows is that much bigger. All the world has pushed out. Life has made another revolution—

cut another notch.

Here is only the harvest of the wild—nuts, pods, flying seed, stickers, hookers, fliers, rollers. The harvest of the wild is spent upon the earth. When the birds have picked their cropfuls, and the furry ones have collected their stores, when all have been helped at the banquet table, there remain the few that fall into the earth. They swing into the rhythmic cycle. Perhaps they will have a career, which means doing the one thing.

Spring is already preparing underground. When everything is done above-earth, when the cloud-crusades have passed, and the winds rushed by on their endless seeking, the scenes of the earth will be arranged for the magic show, for the clocks of the universe

are set with exceeding nicety.

Keene, Kern Co., Cal.

CALIFORNIA INDIAN LEGENDS

By HENRIETTE ROTHSCHILD KROEBER

EGENDS and folklore are the milestones one generation places for the other along the high-road of civilization. Each bears a sign, and enables those who pass to comprehend in a measure the mental distances covered by those who have joined the "Great Army," or by those

who slowly but surely follow the path made by them for their elders. Every country and nation has its myths and folk-lore. Those told by word of mouth vary at each retelling, and often does the imagination of the raconteur take wild flights instead of arraying itself in pensive order. With no race is it as typical as with our own American Indians, who never write in their own languages, but transmit by word of mouth from generation to generation. It may be readily seen that with the dying-out of some of these tribes much that is weird, romantic, picturesque, and impossible would be lost, were it not for the tireless work of students who spend months and months with these people to learn what they cherish and hold dear, so that our twentieth-century men and women may enjoy a leisure hour in reading some of their legends and "medicines."

Hidden away behind tall mountains with the river rolling past it, lies a little Indian village, off from the main traveled roads of civilization, yet in the heart of semi-tropical California vegetation. In the bosom of this ranchería are clustered fifty to sixty Indian families, who live by traditional law as they did when they first settled there. And even though the younger generation attends United States government reservation schools, they are imbued with the customs of their forefathers, and assist in medicine, rattlesnake, and brush dances, and can tell a story in the same rambling way as did the first aboriginal settler.

Practically nothing has changed save the dress, the command of the English language, and the knowledge of the white man's law, and for that reason the following myths are so fascinating. They are exponents of the simple-mindedness of the Indian. The people will often not admit their belief in these tales, yet once catch them off-guard and their secret hold is made clear.

THE PLEIADES.

Not any of us observing or talking to an Indian would call to mind that the starry heavens hold myth after myth dear to his heart, and that the twinkling orbs above are groups and deities like those of the Greeks and Romans. The Heavenly Twins, Orion, and the Pleiades are well known to most of them, and the story of the Pleiades is illustrative of how closely allied the romantic and grotesque are to the Indian.

It came to pass that a great brave was father of five beautiful girls. They excelled in all feminine attributes, and attracted many men. Yet their hearts remained cold, and they continued to live in an unmarried state, saying always that they would remain single unless they could marry for love. Having all they desired of wealth and material goods, and being cherished by the whole tribe, they were particular and critical when the young bucks came to court them, and often ignored the suitors entirely while continuing their dancing and playing.

One day while they were romping, playing, and singing, Baakil, "the Flea," heard them, and, not knowing from where the melodies and laughter came, followed the sound until he reached the spot where five sisters made sport. Baakil was overwhelmed by their comeliness and grace, and immediately prayed to the Great Chief to exercise a charm and make him a handsome man, attractive to at least one of the maidens. Hardly had he expressed his desire, when the little flea was transformed into a tall and stately young man of rare physical beauty and of sweet voice.

The Pleiades were dancing merrily, and when they stopped he stood in their midst. They were stupefied with wonderment, and each felt that she now knew what it was to love. They petted him, waited upon him, took him to their tent for the father to see, and told him that henceforth he was always to be with them. Baakil was pleased, for he saw he had it in his power to marry any of these beautiful women. He played with them, and all other suitors were spurned and told never to come again.

When the Flea had decided which one he would marry, and declared his choice to the Big Brave, he was surprised to hear that all five wished to marry him. He was pleased, for it would enable him to be with five beautiful wives instead of one, and he hastened to carry out their desire, and married one after the other.

Together they built a spacious home and lived in peace and happiness—through the winter. But with the late spring and summer a change took place. The heat affected the Flea, and every time he embraced any of his wives they began to itch and tickle. Their rosy cheeks vanished, the buoyancy became languor, and one took pity on the other and said, "You must leave him to save your beauty."

When all five had been told the same thing from each other, they decided that something must be done, for the Flea was indefatigable in his devotion to his wives. So at midnight the five sisters met and each proposed a way of escape, yet none was available save that of the youngest. Her plan was that they leave his hearth and home, for their love for him had died, and they wished to be rid of him for always. To accomplish this end, he was given a sleeping

draught when he awoke at the usual hour for his drink; for Flea was a very light sleeper, and the hurrying and bustling of the five women would have awakened him had he not been drugged. When he was in his soundest sleep the women departed.

When the Flea awoke, many hours later, and got up, he thought: "Where are my wives?" Looking about, he saw that much that belonged to them was gone, and he realized they had fled. Losing no time, he forthwith pursued them. He went eastward and had journeyed many days, when, just about to rest on the sandy shore of the ocean, he caught sight of them, and excitedly exclaimed: "I will catch you yet."

They heard him, and the youngest turned to see how far behind he was. She called to her sisters: "Let us hasten, he is gaining on us rapidly." Curiosity caused the others to turn; they lost time, until again the youngest cried: "He is very near." Then with one voice they cried: "We will go up into the air. There he cannot come with us." Slowly and gracefully they rose, until they reached the places they now occupy in the sky. Baakil again invoked aid of the Great Chief, and through him was also allowed to rise to the sky. But before he was able to embrace any of his wives, he too was turned into a star.

That is why there now are five stars close together in the Pleiades, and one at the side. This one, the Indians are convinced, is the Flea.

THE THEFT OF FIRE, AS TOLD BY THE YOKUTS.

The world had been created, but there was no fire. It was very cold. The birds and beasts from the Coast Range and the Sierra assembled on the plans. The eagle spread his wings and told the road-runner and the fox to go out. These two were good runners. Coyote, the sneak, said: "Let the crow go. He is good at looking about." And it is a well-known fact that the crow is to the birds what the ferret is to the quadrupeds.

The eagle said: "My choice is better." But he let the crow go. Then he told the crow: "Start early. If you see fire anywhere tell us."

The crow took wing westward to the Coast Range, and then turning northward flew along the mountains, surveying the land with his keen sight. Late in the day, after alighting on a scraggy digger-pine, he saw the glow of fire far in the northeast in the plains. He came back and said: "There in the north they have fire."

Then the eagle sent out the road-runner and the fox. Coyote, unwilling to let them go alone, went with them, as did the crow also. They went directly north over the endless brush of the plains.

Now Coyote, who is known to prowl and steal, said: "Wait until

sundown, then we will steal the fire." They agreed.

Darkness came over all, the long ridge of the mountains stood out in its barrenness, the dry arroyos breathed of mystery, and nature seemed supreme. Then Coyote said: "Now they are asleep." No doubt he forgot that there are animals and birds that make the night their day. But the keen crow did not forget, and said: "We will not all go there. Let one who can jump well take the fire. You, fox, go."

Coyote said: "I will go too. I am a good jumper too."

The crow said: "No, we will be killed."

But Coyote said: "No, we are all good runners, and I will take the

fire. Even if you come with me, I will take the fire."

They had traveled far and as they neared the end of their road the wind wafted odors of fish and smoldering fires from the lonely ranchería. Those who knew the country unfurrowed by civil engineering realize the vast endlessness of the big valley of California and appreciate the surroundings of refuse and aborginal implements that always accumulate about the dwelling places of Indians. To one of these typical San Joaquin rancherías the fox, crow, and road-runner came with Coyote.

"Here is good fire," said the crow, as they came to a blazing log

in a pit.

They took embers, wrapped them in bark, and put them into their net sacks. Then Coyote told them: "Run ahead. I am going into this house to kill one of the children."

"No, do not!" said the fox.

"Yes I will," said Coyote. Then the fox and the others went

ahead on their way home.

Coyote stole through the nearest door, and ruthlessly picked up the little child that lay asleep near the fire. He dropped it into the blazing pit and with delight watched it burn up. When he saw his work accomplished, he leaped out of the house and ran. In his haste he ran into a brush shelter and awakened the inhabitants, who rushed out alarming the village. At once cries arose from all sides: "Take care, some one has come! The fire! The fire is stolen"

Now the thieves ran, Coyote far behind the others. Their path was the San Joaquin river. Close behind Coyote came the pursuers, ahead of all others the frog and the duck, wolwul. Coyote jumped from side to side to escape them and they ran here and there after him. That is why the river is crooked and curves and twines in

such unexpected places.

They kept on running southward. Then the crow, fox, and road-runner returned in safety. Coyote too reached his sweat-house. He dashed in and fastened the door. They could not break in. They had lost him, and he had their fire inside. All night he nursed and fed it. In the morning there was an assembly. Coyote lighted the fires for all. Since that day all those in the San Joaquin valley are well off. They can cook their meat and warm their bodies at night.

San Francisco.

THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOR

By JOHN DARWLN GISH



EDRO LOPEZ sat with his back to the warm adobe bricks for a long time after the doctor left. Across the corral, Antonio Valencia, sitting also with his back to his adobe wall, held up a little dice-box and motioned for Pedro to come over and be sociable, but Pedro shook

Twice he had lighted his cigarette, but, each time forgetting to keep it alight, finally tossed it away in a fit of abstraction. Pedro was thinking, and it was unaccustomed exercise. To be sure he spent hours each day dreaming, pondering upon the injustice that had been done his race, and his family in particular. But this was a different kind of mental process. It was thought that tended toward decision and action. Just the other side of the wall against which he leaned lay the madre, very sick, and the doctor had said she could be cured in a hospital, but it would cost much money. How was the money to be had? Plainly only by working for it. Pedro was not lazy. Visitors to the corral—Americano tourists who poked their noses and their cameras into places where they had no business to go—seeing him sitting in the sun rolling his cigarros had often called him lazy, and the red flush had shown, even through his brown skin, as often as he heard the word. He was willing to work. If anyone had offered him employment he would have labored steadily and industriously; but there was no job offered and he felt unequal to entering into the necessary competition for a chance to work. The modesty of the race was reinforced by the self depreciation of the individual. He felt that he was a victim of fate. While he was yet a child his father had been dispossessed of his belongings by the aggressive, blatant Americanos; his lands had been stolen, his sheep driven off, and the father had not survived the shock to his fortune. Pedro remembered little of those days of opulence and self-respect, but sometimes he heard the madre crying softly, and knew without asking that she was thinking of the happy days of the past.

He felt already like a dog that has been worsted in several battles. He dreaded to face the hard, cold light that came into the eyes of the Americanos. But to think of these things at such a time was weakness. The madre had been ill for a long time and just now the doctor had said:

"Your mother may live for a year or more, but she will always have pain and will never be well without an operation."

"And the cost, Señor médico?"

"Well, under the circumstances," said the doctor, looking around upon the evidences of poverty until Pedro flushed, "under the circumstances I think it can be done for two hundred dollars."

They were just outside the door, so the madre had not heard. For a long time Pedro sat in the sun. For a long time he battled with his reluctance, but at last arose and went inside.

"Madre mia," he said with his lightest smile, "the physician brings good news. You will go to the hospital, three weeks or four weeks, and you will be well again."

"But, Pedro, you forgot. Money is needed for such things, much money."

"And I will get the money, madre," answered Pedro, straightening his shoulders and tossing the long, black hair out of his eyes.

The sick woman looked at him with a sad smile, and her thin hand stole from beneath the covers and clasped the ends of his fingers. She was proud of him. He was such a big boy, and so good to his mother.

"Ah, Pedro, I do not want you to work for the Americanos—to be a slave to the robbers. It is better that I suffer much pain."

"It is only for a short time, little mother. Four or five months—I do not know—and after I have earned the money and you are well again, we will go out to San Gabriel, and, who knows, perhaps we shall find a house and a little piece of land and live there."

"Oh, Pedro! And I can have vines on the house, and flowers in the garden, and a little sheep to take care of?"

"Yes, madre, and we shall be happier than we have been for a long time." Very gently he brushed the thin hair back from her forehead, dried the tears that filled her eyes with a corner of the sheet that covered her, carefully arranged the bed-clothing that she might be kept warm, and slipped out of the room. He did not know why he had spoken to her of San Gabriel. It had not been in his mind, but the vision of a little patch of land planted by himself, and of his mother among the flowers, brought a new feeling of hope into his heart and made his walk firmer and faster as he passed along Buena Vista street in the direction of town.

At the first employment-office to which he applied, there was no work for him, but if he would pay a fee of fifty cents he would be notified whenever such employment as he desired was to be had. At the second office also there was nothing. Pedro was all sensitiveness, and he felt that it was because of something that had to do with his race or appearance that he was refused. It was with a very timid look that he raised his brown eyes to the grating where he next applied.

The man looked at him closely before he answered the inquiry, noted the broad shoulders, the sturdy arms, and the docile expression of the eyes.

"Yes, I can ship you to-night to Modesto-harvester work-forty

dollars and board—three or four months job. Be here at six and I will send you along."

Pedro returned to the corral, a little bit elated, but nevertheless very sad. True he had got his job, and the pay was good, but to leave the madre—that's where the rub came. Not to hear her calling for something that she wanted. Not to be there to do the things for her that neighbors could not do. There was a very strong bond between Pedro and the mother—a bond made stronger by her help-lessness.

He knelt by the bedside and she put her arm about his neck. He let his head stay on the pillow with hers for a long time before he felt that he could tell her.

"Madre querida, I will go away from you for a little while."

"Away from me, Pedro?"

"Yes, madre, I have got my employment—my work. In a few months I will have the money, and then you will be well again."

"But, Pedro, you are not going away? I had rather not get well than to have you go away."

"It will be but a little while, madre, but a few months, and then you will be well for always. No, no, you must not cry. Think of the little house in San Gabriel. How nice it will be for you to be well, and we can plant out flowers together. And you will plan out the little garden while I am away."

"Pedro, you will come back to me-you will come back to me?"

"Why, madre, how silly! I am going away for your sake, that is hard; but to come back to you, that will be easy. What could keep me from coming back to you?"

It was the twenty-second day of December when Pedro drew his last month's pay and could count just two hundred dollars in the buckskin sack about his waist. He felt better toward the Americanos. He had worked side by side with them, and they had worked as hard as he and treated him as one of themselves. To be sure, they had bothered him at first because he would not spend his wages as he earned them. But when they discovered for what purpose he was saving, they said no more, but instead offered him freely of their tobacco. Pedro had worked so steadily and had been so patient with the mules that when the rest were discharged, he was retained until the outfit had been transported over the hills to San Luis Obispo. Thus he had been paid for five months' work and every cent of the two hundred dollars was in the sack at his waist. In all that time he had spent but two dollars for tobacco—and that he had earned extra by caring for a mule that was sick. The rest was the madre's money, and he could not have touched it upon any pretense.

The twenty-second day of December was his first free day in five

months, and he sat in the sun with his back to the railway station with a feeling of deep satisfaction. He had read the sign on the station house, "To Los Angeles 222 miles." If it did not rain he could walk that in twelve days. Twelve days would take him into January. If it were only ten days earlier he could get home by Christmas. He should like very much to be home by Christmas. Now that his work was over, he longed more than ever to be with the madre. He had told her that he would not be gone long, and the time was passing. He knew that her Christmas would be very dark without him. But it would cost him nine dollars if he went by train—nine dollars of the madre's money. If he spent nine dollars of that, he would not have the two hundred dollars that the doctor required.

A freight-car standing on the siding caught his attention and gave him an inspiration. Why couldn't he ride without paying? Once when he was working near a railroad track he had seen men riding under the cars. He walked over to the car and crawled beneath. Within the trucks of the car—between the wheels—were fairly comfortable quarters. There was a little ledge where he could sit, a beam for his feet to rest upon, and a rod to grasp with his hands. He felt that he could ride with security, if not with comfort. Climbing out again he sat once more in the station house smoking a cigarette. His mind was made up.

That night the sun went down in a golden haze, and a stiff north wind sprang up and swept around the rugged peaks that stand in the gateway to San Luis. As the dusk was turning into night, a heavy, lumbering freight pulled into the station yard and waited for orders. Quietly, swiftly, but a little fearfully, Pedro stole under one of the cars and slipped into his place within the forward truck. The quarters seemed more cramped and less attractive than in the broad light of day. But there was Christmas only two days off, and the madre waiting—and this was his only chance. Brakemen walked along the train and swung their lanterns under the cars, but Pedro crouched low and evaded notice. He was glad when the engine whistled and puffed, the couplings creaked and the train commenced to move.

Faster and faster the wheels turned and the cars began to sway from side to side. Especially when they passed a switch or a siding the car lunged so that it was with difficulty that Pedro held himself in his place. The rattling of the train deafened him; the dust blinded and choked him, filling his eyes and ears and mouth. The cold chilled him to the marrow of his bones. The ledge upon which he sat was so narrow that he was continually slipping from it and had to hold firmly with his hands to the rods above his head, yet his chilled hands had soon almost lost the power of grasping them. From the noise and dirt and cold and swaying motion he

was faint and giddy. Still he was glad, for only one day away the madre was waiting for him. He wondered how he ever could have thought of waiting twelve whole days before he saw her. Now the miles were speeding past him; he had already gone as far as he could have walked in one day. The night grew colder, his hands and feet were numb, and his whole body ached from his cramped position. Pedro was conscious only of a determination to hold on till the end.

Hour after hour dragged by and Pedro thought he saw the beginning of morning, when the train took a short curve a mile out of Point Concepcion. Something cracked like a rifle-shot upon the very truck on which Pedro rode. Some heavy object flew with a singing sound through the air past Pedro's head. One corner of the car dropped as if it would strike the rail, raised again and dropped suddenly with a jar that made the whole train tremble. and shook Pedro like a rat in the grasp of a terrier. A wheel had broken under the truck and with every revolution it seemed that the car would leave the track. Only the weight of the cars before and behind held it in position. But gradually the car began to slip upon the truck and to crowd Pedro into tighter and tighter quarters. Now his knees were against his chest and he could hardly breathe for the pressure. Then a brake-rod gave way, struck the ties, and rebounded over his head. Instinctively he threw up his arm, felt a thud, a spasm of pain and a shower of blood in his face-his arm was gone. The pressure of his knees against his chest grew greater, but it oppressed him less, for his senses were becoming dulled. With the hand that was left he felt for the sack at his waist. That was still there. The madre would get wellperhaps she would live at San Gabriel. If he could only see the madre for a moment, only feel her arms about his neck, only whisper "Madre!" in her ear. But then she would know that he loved her, for there was the money he had earned for her. She would get that for Christmas-for Christmas-Christmas and without Pedro. The car struck a switch, plunged, jumped the track and turned over with Pedro underneath.

"Can you tell who he is?" asked a member of the construction

gang when they lifted the car ten hours later.

"I guess it'll be pretty hard to identify him," was the reply, "but

he's got two hundred dollars in gold in a sack."

"The stingy greaser! Why didn't he pay his way, if he had the dough? Well, the county is that much ahead. It isn't often it gets paid for burying a hobo."

"You can't tell, Joe. Mebby he was taking it home for Christ-

mas. I wouldn't call him stingy."

"Well, if it was a Christmas present, somebody 'll wait a long time for it, now."

And the madre is still waiting for Pedro. He said he would come soon, and it has been already long. What could keep him from her? She does not care so much about the money he was to bring. The pain is not so bad, and San Gabriel seems so far away. But, oh to have Pedro again—to have him put his arms about her neck and whisper "Madre!" in her ear!

San Francisco.

THE CRISIS IN JACKASSVILLE

By MICHAEL FLURSCHEIM.



ACKASSVILLE was in great trouble. This is how it came about. An epidemic had broken out in the town and the doctors were at a loss as to its origin, until one of them, wiser than the rest, attributed it to contamination brought about by the circulating coins.

Upon this, the city-council at once decided that all the coins in the place had to be thoroughly washed with soap and water and then allowed to dry in the open air on the commons for twenty-four hours. Faithfully the programme was carried out. Unfortunately there passed that way a tramp who was not at all afraid of infection and took the risk of carrying off all the money he found spread out on the common, even stealing a good sack from the miller for the purpose.

The next morning there was howling and gnashing of teeth, and a messenger was at once sent to the seat of government with the request for immediate help, for the city was absolutely destitute of money, and starvation would soon ensue. The governor at once repaired to the place and took in the whole situation. The town was well provided with wheat, cattle, vegetables, fruits, wool, cotton, fuel, timber and, in fact, all raw materials necessary to feed, clothe and house the people. There was plenty of skilled and unskilled labor of all kinds ready and anxious to do all the work needed to change the raw materials into bread, meat and other food, into clothes, boots, houses, furniture, and so on, as had been their wont. All this was in the best order, and so the governor told them; but I am afraid it lost him votes at the impending election, for the general opinion was expressed in the indignant words of the mayor who replied: "We know all that. But don't you see, Governor, that we have been robbed of the last cent and that nobody has any money left to buy the good things he needs? We thought we had made the case clear enough when we notified you of the general poverty into which we had fallen through the shameful act of that tramp!"

The governor saw that it was no use insisting on the fact that people do not live upon money, but upon the products of labor which they require for their sustenance, and that of these there was more than plenty in the town. So he decided to teach them the lesson they needed in some other way. Telling the assembled city-council that they were right, and that he had thought of that before he left the capital, he pulled a roll of large banknotes from his pocket and handed them to the mayor as a temporary loan from the government. The money was received with many thanks, but the great difficulty at once presented itself that there were no small bills and

no "change," that the bills were altogether too large to be used in the ordinary business intercourse of the place.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the wily official. "You deposit these notes with me and I will act as your trustee, who keeps the money as a security for the checks you are drawing to pay each other with. The mayor, who knows you all and your transactions, will, of course certify only the checks which are all right—which means those which you draw for goods actually received or services rendered, and for which you are at any time ready to deliver goods or services in turn. Those who can be relied upon to do so are solvent, and their checks will be certified."

And then the governor went away and business prospered in Jackassville as it never had prospered before. The checks were every day cleared by the mayor—which means that he kept a large ledger, in which a credit was entered to each man for whatever checks he brought in, while the checks which he had drawn were deducted from his credit. As the citizens did not draw any more checks than they received, the accounts were always balanced. If this was not done the same day, it was done within a week. If there were a longer delay, the mayor did not mind if he knew the parties were solvent. Nobody ever called upon the governor for any of the money he loaned to the mayor and which the governor held in trust. As a consequence, at a public meeting held one day, it was proposed to authorize the governor to pay back the money to the government, as they did not need it, and might as well save the interest they had to pay for it. This was done, and business flourished as well as before in Jackassville.

A strange story, isn't it? So much like another just now told of a certain people, called the American nation.

The time will come when Americans will look back with shame to the period we are now passing through. It is almost unbelievable that a nation foremost in industrial development and commercial enterprise is among the most backward nations on this earth in its currency system. In fact, the very circumstance that, in spite of the most miserable of all financial organizations, this country has been able to put forth such strength, will always be pointed out as an evidence of the indomitable energy of our people.

Other great commercial nations are under the domination of the gold fetish, but none of them has so unconditionally surrendered to it. England suspends her Peel's Act when gold becomes too scarce; Germany and France have given their national banks extended facilities to issue additional paper; Austria, Italy and Russia have hardly given up inconvertible paper, and are ready at any sign of danger to slip back into the system which has kept them from bankruptcy through the most dangerous periods of their history. The United

States alone among the world's great nations has imprisoned its whole

financial system in an unvielding golden straight-jacket.

The consequences could have been foreseen. Where a sufficient official currency is not obtainable, an unofficial one must be created, with all its concomitant dangers. The work of distribution must be performed somehow; and, as a legal-tender stock of 2,500 millions is absolutely inadequate to provide for a turn-over of 150,000 millions, legal-tender promises have to do the work. They do so in the whole world, but nowhere has the gold basis become more of a fiction than in this country, and a catastrophe is unavoidable when, once in a while, the fiction is given up, because the masses for a time refuse to act their part in the play. It is not astonishing that this should occasionally happen, for even a sanguine, imaginative people must find it rather hard to feel secure with 13 billions due on deposits by its banks and only half a billion of legal-tender gold at the back of it in the banks' vaults.

The worst feature in the case is the small probability of seeing any really remedial legislation within a measurable period, for the proposed additional issues of so-called emergency currency would not only be a mere drop in the bucket, but would strengthen a vicious system, which leaves the people exposed to the uncertainties of private banks whose interests are often opposd to those of the people at large. The only hope of a remedy within our existing currency system may be found in the proposals made for a Postal Savings Bank, provided it is organized on Austrian-Hungarian principles, with a system of easy transfers of accounts, resembling the check system. Such a bank might finally become a National Bank of Issue, in which the people's deposits find a safe and remunerative investment and which at the same time provides an elastic means of payment.

But elasticity is not all we have a right to demand of a good currency; its accessibility is more important still. It must be accessible to the producer unprovided with the kind of collaterals upon which he can borrow from our existing banks, and this is impossible without important changes in our currency laws. We have seen that even the collaterals demanded by our present banks are insufficient to secure their loans, which is not astonishing, for no security in the world can supply something which practically does not exist -for which only one dollar in twenty-six is in stock. The whole gold supply of the world would not suffice to pay more than onethird of our bank deposits, leaving out of account those of other countries and all other debts. I have calculated that the world's gold promises amount to thirty times the total of its gold stock. Where those provided with the best collaterals cannot secure loans, how can they be obtained by the man of the people who has no security to offer but his productive power?

It is here where the financial problem switches off into the great social one: the problem how it is that willing workers all over the world are unable to produce for each other the goods they urgently need. The task is greatly facilitated by the devices which Yankee ingenuity is providing for the present trouble—the certificates and

"scrip" issued by the banks to serve as money for the daily demands of business.

The social body, as little as the physical body, can exist without its blood, its means of exchange, and so this scrip is accepted and circulates as currency. After all, as a whole, it is fully as good as the checks we have been accepting all along; for both scrip and checks are based on confidence, not on legal-tender money; for legal-tender money could not be supplied if universally demanded, at a rate exceeding one-thirtieth of all debts. The only difference is found in the latency of the fact in ordinary times, while in a crisis like the present one it becomes obvious to all eyes. It is the case of a sleep-walker who safely passes over the most risky places and

only falls when he wakes.

The only unpleasant feature of the case is that even the new temporary currency suffers from the great defect of the old oneits inaccessibility to the producer who has no better security to offer than his productive power. Fortunately its advent, though generally looked at as a mere pis aller, may perhaps be hailed as a liberator, opening our prison doors and leading the way into golden freedom, or rather freedom from gold. This new scrip has a great educational value, for it reminds the people of the long-forgotten fact that not the material of which money is composed, but its general acceptance is its real essence. The value of the material was essential only in an age of advanced barbarism—advanced, because it had already progressed from primitive barter to scientific barter, in which the intervention of a special merchandise, the money merchandise, made exchange easier and more general. The substitution of coined pieces of metal for cattle, cowry shells and fish-hooks marked a distinct progress; but humanity, for all that, had not yet left the domain of barter. It could not leave it before Credit, the child of Confidence, made its entry into the world, thus relieving business from the necessity of handing over the merchandise with one hand and taking in exchange the money commodity, or commodity-money, with the other. Token-money was born-a money without any independent merchandise value (intrinsic value), with no other value than that given it by its general acceptance. Robert Ellis Thompson compares it to the steam carriage—as much a progress from coin (which may be compared to transportation in carriages by horses) as coin is an advance on barter (which may be compared to transportation on human backs). In "Munera Pulveris," John Ruskin says: "The use of substance, of intrinsic value as the material of a currency is a barbarism, a remnant of the conditions of barter, which alone renders commerce possible among savages."

Token-money had its career in this country, and, though we may owe it a good part of the success in the Secession war, the unpleasant feature of its varying standard throws an odium on "greenbackism" to this day, though a number of economists have shown how, through the regulation of the issue in accordance with multiple-price tables, token-money can be kept at an unchangeable value, far more stable than gold coins, if we recognize that the value of money is its purchasing power. Thus scientific token-money will be the future world-money, but its time has not come yet. Government action is necessary for its advent, and this action is not yet obtainable. This does not mean, however, that the people are entirely powerless in the

interim. If token-money is out of their reach, at least the bank-note is not—an improved bank-note, which gets rid of the money intervention by being a direct order for that which money is supposeed

to procure in the general run-goods and services.

This is not a new idea. The great Frenchman, Proudhon, after Robert Owen had made some raw attempts in the same direction, first pioneered the new method in his People's Bank. The paper which was to be issued by this bank promised, not gold nor money of any kind, but what money buys—goods and services. Commercial credit was to be freed from the fetters of the gold indirection. In spite of this indirection, commercial credit is easily obtainable by almost anyone. The poor tramp has only to prove that he has obtained employment, and he will find some poor boarding-house keeper who will feed him until payday, and this poor boarding-house keeper has only to show that he expects an income from boarding to obtain credit from the butcher, baker and grocer. This, too, in spite of the fact that practically what is credited is not goods or services, but gold; for the bills are payable, not in goods and services,

but in legal-tender money.

The merchandise credit on the Proudhon system is entirely freed from the gold fetter, for it is directly payable in merchandise. The check drawn on the Proudhon bank does not promise payment of dollars and cents, but of goods and services in a quantity measured in the terms of dollars and cents. It is not paid, but only certified by the Exchange Bank or Mutual Bank-names also adopted for the system. The bank certifies that goods and services of all kindsprovided producers and dealers of all kinds are members of the bank are supplied against the check. All the bank has to attend to is that its members can be depended upon to supply what its checks or notes promise, and this it can do by a rigid control of the check-service. No checks are certified except those of which the drawers can be relied upon to supply goods or services in their special branch of business up to the amount of the checks. Such a security can be obtained without any of the collaterals now demanded by our money banks, for the risk is not at all of the same nature. The risk of not obtaining the legal-tender money promised by the debtor of the money bank is so great that even the best collaterals do not quite offset it, as our present experiences show. The risk that goods or services might not be supplied is almost nil. Goods and labor worth billions are anxiously waiting for a market at this very moment. Any honest worker with a life-policy can be relied upon to do or have done the work demanded of him if the things he demands in exchange are secured to him. It is only to provide these things that he needs the gold check now. The basis of the new banks would be as wide as the productive power of the people, while now it does not extend beyond the hope of securing a certain amount of gold. It is this fact which forces production and consumption to lag behind productive power and thus to cause lack of employment—the fact that our whole trade has to pass through the narrow gold gate. Not that the addition of a silver gate would help so very much. It would only add another scarce commodity as a check basis, where the Proudhon system widens this basis to the full extent of all commodities in the market, for which there is a demand. Not a demand artificially limited through an unnatural legal-tender law, but a demand as wide

as consumption, while consumption is as wide as productive power, so that the new currency becomes the life-giving fluid, which brings

forth a rich harvest where the arid desert reigned before.

Now is the time for the organization of the new Mutual Banks by our Chambers of Commerce. The money banks have shown the way with their certificates based on their engagements to supply legal-tender at some indefinite future date. Let us pass beyond with certificates engaging the supply of wealth of all kinds for all time to come!

We may still conserve our present legal-tender as the basis of prices, for the dangers involved in its scarcity are forever done away with by the success of the new banks. Almost the whole real business of the nation, practically all of it outside of Wall Street speculation, will be cleared through these institutions, and our gold stock will then always be more than sufficient, because practically nobody will need it, except Wall Street. Foreign exchanges would be settled by exports of merchandise—exports by far exceeding their present volume, in consequence of the largely increased production of the country.

In conclusion, I may remark that our banking laws do not apply to banks of this kind. This is certified by a decision of the United States treasury given some years ago in regard to labor-notes issued by the De Bernardi Labor Exchanges—institutions on the more primitive Owen plan, but working on the same principle—a decision based on the fact that no money is promised by these checks or notes. Practically they are warrants, with only the difference that they do not promise a certain weight, length, or number of pieces of a certain merchandise, but a certain quantity of any merchandise in the market, measured by its market value.

Besides its checks the Mutual Bank, which I established in New Zealand in 1888, issued bank notes in five denominations, printed in five different colors, from sixpence upward to one pound sterling.

They read approximately as follows:

The holder of this note is entitled to goods and services to the value of _____ from those members of the New Zealand Commercial Exchange Company who are liable to supply such goods or services.

They passed as money in the community, and their only drawback was that non-members accepted them also, who did nothing towards the support of the bank. Checks to order, which cannot be transferred, but must be banked by the receiver, avoid this and permit the collection of a commission charged by the bank to cover expenses and to insure a reserve fund. A very minute commission would yield

large amounts in consequence of the immense turn-over.

There never was a more favorable moment than the present one for the organization of such banks; for the opposition of the money banks, the greatest obstacle in ordinary times, is deprived of its main power through their failure to provide for the necessities of the people after their shameful abuse by the speculators. In fact, they supply the best proof that certificates with practically nothing behind them but the reliance on the nation's producers, only indirectly secured, while the direct gold promises cannot be kept—that even such certificates can do the nation's business. How much better would direct engagements to supply real wealth succeed!

Coronado, Cal.

THE "IDOL CITY" OF LODI, SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

By A. J. WEINERT.



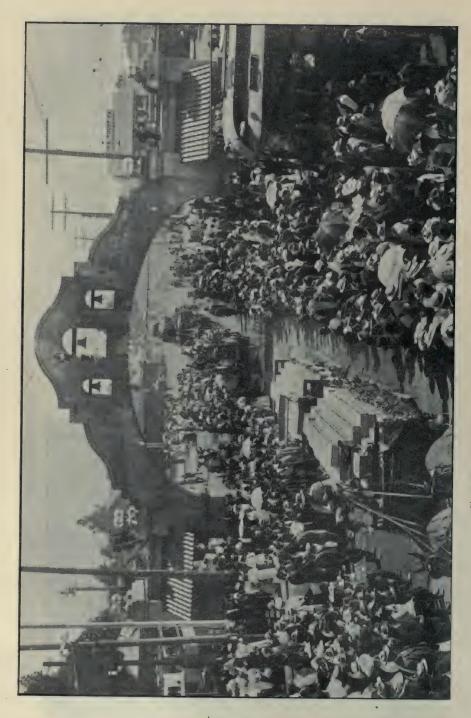
ALIFORNIA is a great state, and there are many sections making claims that have the ring of fairy tales to one who has never traveled. Why any one should doubt any of the statements made regarding the wonderful resources of our Golden West, has always been a surprise to me. Statistics have always borne out every report set forth from a reliable source. Some people,

however, cannot resist the suspicion that Opportunity is trying to sell them a gold brick, and do not investigate.

One of the most prosperous and beautiful sections of the State that has not been brought very prominently to the notice of the general reader is Lodi, in the northern section of the San Joaquin County. It is the second city in the county, on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, fourteen miles north of the city of Stockton, the county-seat, and connected with Stockton by an electric railroad. It is thirty-six miles south of Sacramento, the capital of the State. This place is often spoken of as the "Heart of California" on account of its location which gives it many advantages. The climate is mild and delightful, the days during the summer are warm, and the nights cool and refreshing on account of the daily ocean breezes which are due to its geographical position, directly east of Suisun and San Pablo bays. The soil is of the richest alluvial sediment, noted for its high tonnage in production. The surrounding country is perfectly level, and the roads are likewise level and never muddy. Purest water in abundance is obtained from an underground flow which is inexhaustible at a depth of thirty to sixty feet. The celebrated San Joaquin Valley wheat-fields have here been supplanted by vineyards and orchards, and for a distance of five miles in any direction



PACKING TOKAYS AT LOUI



THE PARADE DURING THE TOKAY CARNIVAL AT LODI

is now presented one of the prettiest sights of comfortable and prosperous homes with vineyards and orchards about them, which brings conviction to every visitor. All of this has taken place within the last seven years.

But the most convincing argument ever presented are the returns from various products of this truly wonderful section. The shipments of table grapes from Lodi during the season of 1907—the largest so far recorded—amounted to 1141 carloads, valued at \$1,141,000. This was an increase of more than one-third over the record of 1906. In addition to this, the proceeds of the wine-varieties of grapes and of other fruits are conservatively estimated at \$350,000.

This section certainly cannot be excelled in this State, or any State, especially when we realize that the above returns are from a section that is still in its infancy, and it is reasonable to estimate that when all of the young vineyards and orchards come into full bearing, the returns will exceed five million dollars annually. Considering the area, this is exceedingly remarkable, and one naturally asks why is it so? and on investigation will find that the Flame Tokay grape, like the orange, has chosen a comparatively limited



JAPANESE GRAPE PACKERS AT LODI

range in which it will exult in its amazing beauty in size and color. This favored section comprises less than 160,000 acres of rich sandy alluvial soil in which the grape seems fairly to revel. The water level is only a few feet below the surface, and the roots soon find all the moisture required without irrigation. The nature of the soil makes deep cultivation easy. This section is celebrated for its high tonnage as will be seen from statistics which show the average tonnage of France to be 2.70 tons per acre, California two tons per acre, and San Joaquin County four tons per acre. When we consider that two-thirds of the vineyards around Lodi are not yet in full bearing, it would be fair to consider six tons per acre as a fair average, or from two to three times the tonnage of any other section in the world. Such staggering facts ought to be enough to convert the most skeptical, or at least give him cause for investigating.

The enterprising spirit of the community was manifested in a most striking manner during the month of September, 1907, by one of the most unique carnivals ever witnessed. It was known as the Tokay Carnival, and lasted three days, during which time it was demonstrated to thousands of visitors

that Lodi is the district where people have made substantial fortunes in growing Tokay grapes; that the eastern people like Tokays, and willingly pay the profit; but above all things, that Lodi grows them as no other district can grow them so far as coloring and quality go. At this carnival all buildings were decorated in vines and grapes. Packers were at work on the streets packing grapes beneath beautiful arbors. The streets were lined with booths where demonstrators showed how to make a cutting; how to plant a vine; how to spray a vine, sulphur a vine, prune a vine, make a graft, pack grapes, load cars, ice a car—in fact, a producers' show demonstrating the history of the Flame Tokay grape. The parade demonstrated the magnitude of the product. The carnival proved a wonderful success, far more convincing of what this district can do than if it had been written in a book, or spread upon a highly colored poster. The carnival will be repeated in the future. Grapes mean money; Tokays mean more money. Lodi spelled backwards means the "Idol" place where the Tokay grows.



TOKAY VINE ARBOR AT LODI

Lodi has a proven valuation, and when it comes to the Tokay grape, it has been proven beyond all doubt that the soil, water supply and climate of the Lodi section meet all the requirements necessary to bring the Tokay grape to its very highest degree of perfection. The growers seem happy and contented, as they should when their vineyards return to them from \$100 to \$500 per acre per year according to the age of the vines. The lands that are for sale will readily return from 15 per cent to 30 per cent per year on the investment. The section is growing rapidly, and large tracts are being subdivided and planted to vines and trees, and the bank deposits prove the thrift of the community. Peaches, plums, almonds, berries, etc., also yield splendid profits, but the Tokay grape leads for repeated annual profits.

The returns from this section are fast compelling recognition, as many are

beginning to realize that a ten-acre vineyard at a cost of \$5,000 cannot be

matched by the returns from a \$50,000 block in any great city.



LODI SCENES
An Orchard; a Vineyard; a Home Among the Vines

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OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY, Los Angeles, California

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I have more than 250 weavers in my employ, including the most skilful now living, and have taken the greatest pains to preserve the old colors, patterns, and weaves. Every blanket sold by me carries my personal guarantee of its quality. In dealing with me, you will get the very finest blankets at wholesale prices. I also handle the products of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians, buying them under contract with the trading posts at Keam's Canyon and Oraibi and selling them

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Population 15.000 and Increasing Rapidly





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One nugget found worth \$3,500. The output of gold amounts to \$1,ooo,ooo annually.

Four hundred irrigation ditches.

Lumber interests amount to \$3,000,000.

No hurricanes, cyclones or blizzards. Innumerable health and summer re-

One quartz mine has produced \$3,-000,000.

One placer mine has produced \$1,-800,000.

Four million acres one half of which is timber lands.

Water power from the streams is incomprehensible.

There are twenty-five mineral springs in the county.

The saw mills cut 200,000,000 feet of lumber a year. The largest saw mill in the world cutting pine lumber. Contains the largest deposits of marble in America. Five rivers and more than one hundred creeks. Six hundred thousand bushels of grain raised annually. Produces annually one hundred thousand tons of alfalfa. Cherry trees along the Klamath river nine feet in circumference. Eighty-three schools employing one hundred and five teachers. Country well adapted to fruit raising, particularly apples. Sixty thousand in gold taken from ten feet square of bed rock. Has produced \$150,000,000 in gold, and rich mines are still being discovered. Everything that every other California country has excepting sea coast.

For additional information booklets, maps, etc., address T. J. NOLTON, Secretary of the Siskiyou County Chamber of Commerce, Yreka, Cal., or any of the

following:

Yreke Railroad Co. Scofield & Herman Co., Furniture. Frank W. Hooper, Attorney-Real Estate.

L. F. Coburn, Attorney at Law. Bird & Grant, Cash Grocers.

Avery's Drug Store. L. H. Lee, Fruit and Vegetables. Aug. Simmert, Meat Market. Siskiyou Abstract Co. Harmon & Harmon, Livery Stable.

Jas. R. Tapscott, Attorney at Law.

The District of Lodi, Cal. Is not Excelled in the State

For many reasons, the Lodi district is destined to be one of the richest and most desirable in the state. The climate is even and healthful and the water pure and bountiful. The prevailing west winds bring the equable climate of the sea. Her soil is rich, and will grow, successfully, fruit, grapes, berries, alfalfa and all kinds of vegetables. Any one who would till the soil can suit his taste, or his genius. Farmer make from \$100 to \$200 per acre growing potatoes, and from \$200 to \$300 growing onions. Our gardeners make from \$300 to \$500 per acre growing vegetables and berries. Alfalfa produces from 5 to 7 crops each season and from 8 to 10 tons per acre.
The Lodi district without doubt excells all others for the

Famous Royal Flame Tokay Grapes

and is great for wine grapes. This district alone shipped 1141 cars of table grapes (mainly Tokays) and sold them in the Eastern markets for \$1,141,000. This was fifty per cent of the table grapes of the entire state. A single day's sales of the LODI TOKAY GRAPES aggregated over \$40,000. Other crops sold for \$1,200,000. This district is noted for fruit. One farmer gathered, this season \$4350 worth of peaches from 15 acres, \$1500 worth of French prunes from 5 acres and \$1600 worth of pears from 8 acres. Are we wrong when we say the LODI DISTRICT IS NOT EXCELLED IN THE STATE? Home seekers and investors can do no better than come to the Lodi district.

For Further Information Address

LODI BOARD OF TRADE, Lodi, California



T. S. Montgomery & Son, Real Estate Hotel St. James. The First National Bank of San Jose. The Bank of San Jose, California. Security State Bank of San Jose. Garden City Bank and Trust Co. E. A. & J. O. Hayes.

San Jose, Cal.

Jos. H. Rucker & Co., Real Estate, Cor. 2nd and Santa Clara Streets. A. F. Anderson & Co., Real Estate. A. C. Darby, Real Estate. James A. Clayton & Co. (Incorporated), Real Estate and Investments. Alameda, City of Homes

Alameda, primarily a city of homes, ogressed remarkably during 1907. early 450 new dwellings, many of progressed Nearly being pretentious residences, them were erected during the year, the numon ber of buildings constructed being just twice the number put up in 1906, when several thousands of San Franciscans sought refuge here. Hundreds of per-TIsons who flocked here after the great 18.5 fire became permanent residents and it was many of this class who had homes built here this year. The realty dealers report that, taking it all in all, they have never before experienced es such a prosperous year. In transfers om of property all previous records were 1ts broken and good prices were obtained the for the houses and lands disposed of. of Alameda's many advantages, its equable climate, high grade streets, unexof celled sanitary system, low death rate, ngi gh schools that rank with any in Californja and the notable absence of the criminal and vicious element, are the inducements than have attracted thousands of persons to the island community. It is estimated that the population of this city is now between 27,000 and 30,000, and that about 8,000 of the increase is composed of newcomers who took up their residence here during the year now almost at an end.

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Bonds for proposed public improveite be ments, including the purchase equipping of public playgrounds, the building of another large public school, the expansion of the fire fighting fa-cilities and the rebuilding of the Webster street roadway, the main artery of travel into Oakland, were voted dur-ing the year. The amount voted in bonds aggregates \$325,000, and when the bonds are sold the work on the projected public improvements starts.

In the manufacturing line Alameda has also made a large stride during 1907. The convenient harbor facilities afforded industries on the south shore of the estuary have resulted in several manufacturing concerns erecting plants thereon.

The Coregoing epitome of Alany gto's claim to recognition is n

Hammond & Hammond, Real Estate. Miller & Banta, Real Estate.

Charles Adams & Co., Real Estate.

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If there is anything else you want to know write the undersigned

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A village of lovely homes set among groves of redwood, bay, spruce, oak, madrono, and other trees. The purest water in the state can be piped into every home. No liquor selling, nor other objectionable business. Ideal for summer residence, or for all-the-year homes. For illustrated descriptive pamphlet, write

In the heart of the mountains, yet close to ocean and city. Only a few miles from the Fremont Big Tree Grove and



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Brookdale, Santa Cruz County, California

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The Inland Metropolis of San Diego County



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A thrifty growing country, new homes and new business houses being built every

day. Is the center of a large area of productive farming country, and offers the best inducements for a home or for investment in Southern California.

Here is an up-to-date Irrigation System owned by the people; no expense for water except cost of distribution and maintenance of the system. The finest high school building in Southern California. No bonded debt. No saloons. Just the place for an ideal home.

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The greatest opportunities

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Lead to.... Holtville Shade Trees

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THE WHOLE WORLD IS HEADED THIS WAY



The Irrigation Canal at Holtville

In Imperial Ualley, Imperial County, California

HIS valley comprises Five Hundred Thousand Acres of land as fertile as the valley of the nile. Water in abundance, from the Colorado River for all the land. Sunshine practically every day in the year. HOLTVILLE is favored with a perfect natural drainage and is healthful. Receives the first water coming from the

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Is situated just at sea level and generates electricity from water power for lights and power for the entire valley. Tributary to this own lies rich sandy loam soil particularly adapted to raising the first Grapes and Cantaloupes in California. Alfalfa can be harvested nine times in one season, though pasturing thi grass is very profitable and in which case fences take the place of hay stacks and the hogs do the work of the harvester. Land with water in this section can be bought for from \$20.00 per acre up. Come and see or address

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San Francisco's Nearest and Most eautiful Suburban City



THE PENINSULA

Now in course of construction at a cost of \$500,000 will open April 1st, 1908 accommodating 400 guests

San Mateo has reached that stage of development which nothing short of complet annihilation can now permanently check. The expansion of San Francisco, as inevitable as that of New York, must in the very nature of things be toward San Mateo, on the land side, unimpeded by intervening water. Just so surely as New York has, by degrees, spread into Westchester, so must San Francisco march into San Mateo with the teeming thousands which are to populate the new and greater city. With such a future, San Mateo becomes a point of wonderful opportunity, not alone to the suburban home seeker, but to those who recognize the value of realty investments as sources of future wealth. Just as up-town realty built up the Astor fortune in the Eastern metropolis, so will future Astors of this coast realize from investments in San Mateo and vicinity.

For any further information, address San Mateo Board of Trade or any of the following:

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W. H. Cone, Real Estate
B. L. Grow Realty Co., Real Estate
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Burlingame is the home of flowers. Here are grown more roses, carnations,

sweet peas and lilies than in any other section of California.

Coming more and more into public notice as a charming community of homes, Burlingame is dominated today by a spirit of progress and any inquiry in regard to real estate, business opportunities or home advantages will be cheerfully answered when addressed to any of the concerns whose names appear below.

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San Leandro



Alameda County

Across the Bay from San Francisco

Perfect Climate

Beautiful Shaded Streets

Acres of Table Vegetables and Great Cherry Orchards



LAKE CHABOT

This lovely sheet of water lies one mile east of San Leandro. Precipitous hills on all sides enhance its beauty. A scenic roadway situated at quite an elevation skirts the western shore for several miles.

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SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA The Harbor City



SAN PEDRO HARBOR

In addition to the large amounts being expended by the government to improve the harbor, over six million dollars of private capital is now being expended to improve shipping facilities. The object of this expenditure is to furnish terminals for coastwise, Oriental and South American traffic. San Pedro is one of the best towns in Southern California and its prospects are exceptionally bright. Write to the Secretary of the San Pedro

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

for information regarding San Pedro.

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Bank of San Pedro
O. C. Abbott, Real Estate & Ins.
San Pedro Ice Co.
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IMPERIAL California

THE METROPOLIS OF THE IMPERIAL VALLEY



WEST SIDE OF IMPERIAL AVENUE, IMPERIAL. IMPERIAL HOTEL IN FOREGROUND

Imperial is the center of the largest body of irrigated land under one system in the United States, and Hon. Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, chairman of the Irrigation Committee of the House of Representatives, said after a recent visit: "I consider the owners of land in the Imperial Valley among the luckiest farmers in the United States. They are singularly blessed by nature and by man. They have everything that they could ask to make themselves well to do. They have the soil, the climate, the WATER, and the location, with railroad facilities for marketing their crops, and good and constant markets for their products close at hand." For further information address

H. N. DYKE, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, IMPERIAL, CAL.

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Greatest Educational Center of the West Most Beautifu Home City in California

What the Hudson River region is to New York City, such is the San Francisco Peninsula to the metropolis of California. Land lying near any great city has an investment value that is unsurpassed, both in regard to stability and income.

The region for fifty miles south of San Francisco is being developed at a marvelous rate. Palo Alto is the central point in this development. Its educational



ALONG A PALO ALTO SIDEWALK

advantages, its public improvements, its business opportunities and its high moral tone make the town especially attractive to all home-seekers, while rapid transit brings it into convenient distance as a residence place for San Francisco business men. No one who anticipates making a home in California should fail to see Palo Alto.

Write for information to Secretary Board of Trade, Palo Alto, Cal., or

Write for information to Secre
Co-Operative Land & Trust Co., Real
Estate
Board of Trade
Dudfield Lumber Co., Lumber and Milliwork
The J. J. Morris Real Estate Co.
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Oceanside

The Finest Home Site and Pleasure resort in San Diego County

THE SAN LUIS REY VALLEY

Which is tributary to Oceanside, is a large, beautiful and fertile valley watered by the San Luis Rey river. Water in abundance is obtained from the

underflow of the river by means of wells and pumping plants. Large and small tracts can be bought at reasonable prices. The land is adapted for fruits, vegetables, alfalfa, dairying and poultry raising. The San Luis Rey Mission is four miles from Oceanside in the valley and was founded in 1798.

Finest quail and duck shooting in America. Auto road complete from Oceanside to San Diego. Write Board of Trade, or the following:

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Thos. C. Exton, Druggist.
Bank of Oceanside.
P. J. Brannen, Hardware.
Goetz Bros. Co., General Merchandise.
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First National Bank of Oceanside. H. T. Blake, "Mira Mar Hotel" Oceanside Electric & Gas Co. Griffin Hayes, Diamond Livery. Geo. P. McKay, General Merchandise. F. W. Rieke, Contractor.

Southwestern Realty Co.

FRUITVALE

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For further information address Secretary of Board of Trade or any of the following firms:

Fruitvale Realty Co.
Transbay Realty Co., 1357 Broadway,
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Earlimont Colony



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A Land of Opportunity
A Land of Promise
Earliest Section
Of California's
Early Belt

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That's What Counts

Earliest Oranges
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Quickest Returns

Extraordinary Prices

Gathering the Earliest Oranges in the State near Portersville.

EARLIEST VEGETABLES

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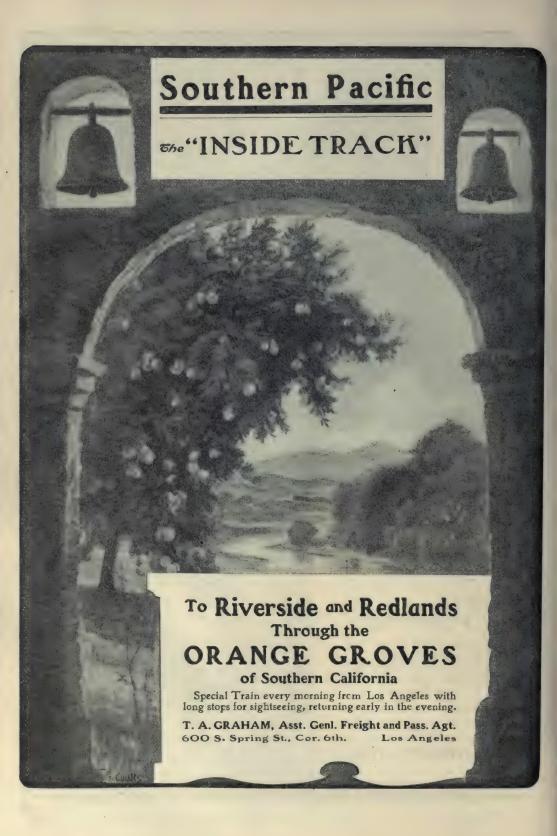


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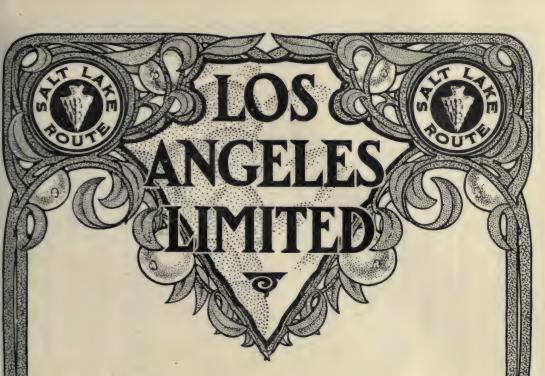
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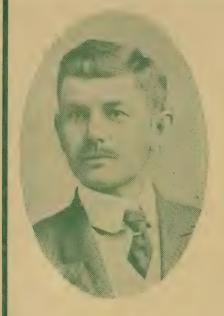


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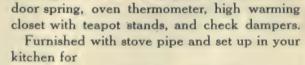
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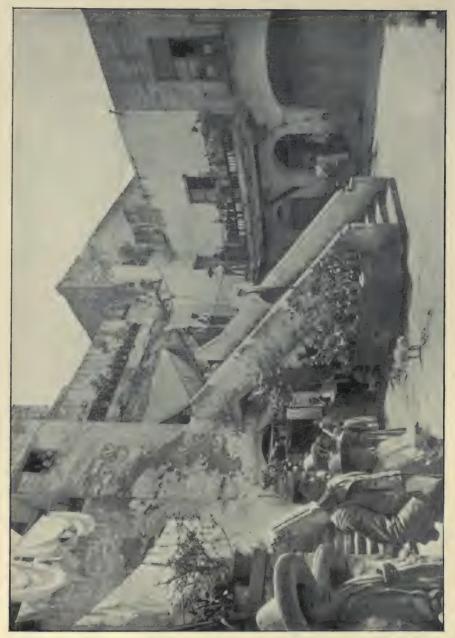
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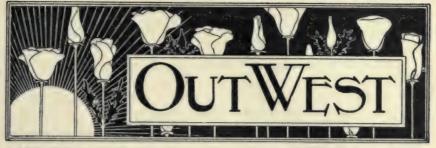
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"THE PATIO, DRENCHED WITH SUNSHINE"



Vol. XXVIII No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1908

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR.

Ι.

THE FUGITIVE PARASOL.



A-H!" exclaimed Peter Yeere, in a tone of great satisfac-

He poised his camera on its three unsteady legs at the entrance of the *patio*, and, making a tube of his hand, squinted through it long and critically.

After all, photography was but a poor medium for the portrayal of a scene like this, he decided. What one needed was color—slathers of color. One's very adjectives were soon exhausted in a country the picturesqueness of which defied description; but with color—Peter's gaze became fixed, trance-like.

Before him was a many-storied rookery—an adobe tenement in the lower quarter of the City of Mexico. Its walls, once white, had been toned by the action of wind and weather to a mellow tint, indescribably soft and pleasing to the eye. Against this background, red geraniums blazed in long rows on ledge and balcony.

The patio was drenched with sunshine—it flooded the broken pave with gold; but under the arcade, where the sunlight failed, lay a pool of purple shadow. It was cool there; and the drip, drip of water, filtering into the big jar, came musically to the ear.

Peter spread a black cloth over the camera, and, with his head in its enveloping folds, surveyed the picture, which showed upside-down on the ground glass. Finding it entirely to his liking, he emerged from the confines of the black cloth, slipped a plate-holder into the camera, drew out the slide, laid hold of the bulb—and discovered an audience that swarmed at doors and windows, and that seemed literally to spring from the pave before his astonished eyes.

His round, good-natured face took on an annoyed frown, and he motioned aside the foremost obstructor of his perspective. The frown was not awe-inspiring, however, and the youth at whom it was directed grinned derisively.

Peter tried to explain the situation in four words of Spanish. The youth matched him with four words of English. Thus matters stood when Peter's roving eye caught the curve of a red parasol, blooming like a big, overblown morning-glory, on the balcony above him.

Now, red parasols are common to every country, the world over; but Peter instinctively allotted the ownership of this particular parasol to an American girl, doubtless one of the Tribe of the Wandering Foot. He watched its progress speculatively as it moved slowly forward and down the stone stairway—slowly, because its owner was exchanging a last word with the washerwoman whose apartment she had just quitted.

It was as well that his cousin, Lowell, had not accompanied him on the morning ramble, Peter reflected. Callous as the old mummy was about anything and everything save his pet hobby, archâeology, he would sit up and take notice of *such* a vision; and Peter felt that, having Columbused the discovery, he had the better right to it.

He was more than half inclined to believe that there was something familiar in the lines of the slim, willowy form, the erect poise of the straight back. But when, a moment later, the face was turned toward him, his near-sighted blue eyes refused to confirm the suspicion that Polly Staines, "Pollywog," the girl who, on three several occasions had uncompromisingly rejected him, was before him in the flesh.

At all events, this girl was good to look at. Peter gave the bulb in his hand an ecstatic—and involuntary—squeeze. Click! He had the picturesque patio, the gaping natives, the stone stairway, the girl, and the red parasol safe in the leather box.

Simultaneously, a small boy in pursuit of an apprehensive dog hurtled across the court. The animal laid a direct course for the street, missing the front leg of the tripod by a miracle, and coming in collision, head on, with the one in the rear. It was a stressful moment. The young photographer put his whole mind to the task of retrieving the camera. When this had been successfully accomplished, and the boy and dog impartially anathematized, he glanced toward the stairway. The maid and the red parasol had disappeared.

Peter stared hard at the place where the vision had been, but he could not conjure it anew.

"Thunder and Mars!" he breathed, luridly. "Did she evaporate?" There was no one to answer the question. The patio was deserted, now; the tenants, their curiosity satisfied, had returned to their various occupations.

A hasty excursion into the fastnesses beyond the stairway revealed the exit by which the vision had departed. Peter regarded it ruefully. All at once the sunshine seemed too hot, and the breeze too cold. If Mexico happened to be the sort of a country one liked, why, one liked that sort, of course; but there were times, certainly, when it failed to come up to his preconceived idea of it.

He sulkily meditated a retreat to the hotel as he shouldered the camera. He had intended to devote a plate or two to the church at the end of Calle Guadalupe—a cool, dim place it was, with walls washed a chrome yellow, and a stone floor—through the open portals of which one caught glimpses of kneeling devotees, and of altars twinkling with candle flame. And there was a wonderful old doorway with rich carving, not far away. The light ought to be about right at this hour, and the doorway, at least, was worth a snap-shot. But was it? Was anything really worth while?



PATIO OF HOTEL DEL JARDIN

Had he been reminded, at this juncture, that his towering ambition for the past three days had been to secure a picture of the doorway at the exact hour when light and shadow were most happily combined, he would have denied it, such is the perversity of mankind. Having made up his mind, however, that it was just what he had wanted to do all along, he marched down the street in the direction of the church, whistling blithely the refrain of his favorite ditty—"If Ever I Cease to Love."

It might have been a half-hour later that Peter, the picture achieved, reached the Zocalo. As he swung into the open square, he instantly became aware that there was "something doing." An army of booths had sprung up over night, mushroom-wise, in front of the grand cathedral; and about these circled and eddied a crowd that surged across the street-car tracks and overflowed into the portales.

"What's the excitement?" asked Peter, addressing at a venture the nearest of the curbstone merchants, a vender of fruits, seated under a pole-perched mat. The woman did not understand English, evidently, for she shook her head, showing her white teeth in a glittering smile; but a compatriot volunteered the information:

"It is the week of Easter, señor. Today is the Saturday of Glory. Soon the church bells all will ring, and there will be a burning of the Iudas."

Peter idly pursued his way. His thoughts were so occupied with the vision of the *patio* that he was hardly surprised when he saw again the maid and the red parasol.

This time she was not alone. A lady, stout and forty, accompanied her; and the two were, apparently, ciceroned by a Mexican lad—Inocencio, the *mozo* of one of the hotels most patronized by tourists.

At sight of the elder lady, Peter's memory was jogged into sudden activity. Girls might come into his life, and girls might go; but could he ever forget Aunt Zenia, who had made fudge for him and for Pollywog in the dear old days at Kalamazoo, who had lectured him, and knit mittens for him, and—Good Lord! That was Pollywog! Yes? No! Yes, by thunder! It was Pollywog. But he would never dare to call her Pollywog now. What a difference two years make in a girl!

He pressed forward through the crowd, only to be swept back again by the approach of an electric car, the gong of which clanged repeated warnings into his inattentive ears. When the car had passed, Peter looked eagerly to right and left. His quarry was nowhere in sight!

Meanwhile, Inocencio had conducted his charges to a side street—a calle no less congested than was the main thoroughfare.

"Does not the *señorita* remember that I promised her *muchisimo* pleasure?" he interrogated, loftily. He pointed overhead. "If the *señorita* will look."

They saw that the streets were crossed by wires; and on these were strung figures—here a baker, hung with rolls and sweet-bread; there a clown, festooned with packages of cigarettes; yonder a *caballero*, whose tinsel-trimmed *sombrero* would be the spoil of the mob when the firing had been accomplished.

As the three stood watching the animated scene, the brazen tongues of the church bells, that for forty-eight hours had been dumb, suddenly began to speak, the great bell of the cathedral drowning the tones of the smaller bells. At the same moment the effigies of Judas, crammed with fireworks, were exploded, the remains being lowered as they burned into the crowd of eager watchers. Thereupon followed a wild scramble for the spoils; the tossing of sombreros high in air; the shrill cries of triumph and of defeat as the victor wrested the trophy from the vanquished.



"THE WONDERFUL DOORWAY"

At the first pop of the powder, Inocencio, leaving the ladies to the mercy of the pushing, jostling throng, plunged into the thick of the mob surrounding one of the effigies. In an instant he was hastening back to them, a broad smile on his face and a package of cigarettes in his hand. But in that instant something happened.

Carried along with the rush, the two ladies turned and made frantic efforts to escape from the crowd. A flashily dressed Mexican barred the way; and Polly, glancing up, whispered to Aunt Zenia:

"That man is following us again!"

Aunt Zenia uttered a startled exclamation. As if in answer to an



A VINE-HUNG PATIO

appeal, a strong arm cleared a path; and the two found themselves standing with a tall man, an American, in a sheltered corner of the portales. The Mexican had disappeared.

"Thank you!" gasped Aunt Zenia, as soon as she recovered breath. Polly rewarded the stranger with a smile of gratitude. As she looked at him, she noted that anger had kindled a spark in the steel-gray eyes, and that his dark brows were locked in a forbidding frown.

"You happened along most opportunely," she said, sweetly.

At sound of her fresh young voice, the man faced her. She smiled again in friendly fashion, showing irregular teeth, very white and small, behind the scarlet line of her lips. The smile was in her



A COOL RETREAT

brown eyes, too; and it dwelt there even when it had left her lips. The man's dark brows unbent.

"My name is Weston," he announced, mildly, to the world-atlarge. "Here, boy!" He tossed Inocencio a quarter. "Get out before I knock the head off your shoulders! I—er—should be glad to see you ladies to your hotel, if you will allow me."

"Most kind of you, Mr. Weston," said Polly, promptly, ignoring her aunt's faint protest. "I, for one, have had enough of sight-seeing for the day. This is my aunt, Miss Snodgrass," she resumed. "My name is Staines—Pauline Staines."

Weston gravely acknowledged the introduction, and absent-mindedly reiterated:

"My name is Weston, and I am very much at your service."

As Polly unfurled her parasol, she dropped her glove. It was a way Polly had, this wearing of her gloves in her belt, in her reefed

parasol, or anywhere save on her hands—as those pretty brown members attested.

The glove was gray, to match the gray linen in which Polly was attired. It was small—yet not so small that Weston failed to note where it lay. Stooping, he picked it up; and, with a preoccupied air, while Polly watched him with amused eyes, put it into his pocket.

They moved off down the street. Peter, hot on the trail of the red parasol, saw them from afar—Aunt Zenia, the maid and "the mummy."



THE ROSE OF THE PATIO

II.

REFLECTIONS OF A MUMMY.

Twenty-four hours later, Polly, accompanied by her aunt, and by Inocencio—who was fully restored to favor—paid a visit to the fascinating quarter known as the Thieves' Market. At the stall of Emilio, the mildest-mannered Mexican who ever murdered English, they bargained over ivory carvings, age-dimmed brasses, parchment-bound books, what-not? It was Aunt Zenia who unearthed a ragged scrap of tapestry, a badly executed reproduction of the Virgin of Guadalupe, which Inocencio gravely assured her was the "original," all others, including the one at the shrine of Guadalupe, being merely reproductions.



"PLAYING BEAR" IN THE PATIO

"Ask him," said Aunt Zenia, with equal gravity, pointing to the dealer, "if he can furnish us with another original at the same price."

"Si, señora," Inocencio made haste to reply. "He has but two—they are at the señora's disposal."

Peter, with watchful eye on his camera, was turning over implements of warfare at a distant stall—machetes, knives, and guns of obsolete pattern and doubtful utility—with a view to stocking a private arsenal.

"The machete," said the tradesman, holding up the weapon in question, "it is very useful. With it the señor can prune his vines, or clear a path through the forest, or"—he laid the blade flat upon his palm—"thus, it may be employed in the disciplining of a wife."

Just what Peter's ultimate choice would have been remains a matter of conjecture. He was roused from his absorbing occupation by the sound in his immediate vicinity of feminine voices. A party of tourists was "doing" the market.

BARGAINING AT EMILIO'S STALL

"There they are!" exclaimed one of the personally conducted.

"Who?"

"Why, the people I was telling you of—the girl from Kalamazoo and her aunt."

"The young woman with the red parasol?"

"Yes. Her devotion to it is remarkable. . . . Seem to be inseparable like Mary and her lamb.. . . . An orphan, I've heard. . . . They are at our hotel. Disgustingly rich."

"The aunt doesn't look it. . . . A sight for gods and man in those clothes."

Peter, his gaze fixed on the parasol, lest it escape him, was gathering up camera and tripod.

"The machete, señor! It is but tres pesos," urged the dealer.

"See you later," said Peter.

"Tres pesos—and how much will the señor be pleased to give?"

"If that isn't old Saw-bones, may I be hanged by the neck until I am dead!" Peter ejaculated, which remark, as the dealer rightly conjectured, had no bearing on the foregoing conversation. "Doctor Bolton, how are you?"

"P-pleased to m-m—pleased to meet you," said the doctor, "though I haven't any r-r-recollection—Ah, yes! Traveled d-down together on t-the City of Panama, didn't we?"

"And how were Mr. Cook and—and Miss Zitella, when you left them?"

"I d-didn't leave them. They c-c-came on with me f-f-f—with me from Mazatlan. There's yellow f-fever in l'anama, and t-they decided not to r-r-risk it."

"Where are they now?" Peter asked, masking his interest with polite conventionality.

The doctor, in picturesquely dislocated utterances, regretted to say that he did not know. He believed Mr. Cook was looking up concessions—government concessions. The doctor himself would make the tour of Mexico, and, if there was an auspicious opening for capital anywhere from El Paso to Vera Cruz, it was not improbable that he might locate in the republic.

Peter, meanwhile, shifting his camera to his left hand, was skilfully steering the doctor with the other toward the goal of his desires.

"Friends of mine, Doctor Bolton. I'll introduce you," he explained easily.

No combination of circumstances could seriously disturb Peter's equanimity. In a moment he would be face to face with the girl he had loved and lost. *Had* loved! Did love, if quickening heartbeats, and a lump in the throat that would not be swallowed, were signs to be reckoned with. She had cut him dead in the patio.



"PETER WAS AT A DISTANT STALL"

yesterday—he doubted not that she recognized him—but his manner, as he stepped forward, was that of one serenely sure of a welcome.

"Good-morning, Aunt Zenia. Good-morning, Pol—Pauline. What luck to find friends in a strange land, a long way from home." "It's Peter!" shrieked Zenia. "Polly, it's Peter!"

She, too, was burdened with a camera, which, in her excitement, she dropped at Doctor Bolton's feet. The doctor gallantly rescued the black box.

Polly came forward with outstretched hand and a welcoming smile that translated Peter to the seventh heaven. "How you've grown!" was her greeting.

"Doctor, did you hear that?" chortled the delighted Peter. "Oh,

excuse me. Ladies, may I introduce my friend, the doctor? Miss Snodgrass, Miss Staines, Doctor Bolton."

"M-m-most h-h-happy," murmured the doctor.

"What is Aunt Zenia doing in the Thieves' Market?" They had paired off, Peter naturally gravitating to Polly's side. "Does she know that it is a place where stolen goods are bought and sold?"

"Sh!" whispered Polly. "She knows nothing. She is merely acting as chaperon to a blonde young lady with a Castilian accent. I got it in forty lessons, Peter."

"I'm not sure that I ought not to put her wise-"

"Would you have me renounce the world, the flesh, and all future hopes of brass candlesticks? What are you doing here, if I may ask?"



"THIEVES' MARKET"

"It is taking great risks with my reputation, I'll admit; but there's a machete, Polly—a regular peach of a machete at that hardware stall on the third alley that I must have—"

"And a brass candlestick, five stalls over, that I must have. If you'll help me get it, Peter, I'll alter my will in your favor. By the way, I see that you still have the camera habit"—giving the box a spiteful little rap with the red parasol.

"Well, so has Aunt Zenia," Peter retorted. "If I were you," he continued, "I should tell her gently but firmly that she will disgrace the family. Why, people will take her for a tourist!"

"Haven't I told her!" Polly retorted, feelingly. "We may as well march around the city with a ten-foot banner inscribed 'tenderfoot.' But don't try to switch the subject. I understood that you intended

to cut out photography and go in for Art. Think of the improvement you'd have made by this time if you had applied yourself—"

"Some people are immune from improvement," Peter interrupted. "Besides, I tried cutting out photography and I was hungry."

"You were-"

"Hungry. Water colors—my water colors—don't pay. Photography does, especially when Cousin Weston foots the bills. He's putting up for this archæological jamboree, you know. I simply push the button; he does the rest. Today I'm just amusing myself. I've bagged a mighty picturesque street already, to say nothing of a milk vender, and the President of the Republic of Mexico."

As they walked on in the direction of the hotel, Peter bethought



MERCHANTS OF THE CURB

him to ask how long the ladies had been in Mexico, and the object of their visit.

"We have been here a month," Aunt Zenia made answer, "my brother, Professor Snodgrass, and I in the interests of archæology, Polly as interpreter of this heathenish language."

She dropped behind, much to the regret of Doctor Bolton, who discovered in Miss Snodgrass a good listener, and the conversation became general.

"So Professor Snodgrass is with you," Peter commented. "I haven't set eyes on him."

"You hadn't set eyes on us, either, until now," Polly cut in.

"Hadn't I? I took your picture in the patio of your washlady, yesterday, Miss Pauline, and—"

"Was that you?"

"—and," Peter continued, "chased you seventeen blocks, only to see you step off with my cousin, Lowell Weston—"

"The renowned archæological authority?" Aunt Zenia wanted to know.

"—and the clammiest clam that ever wore a shell. I tried to get three words out of him regarding the adventure—"

"Adventure! He simply took us away from a mob that threatened to trample us underfoot, and escorted us to our hotel. I had no *idea* who he was." Aunt Zenia was almost tearful.

"Well, he didn't know who you were, so the honors are even. He had forgotten all about you—nothing that isn't antique ever inter-



FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET PLACE

ests him for long—and looked perfectly blank when I questioned him. He is, I may say, wedded to archæology. Only death will divorce him from it."

"Hm!" mused Aunt Zenia. "Would it be violating confidence if you were to tell just why he is here at his time? The Archæological Society to which Mr. Weston, the professor and I belong, has, as you perhaps know, offered a medal for investigations in the field."

"He's very likely after scalps, though he hasn't mentioned the matter to me, his humble photographer."

Doctor Bolton felt that he was losing the conversational thread.

"Do you drink t-the city w-w-water?" he inquired, solicitously.

"Why not?" Aunt Zenia returned. Without awaiting a reply, she harked back to matters archæological.

"Has Mr. Weston been making an especial study of American archæology?"

"I don't know. He spent the greater part of last year in Lon-"

"I c-consider it most unwholesome," the doctor explained.

"Eh?" said Peter, blankly. "Oh! Just so. Well, as I was telling you, he passed the most of his days while he was in London, at the British Museum. He would have put in his nights there, too, if he could have managed it."

"What was his purpose?" Aunt Zenia feverishly pursued.

"He was making a study of the monuments of Egypt, in order to compare them with those of Mexico and Central America. He's after the archæological 'missing link;' and when he has cornered it, and has written learnedly concerning it, he will embody these great thoughts in a great book."

"Perhaps he would join us at luncheon," Polly suggested, as they stopped at the door of their hotel.

"W-e-ll, he might; but the chances are against it. You'd better invite me instead. He's occupied, today, in looking up a lost city."

"A lost city!" Aunt Zenia gasped. Her apple-red cheeks took on an added tinge of color, and she cast a meaning glance at Polly, who, wide-eyed, returned the glance.

"Yes—on a map, you know. What he intends doing with it when he finds it is more than I can say."

Aunt Zenia had drawn Polly aside.

"That medal shall never be Mr. Weston's if I can help it!" she breathed. "Perhaps he has the very information that would complete our incomplete— What is it, Peter? Did we invite you to luncheon? We did? Come right in, both of you. The professor isn't here, but— Looking up a lost city, is he?"

Later Peter took leave of the ladies and Doctor Bolton, and returned to his hotel. He found Lowell deep in a report to the Archaeological Society. Whirling a chair around, Peter seated himself astride of it and warbled, in a deep bass voice that threatened to choke him:

"If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
If ever I ever, if ever I ever—"

"What's the cause of the jubilation?" Lowell interrupted, suspending operations on the report.

"A girl," Peter replied, laconically.

"Oh!" was Lowell's brief, but significant comment.

"A girl, did I say?" Peter went on. He folded his arms upon the back of the chair and disregarded Lowell with closed eyes. "A dream, a—"

"The-er-Miss Cook we met on the steamer?"



GOING TO MARKET



A SELLER OF VEGETABLES

Peter grunted his disdain.

"The young lady you followed all last winter? What was her name? Black? Brown? Whi—"

Peter got up so suddenly that the chair fell over.

"Miss Staines—Staines—Staines," he chanted, as if to impress the name of Lowell's unimpressionable mind. "You had the felicity of accompanying her to the hotel yesterday, you mildewed old fossil, you mummified apology for a man—"

A book, neatly propelled by a muscular arm, missed Peter's nose by a quarter of an inch. He went out, banging the door after him; and Lowell placidly returned to the report. Having finished the report he began a letter to his friend, the curator.

"While I was at Mitla, I got on the track of a discovery which was recently made by the government archæologist of Mexico, Señor Batres. Unfortunately for me, Professor Saville, of the American Museum of Natural History, already has a finger in the archæological pie, and the work is being carried forward under his direction during Señor Batres' absence."

A vagrant breeze, entering the open window, rustled Lowell's pa-

pers. He raised his eyes, noting, absently, that the sky was bluer than he ever remembered seeing it before, then turned again to his writing.

"These ruins are of a great city; older, without doubt, than any previously discovered on the American continent—"

The door opened and Peter cautiously inserted his head.

"Her uncle and aunt, the people she travels with, are archæological sharps, too. The aunt seemed interested when I mentioned that you were looking up the location of a lost city. Wonder what *she* wants of it?"



A KITCHEN IN THE MARKET

With this Peter took himself off for good. Again Lowell bent to his task.

"Picture this city—covered, as it must have been, with the dust of ages before ever the foundation stones of Mitla were laid—as it was in its prime! The Monte Alban discovery would have been a godsend to me. It would have provided at least a chapter for my book, 'The Temples of Silence,' and would, aside from that, have brought archæology up to date."

He dipped his pen afresh and then paused. What had Peter said about a woman archæologist? Staines—that was her name. She had brown eyes, with curious dancing lights in them; and her brown hair grew in a very pretty way on her forehead. Pshaw! What possible relation could there be between good-looking young women and archæological discoveries?



THE PORTALES

"There are a large number of mounds, ranged round the great patio, or court, of a temple. I have seen the photographs of the excavations; and I advance the opinion that the mounds will prove, on investigation, to be the covered ruins of smaller temples.

"Four pyramidal-shaped mounds extend down the center of the patio, and these are, presumably, the central altars of the temple. One of the mounds has yielded to the discoverer, Señor Batres, a treasure,—nothing less than an obelisk of porphyry, covered with hieroglyphics and figures."

She had a musical laugh, and— Good heavens! What a fanciful idiot he was! He would make haste to finish the letter and get out under the blue sky, where the breezes would clear his brain.

"So far as Mitla is concerned, the ground has been thoroughly gone over, precluding anything in the nature of discoveries for archæologists. It was new to me, however, and exceedingly interesting."

He searched hurriedly for an envelope among the effects that strewed the table. As he moved a paper here, a book there, he came upon a small gray glove. He stared at the dainty thing intently, noting how it still retained the shape of the slender fingers.

"Pauline—Pauline Staines!" he mused. "What a pretty name!" [To be continued.]



SOME VIEWS FROM THE PASADENA TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, JAN. 1, 1908

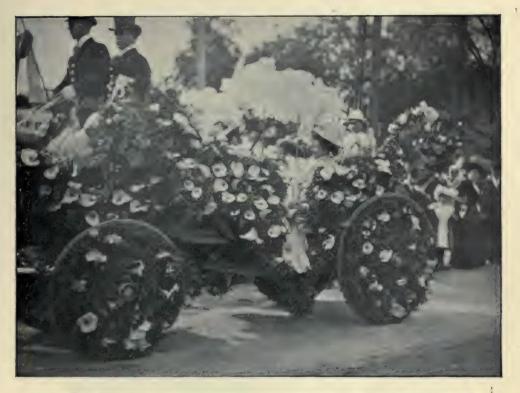








NIVERSITY





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"TILL TODAY AND FOREVER ARE ONE"

HIS PLACE

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

To the enduring memory of Clarence H. Shaw, who knew the desert as few men know it, alike in its grimmest phases and its most beautiful, and who found, of choice, his last resting place in it.

THIS is his place—here where the mountains run,
Naked and scarred and seamed, up to the face of the sun;
His place—reaches of wind-blown sand, brown and barren
and old,

Where the crossote, scorched and glazed, clings with a stubborn hold, And tall and solemn and strange the fluted cactus lifts
Its arms like a cross that pleads from the lonely, rock-hedged rifts;
His place—where the great near stars lean low, and burn, and shine,
Still and steady and clear, like lamps at the door of a shrine.

This is his land—his land—where the great skies bend Over the wide, clean sweep of a world without measure or end; His land—where, across and between, the pale swift whirlwinds go Like souls that may not rest—by their quest sent to and fro; And down the washes of sand the vague mirages lay Their spell of enchanted light, moving in ripple and spray Of waters that gleam and glisten, with joy and color rife—Streams where no mouth may drink, but fair as the River of Life.

This is his place—the mesquite, like a thin, green mist of tears, Knows the way of his wish—keeps the hope of his years; Till, one appointed day, comes the with-holden spring—
Then, miracle wrought in gold—that swift, rare blossoming!
This is his place—where silence eternal fills
The still white sun-drowsed plain and the slumbering, iron-rimmed hills:

Where Today and Forever mingle and Changeless and Change are one.

Here, in his own land he waits till Today and Forever are done.



WAITING FOR THE GILLAS

By MARY H. COATES.



F, HAPPILY, your window overlooks, or has overlooked for a twelve-month, a slope of suburban park, or of outside hill or meadow, or catches a span of country road of the Southwest, then the "ground-pink" is by this time well known to you; for, out of the four-score varie-

ties of California's gilias, and from the whole springtime wild-garden, *Gilia dianthoides* speaks individually and impressively. If you have waited for its coming in by-gone days—and only as far in the past as two decades—your memory will at once review miles—actually, *miles*—of solid color made by the blossoms of this little gilia, which stands only two or three inches high.

The ground-pink blooms nowadays as cheerily as of old, but is restricted to outlying districts, pasture acres and roadsides—the same winsome little bloom, with its consequential air of purpose, durability and poetic beauty.

When to expect it? Mark an x on your calendar opposite February fifteenth, and wait in faith. Come winter showers plenteous or scant, the gilia will respond accordingly; but depend upon it to bloom 'roundabout St. Valentine's day.

Yet the exact day will probably be a surprise, because the ground-pink's foliage is very thready and its buds are slender and usually make a many-at-once arrival. Yesterday, and for days before that, the slopes were a dark-green, stubby sward with not a flower visible anywhere; today your visit there will find no grass-like lawn but a landscape startlingly bright with flowers. The gilia has come!

The first flowers usually come hugging the ground; often the blossom-disk is as wide across as the plant-stem is high. Fairy umbrellas they are, with finely fringed edges, throats yellow or white dotted with brown, and gay disks—pink, white or blue—standing rim to rim, literally forming sheets of color.

Coming so early and blooming so profusely, this gilia is the children's delight, and is especially interesting because of its "take-a-nap-in-the-day" habit! Place a spadeful of blooming plants or a handful of blossoms in a closet, or cover them with a hood, and, be the day ever so sunny, the gilias will furl their umbrellas. Bring them to the light, and they will as promptly unclose again.

The flowers—firm of texture, thin, satiny—when pressed and laid upon bristol-board, present a marked resemblance to a water-color sketch. Especially fine are the blue sorts, the purest, deepest in tone, coming earliest in the season.

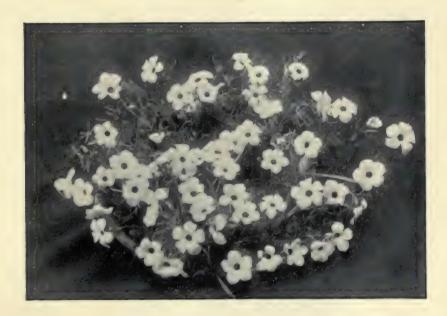
Gilia dianthoides attracts notice with a double appeal: In the vast floral caravan of springtime, its lovely blossoms wear a phase

of stability and utility—as if they might be buttons to hold the cloak of green to the land. The reign of the ground-pink is brilliant, spectacular. But other blossoms have hearkened. The fly-flower soon lifts yellow stars an inch above it. The gilias at once stand tiptoe. Brown-eyed primroses outdo them in size. Cream-cups and white forget-me-nots rise ambitiously; lupin, wild hyacinth, yellow forget-me-not crowd them.

Everywhere there is some new spreading leaf and budding stem. The swardy aspect has vanished. The solid-color patches of the gilia show serried ranks. The ground-pinks are trying desperately to hold their own. But each day brings some transformation. The wild garden is luxuriant with tall grasses. It is a delicately green sea, with lavender-pink isles where the patches of owl's clover stand. Anchored upon the wind-waved billows the scattered blooms of the gilia are like little floating buoys.

April—May—and 'tis the first of June. You wade across the slope, knee-deep in a filmy lacery of wild oats. If you push aside the thickest of the grass-tops in fence corners and look down, you can find the ground-pinks, in seclusion, more vigorous, larger-flowered, florid—the very last of the season! And then, with your next breath, as your thoughts half-unconsciously speed over months of milk-weed globes and browning grasses, your heart is waiting again for the coming of the gilias.

Santa Monica, Cal.



BRONCO AND BRONCO TWISTER

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.





E was a big black beauty of a colt, and just as mean as he was handsome, which was saying a good deal. "Bronc" had never been thoroughly broken by his

former owner, and when I first saw him he was in the hands of the best horse-breaker in camp, who was putting the finishing touches to his education.

"They called this pony a outlaw, afore I took a-holt of him," remarked the broncotwister. "Shucks! Nowadays, ef a hoss bucks his saddle-blankets off'n him, the boys say, 'Outlaw! Bad bronco. Guess I'll ride that old hoss over yonder.' Arizony's fillin' up wit'n these here would-be cow-punchers. Things ain't like they useter was on the range!"

I assented that old times were the best a golden age which, in the Southwest, means

the 'eighties; also I commented on the ease with which the twister sat his spirited four-year-old.

"I've sweated most of the ugliness outa him a'ready," assented the trainer. "He ain't got but one mean habit left, an' today I'm a-going to larn him to fergit it. Come along ef you want to see how it's done. Shore! Bring your picter machine along too; then you can prove your words when you come to tell about it back east."



"DREW THE HORSE'S HEAD AND TAIL TOGETHER"



' TANGLED IN THE REATA AND FELL'

The mean habit referred to was this—when "Bronc" decided to go straight ahead, he'd go! Over rocks and down the steep banks of a wash, through cactus and the well-named cat's-claw; and if the chollas pricked him, or the curved claws of the brush snatched at his flanks, he would throw in some fancy bucking for good measure as he tore along. But turn?—Never!

As the bronco-twister remarked, "he was shore a ornery, studheaded critter, as needed larnin' right smart."

We rode down the sandy bed of the wash to a little grassy flat, where the pony first showed off his bad habits, like a spoiled child before company; first by refusing to stop, and, when finally halted, by refusing to turn and generally misbehaving.

"Here's where you git a eddication," remarked the bronco-twister, as he dismounted and detached his reata from the saddle-horn. Carefully approaching his horse, he tied one end of the reata to the rope-bridle, or "hackamore," fastening it securely under the jaw. Then he patted and petted the colt, working toward his flanks, until the suspicious animal allowed him to reach the tail and fasten a loop of rope in its heavy strands. The free end of the reata was then passed

through the loop, which would bring the horse's head and tail together when tightened, and by passing the reata once more through both hackamore and loop, it was prevented from slipping when released.

"Now fer the grand merry-go-round!" announced the twister, and, standing away from the colt's heels, he pulled the reata taut until the animal was bent nearly double. "Keep turning till I say you kin stop," he commanded; and in fact the bewildered creature was revolving like a top and painfully learning the old lesson of his race, that man's will is law, for the horse.

We sat in the shade of a mesquite, watching him for twenty min-



"HE FACED ABOUT AS I PRESSED THE BUTTON"

utes or so, when the bronco-twister decided that the stiff neck was sufficiently limber. When he mounted, he discovered his error; the frightened horse pranced and bucked with him and finally tried to roll over the rider, who sprang from the saddle just in the nick of time.

But his patience was by no means exhausted. "Here's a shore way to make 'em limber," he announced, and, picking up a large, flat stone, he tapped the horse's neck for a few minutes, steadily but not with sufficient force to hurt. "He'll feel that perty soon, an' find it easier to turn than brace his tender neck agin the reins."

When the pony had been reversed—that is, tied head-and-tail on the opposite side—and allowed to rotate another half hour, he was 'dripping with sweat and completely subdued. The bronco-twister mounted and the colt allowed himself to be ridden about the flat until he tangled in his trailing reata and fell, the rider still on top.

"Now we'll turn him loose an' see how he behaves hisself," remarked the trainer, and unslinging the ropes he again mounted and rode the now tractable horse in circles and figure-eights, wheeling and turning at will.

That was the time I snapped my last film. The rider had dashed full tilt across the wash and suddenly faced about as I pressed the button.

The view shows in the background a rough, rocky mountain-side, such as these cowboys have to gallop across in pursuit of the range cattle. It is evident that for such a ride the stubborn horse would be a serious menace to both his rider and himself.

As the trainer concluded, "I'd a heap sooner twist this critter's neck with a rope, than have him break his back an' mine too over yonder clifft."

Which was the justification of "Bronc's" hard lesson. Los' Angeles.

A-STEALIN' DOWN TO ME

By ROBERT C. ELTING.

And the wind is layin' still,

And the sunbeams have retreated

Up the cañon, o'er the hill,

An automatic lonely feelin'

On the shadders comes a stealin'

Down to me.

All around amazin' beauty
Sorter signals for a look;
And the pretty flowers beckon
From the foot-hill's every nook;
Yet a full-grown homey feelin'
Spite of all it comes a-stealin'
Down to me.

For back amongst the home folks
—Sorter lonely too, I guess—
Is the sweetest bunch of human
That ever wore a dress;
And about now she is kneelin',
Beggin' God's help to come stealin'
Down to me.

Cody, Wyoming.

THE SON OF AN ARGONAUT

By MARY E. BIRDSALL.

PRELUDE.



HE Argonauts of Bret Harte's romances belong to a bygone generation. A people with far different ideals have succeeded to the early settlers and are now working out the mighty destiny of the State. Intellectual and industrial achievement march hand in hand. Commer-

cialism grows apace. No chance now to re-enact the scenes of Roaring Camp and Table Mountain.

In the Southland, however, romance is not altogether a tale that is told. The yellow walls of the Missions are mute witnesses of a former generation who found peace and plenty without the modern rush and turmoil.

Bret Harte's country is as beautiful as when he peopled it with characters that took the world by storm. Ramona's birthplace is as picturesque as when she dwelt there years ago. But the people who gave life and meaning to these romantic scenes live for us, for the most part, within the pages of books. Once in a long while we meet a descendant of the early settlers—a Native Son—who seems to bear in his person the characteristics with which popular tradition has endowed his fathers—the same reckless spirit of adventure, the same tendency to spend hard-won treasure in riotous living; ignorant of all book knowledge, yet not illiterate; with slight moral responsibility—often unchaste—yet with kind and chivalrous impulses.

But I will let my story tell the further qualities of its chief character, and of the merit of unworthiness of that character my reader must judge.

Т

It was haying time in the Alamitos. The drowsy heat of midsummer quivered in the air. The sun rode high in the heavens, flinging far and wide a polished white radiance in a sky of vivid blue. The whole land lay parched and breathless in the noon-tide.

Alamitos ranch was once the proud domain of a Spanish caballero. Its boundaries, in former times, were marked by the tawny low-lying foothills to the northward. Thence it stretched through wide, sweet-scented hay-fields and marshy, green flats to the high bluff of Palos Verdes, which overlooks a crescent-shaped bay and the broad sun-lit sweep of the blue Pacific. A row of summer cottages, embowered in flowers and verdure, and an electric car line now extends along the hill. The entire eastern portion of Palos Verdes has been recently built up by enterprising real-estate men and the magnificent tract of land known as the Alamitos is in the hands of different owners. Only the old adobe buildings, with their surrounding fields and gardens, remain intact, a remnant of a vast

estate. But the name still clings to the land, a romantic reminder of the old-time Spanish regime.

Amy Weyman, the young teacher of the Alamitos school, was driving slowly along Los Alamitos Avenue out toward Signal Hill to visit a friend who lived there. The foliage on either hand showed gray through its coating of dust, and the sandy road dazzled her eyes with its glare. The girl found the dust and heat oppressive. Suddenly there came to her ear the refreshing sound of flowing water that bubbled up musically from a stand-pipe into an open flume at her right. The tired horse turned from the road and eagerly plunged his dusty nose in the stream. There was coolness here and shade from overhanging trees.

Miss Weyman made a pleasing picture in her light summer gown, as she sat underneath the bower of leaves. She was a pale, rather pretty young woman, who, on account of hard work and a delicate constitution, had lost the freshness of her first youth. Miss Wevman's amiability and patience, together with a certain firmness in her disposition, made her an excellent teacher, although she lacked the winning vivacity and self-confidence which attract children as well as their elders. Her shy reserve and stand-offishness were not conducive to general popularity. With those who knew her intimately, however, she threw off restraint, and her quick response and sympathetic interest were very winning. Although she had arrived at her twenty-sixth year, Amy Weyman had very meagre experience of the dramatic love and romance that plays so large a part in the lives of most women, transfiguring the lives of some and wrecking the existence of others. Her days were calm and uneventful, filled with the monotonous round of school duties and the exacting demands of an invalid mother. Like all girls, Amy had her dreams and ideals. Her standards were high, and she had not yet met a man who approached them. Three or four years before, she had given her unreserved admiration to the young minister of her native town. To her unsophistocated mind, he seemed to unite the graces of Lancelot with the nobility of Sir. Charles Grandison. But as the object of her secret regard subsequently married another girl, Amy's early romance was nipped in the bud. At present her mother had gone east on an extended visit, and the girl felt, without acknowledging, the relief of a new independence and freedom from care.

It was very quiet under the trees. A wandering sea-breeze blew the scent of new-mown hay across the wide fields. Presently the girl started in her seat, conscious from her burning eyes that she had been half asleep. The horse, left to his own devices, was cramping the buggy dangerously. With a gasp of fright, she saw that the lines had slipped beyond her grasp and that she was helpless. The driver of a passing load of hay saw the girl's predicament and sprang to the ground just in time to grasp the bridle and prevent the animal from capsizing the rig. Amy had barely time to note the stranger's height and breadth of shoulders when he was at her side, placing the lines in her hands.

"That was rather a close shave." His voice was bluff and hearty

and at the same time full of kindly solicitude.

Amy attempted to thank him, but her voice died away in an inarticulate murmur and she looked quickly away in blushing confusion. The man's face was so unusual; there was rugged strength and daring in every line. His bold eyes were intensely blue with a merry gleam in them. His cheeks were sun-burned to a deep red, but the forehead beneath his sombrero was white under curling locks of damp hair.

"Where's your feller?" His voice was mischievous. "You need one to take care of you."

"Indeed I don't," Amy retorted. Then, as she met his glance, she added with involuntary coquetry, "Except in case of accident."

The man laughed. "How would I do?"

Amy gave the lines a nervous jerk.

For some reason, the man's jesting familiarity, while it was confusing, did not displease her. Perhaps it was the good-fellowship in his glance or the entire absence of self-consciousness in his manner. The habit of conventionality, however, was strong and she hastily drove on. But she did not fail to see that her rescuer touched his hat, and her eyes followed him as he strode back to his team with the swinging gait habitual to men of heavy build.

Long afterward she remembered this scene of their first meeting—the burning sky, the hot dazzling atmosphere above the fragrant fields, and the sweep of blue sea beyond. Close at hand were the gray walls of the adobe ranch-house, linking present associations with those of the past; and the man at work in the hayfield seemed, with his primitive strengh, a part of the Nature that had lavished her best gifts so lavishly on this soil—a son of the new, crude civilization which, a generation before, had raised up fair daughters and stalwart sons, the pride of their native state.

It was not long after this episode in the Alamitos that Miss Weyman learned the identity of the driver of the hay-wagon and incidentally something of his history. His name was Harry Ryerson. He was the son of old Knowles Ryerson, a pioneer who had emigrated to the Golden State with the Argonauts and had borne the reputation of being one of the most reckless and daring characters of early mining camps. From his father young Ryerson inherited his tall, powerful physique, his generous, jovial disposition and that passion for excitement that had led the elder Ryerson to forsake

home and kindred and seek his fortune across a continent. Young Ryerson was nearing thirty. Although his lot had not been cast amid such dangerous surroundings and among such rough and lawless characters as his father's had been, the young man's youth was fully as wild and tumultuous as had been that of old Knowles himself. Harry was a prime favorite among the young men of the town with sporting tendencies. He was a crack shot, a skilled horseman, and a well-known frequenter of the local billiard-halls and bowling-alleys.

Among his associates, Harry's popularity was unquestioned. The sober church-going element of the community, however, was not so ready in its approval. The good people regarded his ability to shoot the head off a quail at fifty paces and to drive unbroken colts as fast as the law allowed within city limits as very doubtful recommendations. There were not lacking stories to his discredit. He had the reputation of playing fast and loose with women; also he had been seen staggering on the streets after midnight carousals. Like the unregenerate youth in Burns's poem, "He drinkt and sweart and played at cards." Naturally such behavior was abhorrent to all who concerned themselves about their neighbors' personal conduct.

Up to the present time, Harry Ryerson had given very little heed to the opinion of his fellow townsmen. But there had been talk lately of nominating him for constable, and, as the office was lucrative and more to his taste than superintending his father's ranch in the Alamitos, Harry had determined, as he expressed it, "to go in and win." Already he had gained an enviable record as deputy marshal, but this would count for very little in the city election if he did not win the support of the "Long Hairs," who were greatly in the majority.

For some time young Ryerson's conduct, in public at least, had been irreproachable. Miss Weyman often met him as he whirled down the Avenue behind a spirited horse. Once the half-broken animal that he was driving reared and threatened to become unmanageable. The girl, who was passing on the sidewalk, stood fascinated as Ryerson strove to gain control. Had he shown brutality, it would have repelled her instantly; but, while he used the strong hand, as was needful to gain the mastery, he did not resort to the lash. He spoke soothingly to the trembling beast and allowed him to rest a minute before speeding down the road.

Ryerson often stopped at Amy's boarding house on his way home from town, and the girl began to look forward to his visits. The dark tales that his detractors were always repeating were dispelled by the man's big, magnetic presence like clouds by invigorating air and sunlight.

There were always prudish, narrow-minded people ready to strain

at a gnat, the girl reflected. People criticised Kipling for coarseness and vulgarity and were blind to the splendid originalty and power with which he presented truth; public opinion censured Bret Harte for lack of morality and low taste and failed to see the great lessons of tenderness and humanity in his stories. So with characters in real life; naturalness and freedom of action were discouraged. People must live by convention and precedent.

It was not long before the gossips began to notice Ryerson's attentions to Amy. No one was surprised at Ryerson. The mere propinquity of an attractive girl was all that was needful to call forth his rather coarse gallantry. But that Miss Weyman, with her quiet well bred ways, should accept such attention, gave rise to comment.

Amy was conscious that her small coterie viewed her open preference for Ryerson with disapproval, but for the first time in her life something awoke within her that disregarded the opinion of others. A part of her nature hitherto repressed clamored to assert itself. It was pleasant—albeit in no danger—to be near a man of physical strength and courage and fancy herself under his protection. She would not allow herself to think of him seriously, however. She had no false hopes of raising his standards, and as for descending to his level—that was impossible. But meanwhile his attentions satisfied the craving within her. In spite of herself, her pulses would quicken at the sound of his voice; nor could she repress the sweet shame and gladness she felt under the open admiration of his glance.

One fair day in late July, Amy and Ryerson went for a drive in the Alamitos. On one side the sunburned fields lay mellow in the golden light of afternoon; on the other, the level, blue expanse of many waters stretched away to the horizon. Ryerson turned the horse's head toward the beach where Alamitos Bay makes a graceful inland curve. The crescent of sapphire water, with its fluting of white breakers, lies at the foot of a yellow bluff crowned with verdure. The scene has the soft-toned coloring of a pastel and persistently haunts the memory, as landscapes will when made doubly dear by beauty and association.

The wheels of the rubber-tired rig rolled smoothly over the hard, shining sand. Amy felt an unwonted exhileration, perhaps from the rapid motion and the view. The wind and sun heightened her color, bringing back the look of youth to her face. Her companion glanced from time to time at her loosened tendrils of hair and sparkling eyes with approval, but allowed her to sustain the conversation. Presently he passed her the lines and leisurely lit a cigar. Amy noticed for the fiftieth time the strong, square outline of his clean-shaven chin. She was conscious of his massive shoulder close to

hers and wondered irrelevantly why it seemed a natural head-rest. The familiar comradeship of his brief masculine sentences, his care for her comfort, seemed to fill a need she had felt all her life. It was like the delightful companionship of a big brother she decided, although his looks and words were not those of a brother. During the short time that they, in village phrase, "had been going together," he had attempted numerous tender familiarities which she had promptly discouraged. This afternoon, however, his conduct was most exemplary, and she, with a woman's inconsistency, wondered why.

"Sent in your application for the school next fall?" he asked affably between puffs.

"N-no," she hesitated. "I was thinking of going East to join mother for a few months."

"That so?" His eyes grew speculative.

"And you?" she ventured. "You will run for constable, won't you?"

"I'm not sure," he returned easily. "I may go North."

"Where would you go?" she asked, with a curious little sinking of the heart.

"O up in Eldorado or Placer County. Got a good offer from the sheriff up there."

Amy looked out across the sea, a blinding blur of blue and silver. The ache in her heart was climbing to her throat. She looked back at Ryerson, and colored as she caught the merry gleam of his blue eyes under drooping lashes.

"How would you like to go too?" he asked with sudden tenderness.

A tremor of happiness surged riotously through her blood. In vain she strove to gain self-control. This was a coarse, common man and not the shining lover of her dreams.

"Oh, Harry!" she remonstrated, trying to withdraw her hand which he had seized.

"Will you go?" His voice was almost rough with rising passion. Out beyond the breakers was a curious swirl of waters, known as the tide-rip, which often caught venturesome bathers unaware. A current as strong and resistless was impelling her onward, she knew not whither. She was suddenly conscious that life held no happiness for her outside the enfolding strength of his arms, no bliss equal to the thrill of his lips on hers.

They were driving westward down a golden trail of sand toward the sunset. The rosy mist of departing day lay on the blue curve of distant mainland and trailed its splendor far out at sea. Along the shore the white flames of electric lights began to flash through the purple dusk. As they turned homeward Amy's mind still dwelt on the roseate vision of the west. Across that mystic borderland of the sunset, she had caught a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains, beyond which lay the unknown country of her dreams.

II.

Amy and Ryerson had been married six years. As Harry had been elected constable the first year of their marriage, they had made but a brief honeymoon stay in the North and had soon returned to Palos Verdes.

It was a brilliant golden day in June, with a hint of the cool saltness of the sea in the fresh air. The Ryerson backyard was, it must be confessed, rather shabby and unkempt in appearance. Harry's official duties were more to his taste than gardening or repairing chicken-coops. At present he was watering his mare Nell at the galvanized tub that did duty as a drinking-trough under the hydrant. The pretty creature had a thorough-bred strain, and tossed her head and pranced with eagerness to be off. Harry, however, gave scant attention to the animal's vagaries. His glance wandered often in the direction of a clothes-line near the kitchen door, where Anita (a young Spanish girl who had been in charge of the household since the recent illness of Mrs. Ryerson) was hanging out certain small white garments, the wardrobe of Harry Ryerson, Junior, who had been an inmate of the house for two weeks.

Anita, on her part, was not unconscious of the regard of the American señor. She had noted with approval his stalwart form and blue eyes. "Muy bien, un gran hombre," she murmured, and as she raised her rounded arms to fasten a diminutive shirt to the line, she sent a coquettish glance over her shoulder. Anita regarded all men, married or single, Angle or Latin as her rightful prey. Harry returned the look with interest.

"How would you like to take a ride behind the filly?" he called gaily.

Anita laughed mockingly. "Está bonita caballa, but I trust myself not to drive her."

"I'll do the driving. There's room for both of us if we sit close together," returned Harry shamelessly, with a glance toward his light road-cart.

For answer Anita raised her chin saucily and sent several clothespins flying in his direction, which he artfully dodged.

Anita presently went into the house and up the stairs to Mrs. Ryerson's room. Amy was not recovering from child-birth as quickly as she should, for she had been very near death. The doctor had decided that she must stay in bed a week longer. The trained nurse and Amy's aunt, who had been attending the patient, had gone away the day before, as Amy had assured them that she could get along quite well with Anita. Amy lay back among her pillows, very

white and weak, and anxiously watched Anita, who was preparing the baby's food on a stand littered with bottles near the bedside. The small bundle at her side was squirming and fussing—the preliminary signs of what his fond paternal parent called "the opening bawl."

It was a great trial to Amy that she could not give her child its natural nourishment. His incessant wailing tearing at her heart-strings was harder to bear than her pain and weakness. Anita began busily tidying the room and setting things to rights. In a handful of rubbish the girl picked up, Amy noticed a small object usually kept in her work basket.

"Give that to me!" she called sharply. It was a faded needle-book, fashioned in the shape of autumn leaves. The crimson and russet covers were frayed and the gold thread grown dim, but Amy slipped it carefully under her pillow. She closed her eyes and thought of the gay holiday season before her marriage, when Harry had given her the pretty trifle. For the sake of some such present—a trinket or a faded rose, the memento of a man's momentary tenderness—a woman will forgive much. She treasures her keepsake often for years and the sight of it will sometimes stir a feeling of kindness toward the giver, when her love itself has become as ashes of Sodom.

Amy could not remember when her estrangement from her husband began, it had set in so gradually. There had come to her the disillusionment which is the common lot of wives not well suited to their husbands. The generosity, which she had once admired, from a practical stand-point seemed extravagance and self-indulgence. His good-fellowship and cheerfulness did very little to enliven his wife, whom he left to keep lonely vigils at home during the long evenings. His good nature was not invariable. Amy had often to bear the brunt of his hot temper and impatience. The physical courage, which had once seemed the highest trait of his manhood, now seemed at times dwarfed by his moral cowardice and insensibility to life's finer things. To add to her unhappiness, after the long illness following the birth of a still-born child, Amy's health began to fail. Harry's absences from home were now more frequent. His business, gave him a pretext for staying away days at a time. He returned home usually at a late hour, bringing with him the atmosphere of the pool-room, in the odor of "choice liquors and cigars." The next day, he invariably lounged around a great deal with a headache and a dark brown taste in his mouth. Amy was becoming accustomed to these irregularities of her husband. Once, on a bet, he had stopped smoking for several months. When he boyishly bragged of this proof of his will-power in her presence, she had smiled a little sadly and said that what he termed will-power in

himself was "bull-headedness." But the worm in the bud that had really destroyed Amy's happiness was Harry's unfaithfulness. With a man's obtuseness he did not realize that Amy suspected his relations with other women, nor was he aware of the humiliation and wretchedness she suffered in consequence. To observant eves her sad, patient expression and drooping figure told much, but no complaint or reproach passed her lips. She blamed her own ill-health. in part, for her husband's waywardness, and tried to bridge over the ever increasing gulf between them. She looked well to the ways of her household and curbed Harry's tendency to extravagance. She took "roomers" in order to save household expenses each month. She cooked tempting meals—which Harry sometimes kept waiting for hours. And, by no means least, she aided him in his business, taking entire charge of his correspondence. This service was a great relief to Harry, to whom a pistol was a much easier instruin part, for her husband's waywardness, and tried to bridge over the she opened a letter which her husband had probably not foreseen would be sent him. Expecting to read the description of some criminal escaped from justice or a notification to summon jurors, she was unexpectedly confronted by a blotted, tear-stained note from a pretty waitress who had roomed in a near-by house the previous winter. Amy hastily glanced over the contents, her consciousness dazed as by a blow. Then she went over it again carefully, to be sure that she read the meaning aright. No, there was no doubt. The girl was begging that Ryerson make some reparation for a wrong that, not another, but he himself, had committed. It was a piteous appeal, such as women in distress send out to the men who have betrayed them-the men who do not come, who never

Amy sat staring straight before her, the letter crushed in her hand. For the moment it seemed that Harry was no longer the liberal. good-natured husband she knew, but an alien monster of ruthless selfishness. One read about such characters in the daily papersin history. She could not realize a tragedy in her own commonplace life. Hitherto she had merely thought of her husband's intrigues as a degradation to him and a humiliation to herself. With all his moral laxness, she had not believed Harry base enough to take advantage of the blind infatuation of a foolish girl. She sat pondering, trying the case in an imaginary court of justice—her husband the prisoner at the bar, herself the judge. In an hour's time she reached her decision. She rapidly put on a street dress and took the first train to the city. After an hour's search, she found the object of her quest in a squalid lodging house. Amy had come with money from her own savings, coldly prepared to give the aid required and save the affair from undesirable publicity. But before

Amy's errand was completed, her displeasure softened. She had found no brazen woman of the streets, defiant in her disgrace, but a white, stricken girl, with a sorrow like death on her heart. Having seen her charge safely to a rescue-home. Amy halted a moment on the curb, exhausted and spent. On an eminence high above the street where she was standing, towered the Court House, a massive pile of brick and stone with wide stairs and pillared porticos. Amy turned and climbed the terrace that led upward to the spacious grounds. Luxuriant palms arched above the white expanse of the broad walks and threw a pleasant shade over the smooth, green lawns. She hesitated, vaguely wondering if it would not be well to begin legal proceedings to annul a marriage that was palpably a failure. She recalled a lawyer, a friend of her childhood, to whom she could take her case. She even ventured up the steps of the Court House and into the cool, dark halls within. But at the thought of making her evidence public, she drank. There was only one thing that would make the disgrace harder to bear, and that was that it should become food for scandal in a divorce suit. So Amy returned home, as we have seen, to take up patiently once more the duties of wifehood and presently of motherhood.

TII.

Harry had returned from two days' hard riding in the San Fernando Valley. The dust lay thickly on his broad shoulders and sunburned cheeks. The pleasant golden light of late afternoon shone through the open doorway of the kitchen where Anita stood at a table stemming cherries and humming a gay, little air.

"Hello," said Ryerson, with his usual careless good humor. "How do you stack up?" He came to her side and helped himself to a generous handful of the fruit. Anita exclaimed in mock horror at

sight of his back.

"Well, go to it then and brush me off," replied Harry, munching unmoved. "Has the kid been good while I was away?" Yes? He usually raises h—ll and puts a chunk under it."

Anita showed her white teeth in a smile unheedful of the señor's profanity.

"Está bonito muchachito," she said. "Where have you been gone so long, huh? After Pedro Morales, I think maybe?" She regarded the officer with an air of saucy inquiry.

"What do you know about Morales?" he scoffed good-naturedly. Anita only laughed. "You never get him. He get away like always," she declared.

Harry lost interest in the conversation, and, saying something about getting a bath and a shave, left the room.

The following day was a red-letter day for Amy. Not only was she permitted to leave her sick room, but Harry carried her

down stairs and she sat at the dining-room table for the first time since her illness. After the meal, Amy insisted on taking care of her small son herself, and proceeded awkwardly to gve him a bath. Harry sat aloof and critical, watching his wife with some curiosity in her new role of mother. Amy was oblivious to everything save the limp, pliant, little form in her lap, which she sponged and dressed with happy, blundering fingers. Harry nonchalently flicked the ash from his cigar.

"You're a great mother," he remarked with lazy disparagement. As he lounged and smoked, he made desultory common-place remarks about matters of household interest. He always consulted Amy about business matters, having long ago discovered her acumen in such directions.

Presently, with some hesitancy, Amy broached a plan that she had been cherishing for some time—that of having the child christened. Harry gave his cheerful consent, but doubted that he would find it convenient to be present at the event.

"Good Lord! I don't know when I've been in a church," he confessed with ironical amusement.

Amy sighed, and ventured timidly that now would be a good time to commence going and set his offspring a good example.

"O, teach him to follow the things I say, and not what I do," was the careless rejoinder. He looked up at his wife with the unconcerned air of proprietorship common to many husbands—very different from the proud look of possession of a lover.

"You'll be well enough to go out for a ride Sunday, don't you think so?" He held his cigar between his fingers with a halfcurious speculative expression. Amy quietly acquiesced, and Harry soon after took his departure down town, having first dutifully kissed his wife as she sat rocking the baby. His sense of marital duty faithfully performed was not diminished by the fact that he also threw a kiss to Anita in the dining-room as he went out the door. His business kept him away from home nearly all night, and he spent most of the following day in sleep. Toward evening Amy roused him from a sound slumber. With a peevish exclamation, he started up and went out in the dining room for his supper. A thrill of the old spell that he was wont to cast upon her stirred Amy as she looked up at him standing in the doorway. He towered high in the little room, his massive shoulders and leonine head the impersonation of masculine strength. The lamplight fell full on his ruddy, handsome face. There was a hardy, restless expression in his blue eyes that she knew well. She put one of her hands on his dark curly head as she passed behind his chair.

"Where are you going tonight?" she asked gently.

"I'm going to get that damned Mexican," replied Harry with emphasis. "He's liable to put a knife into me," he added.

Amy felt a vague apprehension, but said nothing. The Mexican in question was one Pedro Morales, the last of a notorious band of outlaws who had been "rustling cattle" near San Gabriel. Word had been sent that a man resembling Morales had lately been frequenting one of the gambling dives in San Pedro. Harry was anxious to make the capture and secure the reward.

Darkness had already fallen when he went out in the backyard, where his horse stood ready harnessed. Although he lacked appreciation of beauty, either in nature or art, Harry was not entirely insensible to the witchery of the summer night. The sky was a velvety purple, thickly studded with stars that throbbed with a soft, tender glow; they seemed to bend low toward the earth and nod knowingly, as if they too understood the sweet madness of love and the quest of adventure. After a hurried drive out in the Alamitos where he served some papers, Harry returned to town, prepared for his night's work. The broad, brilliantly lighted thoroughfares were thronged with pleasure-seekers. Out in the darkness, faintly audible above the crescendo of the breakers on Ocean Front, came the alluring strains of dance-music. Harry checked his horse by the curb opposite the pier, and entered into a conversation with a deputy to whom he made known his plan for the night's work in a few, terse remarks.

"Take the mare and ride like hell. We've got a feller over there watching the docks. I'll be over after a little by street-car. And you better come well heeled." With this parting caution the big constable lit a cigar and sauntered leisurely out toward the lights and the music in the pavilion. He was ostensibly waiting for a car to Dominguez station, but he stopped a few minutes among the loafers and hangers-on at the dance hall.

Anita, in company with a grocery clerk, was circling gracefully among the dancers. She was looking very pretty in a thin white frock. Her complexion, which was artificially heightened, made a dazzling contrast to her sloe-black eyes and hair. As the music ceased and her partner turned away, the girl pushed through the crowd, apparently with no thought except to reach the fresh air. As she stepped in front of Ryerson, she uttered a vivacious exclamation of surprise.

"O, if you please, señor," she remarked, as if his presence recalled some important matter to her mind. "May I speak with you a minute?"

"Sure," replied Harry readily, although his gaze shifted uneasily to the passing and re-passing people. The place was very public for benedicts to receive confidences from young ladies.

"Go down that way." He nodded toward the lower end of the balcony. "I'll come in a minute."

Her cheeks were burning under the rouge, and her black eyes sparkling with unwonted excitement as he joined her.

"Why do you wish to be so secret?" she asked with a half scornful shrug. "I only wish to tell you that I cannot go back to care for your *muchachito* tonight. My brother is sick—I must go to him."

"That so?" Harry questioned. His direct, bold scrutiny seemed to disconcert her.

"Certainly, señor." She turned with a toss of her head and leaned on the balcony rail, idly watching the agate-hued breakers roll up out of the darkness and break with a crash, spreading wide fans of feathery foam on the glistening sand.

"Where do you live?" asked Harry confidentially, also leaning on the balcony rail.

"Out near Dominguez," replied Anita amiably.

Harry considered a moment. He had thought that his wife had said Anita was from San Gabriel—doubtless she had relatives at Dominguez. "When are you going?" pursued Harry with interest.

"O, pretty soon now—next car maybe." She gave him a laughing sidelong glance.

"Confound the minx," thought the burly constable. "How does she know that I am going?" The only motive that seemed to explain was one that was flattering to himself and gave a pleasurable fillip to his blood.

"Well," remarked Harry with a rising inflection and giving her a meaning glance, "in that case perhaps I'll see you later."

It was quite dark and deserted at the lonely little station of Dominguez. Ryerson and Anita were the only passengers that alighted from the car.

"How are you going to get out to your brother's?" asked Harry as he stepped down beside the girl.

"O, walk," replied Anita carelessly.

Harry consulted his watch. It was thirty minutes before the San Pedro car was due. "I'll go a ways with you to see that you're not carried off," he remarked jovially. He felt moved to regret that his deputy Jim had his horse and buggy.

"Too bad we can't have a ride, little girl," he said, as he squeezed her arm. Anita made no objection to his escort or his caresses. Harry was somewhat surprised at his easy conquest. Anita, as is usual with Spanish women of good birth, had heretofore fiercely repulsed any advance on his part that compromised her honor.

Presently they came to a long, low adobe building with a dilapidated wooden veranda. The windows were dark, the place evidently deserted.

"Anybody at home?" Harry whispered. The girl shook her head. "You go first," the deputy went on in an undertone, removing his

arm from her waist, his professional caution asserting itself. The girl obeyed, creaking up the steps and throwing wide the door. The place was quite empty. Harry followed in her wake.

"This is my room," the girl remarked, giving the door at the end of a passage-way a push. They stepped inside together, but the girl immediately remarked, "Just wait a minute till I close the front

door."

Harry waited for what seemed an interminable minute, and then, by the aid of matches, groped his way to the door of the room, only to find that it had closed noiselessly and was securely fastened. He rattled the knob until the door shook, and loudly called Anita, but there was no reply. He lighted matches, exploring the room; with the exception of a few pieces of broken furniture, it was quite bare. The only window was heavily barred-perhaps in former times it had served as a prisoner's cell. He glanced at his watch. It was already five minutes past the time for the San Pedro car. As Harry thought of his waiting deputy and the wily Mexican who would be certain to elude him, and how he had been duped and brought to his present predicament by a mere girl, a Berseker rage rose within him. He reduced the furniture of the room to its lowest dimensions by ineffectually battering at the door. Finally, when his strength was well nigh spent, he chanced to remember the skeleton key in his pocket. It worked like a charm. The door sprang open and he was free once more. Anita was nowhere to be seen and the little contretemps that seh had occasioned made him an hour late.

Ryerson found his deputy in San Pedro, fuming and half desperate.

"What in hell kept you?" demanded that official. "Morales hit the pike an hour ago, and I didn't want to follow until you came."

Harry moodily climbed into the buggy and possessed himself of the lines. "Case of hold-up," he remarked shortly as he touched the mare with the whip—whereupon she started down the road at break-neck speed.

"Who held you up?" asked Jim, his curiosity getting the better of

his irritation.

"A girl," replied Harry bitterly.

"Ah-hah," said Jim understandingly. He was not altogether ignorant of his friend's peccadillos. But when Harry had described his adventure luridly and at length, Jim put his hand on his superior officer's shoulder. "So you don't know why she did it," he said condescendingly. "I know the little wildcat well. Didn't know she worked for you. She's one of the Morales bunch."

During the remainder of the homeward drive, Harry sat moody and taciturn, with grim determination written large on his usually good-natured features. Even the man without ideals must sometimes feel that there is a penalty for breaking the unwritten laws and that the path of virtue were more expedient. However, by the time that Harry and his companion drew rein in front of the Ryerson cottage, the former had recovered his equanimity. "Hold the horse until I fetch my overcoat," he said to his companion, and went into the house.

Mrs. Ryerson, roused from her slumber to unhook the front screen, sat watching her husband as he struggled into his overcoat. "Are you going to stay out all night?" she asked wearily.

"Why, yes," he replied with matter-of-fact cheerfulness. "There's no rest for the wicked. I'll be back tomorrow, I think," he went on coming over beside the bed. "Cheer up, sister! Don't you feel well tonight?"

The term of endearment and air of affectionate solicitude had been absent from his intercourse with her for so long that the pale little woman flushed with pleasure.

"Harry, I do wish you would be careful," she cried, clinging to him in a way that she had not done for months. He put her from him with good natured tolerance.

"Oh, yes-sure! Good night."

The front door slammed. He was gone.

All night the men rode. The flat marsh-lands, hay-fields and truck-gardens of the coast were left far behind. The first rosy flush of dawn in the east was giving place to the golden light of day as the officers crossed one of the bridges that spans the Los Angeles River and turned into the old Mission Road that leads up among the foothills from the City of the Angels. A pearly mantle of mist, bordered with purple, lay on the awakening city. The hard road-bed lay for miles among orange groves still sweet with the blossoms of spring. Enchanting vistas opened before them as they mounted some hill or rounded a curve in the highway, and always on the horizon, shimmering from afar, was the misty blue of the mountains with their unmelted snows. A false clue led them to retrace part of their journey and make a detour into the Cahuenga Valley where a slumbrous mist like that of Indian summer lay on the land. The first day's search was fruitless.

The second day, they rode to the southeastward over the glowing edge of the desert—a voiceless land of sage brush and sand. A sky of molten brass hung over the thirsty desolation of the wilderness. The officers were often baffled in their search by the well-nigh inaccessible cañons and gulches that cleft the rocky, precipitous slopes of the mountains on every hand. Many of the hills were barren, with a scant covering of mesquite and chaparral; but not a few, with their tangled growth of manzanita and scrub-oak, afforded hiding-places as impregnable as any fastness that ever sheltered Turkish brigands or the legendary Spanish bandits across the sea.

The romantic aspect of their surroundings, however, did not appeal to these men as it might have done to a tourist. They cursed the heat heartily, and drank copiously from a black bottle on the buggy-seat between them. Had they been poets or philosophers, the shifting beds of mica that cast a glamour on the desert soil might have suggested to them certain traits of character that allure and deceive.

But Harry and his companion, not being possessed of introspective minds, "sermons in stone" were as likely to be lost on them as any other. They discussed the probable worth of mining property in the vicinity, and bet on the whereabouts of Morales.

After traversing many weary miles, they halted at an isolated railway station. Here they received a message from the sheriff that caused them to abandon hastily their search on the desert and follow up a different clue,

Nightfall found them once more in the San Gabriel Valley. Both men were, as they expressed it, "dead on their feet," but triumphant in the belief that they were for the first time hot on the outlaw's trail. In the vicinity of Alhambra they learned that the information from the Sheriff's office was well founded. Morales, instead of taking flight to Mexico, was lurking in the neighborhood in hiding-places provided by hs friends. Ryerson and his deputy accordingly drove out to an isolated Mexican shack, where, in all probability, the game that they had been seeking might be run to cover.

The shack was a typical peon dwelling, fashioned from cast-off lumber and thatched with palms. Some distance from the shack, a cholo was tethering a horse, and the officer stopped to question him. He admitted that the wiry, well-built mustang and the Mexican saddle with gay trappings lying near the horse did not belong to him, but to a stranger who had taken shelter with him for the night. The fellow's beady, black eyes shifted uneasily as he spoke; he was evidently badly frightened. The officers took him into custody as a suspect, and leaving their rig approached the shack on foot. There was a rude doorway in the place and only one window. Leaving Jim to guard the outside, Harry quietly opened the door. A cheap oillamp, with wick turned low, was burning on the table. In the further corner of the room was the figure of a man outstretched on a cot. Morales made no move at the sound of approaching footsteps; either he was sound asleep or thought that his cholo friend was returning. But as the officer's firm grasp fell on the desperado's shoulder, he started up with a muttered curse, his black eyes blazing like live coals. His lithe, sinewy frame suggested a tiger ready to spring.

"The game's up, old boy," said Harry coolly. "You're my prisoner. Come along now. Get ready."

Morales glared into the ruddy good-looking face before him. The sight of the pistol at half-cock arrested his gaze. With quick per-

ception, he noted Harry's physique and the look in his blue eyes that seeemd to reflect the cold steel of the weapon in his hand. Harry repeated his command to "come along quietly."

Morales considered. The Americano's voice was curt and confident as of one who expected to be obeyed.

"Por qué?" the Mexican inquired fiercely.

"An invitation from the main push," explained Harry with grm humor as he displayed his star. "They want to see you bad."

Morales features relaxed and he quickly assumed the characteristic suavity of his race. "Si, si, señor," he replied in Spanish. "I would only pray permission to dress."

Harry glanced once more about the hut. There was no visible means of escape but the window which his deputy was guarding. The man was, to all appearances, unarmed. Accordingly Harry gave his consent, while Pedro proffered many "gracias." The Mexican's hands were fully occupied. Therefore the constable relaxed his vigilance somewhat, to light a cigar. Morales bent over to put on his shoes. Immediately he straightened himself with one of his panther-like movements. Something gleamed in his hand. Harry lifted his revolver—but too late. There was a blinding flash and a deafening report in the little room. In the same instant Harry felt a burning pain in his shoulder and the room reeled before him. As he fell heavily across the threshold, another shot rang out. He was dully conscious of a sudden darkness and a sickening stench of kerosene mingling with the fumes of powder. The light had been shot out. Jim, much excited at the sound of shots, left the window unguarded and rushed to his prostrate friend. Meanwhile, Morales with catlike agility leaped through the window and reached the side of his horse unhindered. He sprang on the mustang's bare back and, stooping, caught his saddle under his arm. He waved his hand gaily to the stupidly staring cholo, and spurred his horse to a gallop. Jim, who had been stanching his friend's wound, sent two shots after the flying horseman, but the desperado was soon out of range, his face set in the direction of the Mexican border.

It did not require more than an hour to drive from Alhambra to the city, but to the deputy Jim, worn and jaded from his three days' hard driving and on the rack of suspense about Ryerson, for whom he had a genuine friendship, the leaden-winged minutes seemed a portion of eternity. A local officer, whom Jim opportunely found near town, volunteered his services and supported the wounded man on the buggy seat, while Jim crouched on a box near the dash-board. Afraid to drive too fast or too slow, he finally let the horse take its own gait. Afterwards the crowded occurrences of the night seemed unreal, like a bad dream or the mimic scenes of some play—the discovery of Morales, his sudden crime and flight, the long drive to the

city, his friend's groans and delirious mutterings in his ears, and the fear in his heart that the grim messenger Death might overtake them. Then, the long corridors of the hospital and the pungent smell of anæsthetics in the operating-room, whither his friend was carried. He remembered afterward the relief he felt at seeing Harry presently comfortable in a white cot, and, for the time being, out of danger. The last act of the little drama took place in the hallway of the Ryerson cottage in Palos Verdes, as he looked into the pale, set face of Ryerson's wife. She did not cry out or faint. The only sign of emotion was the dilating of her eyes.

"Is he badly hurt?" she asked, quite steadily.

"Well—yes, ma'am," Jim replied. "Twas a nasty puncture. The doctors have got out one bullet. He'll get along all right if blood poisoning don't—" the well-meaning deputy hesitated, stammering at the whiteness of her face. "Don't you be worrying ma'am" he went on with earnest haste. "He's got a constitution like an ox, Harry has. He'll pull through all right. Better go up and see him soon. He don't need you of course, but it'll kind of set your mind at rest."

As Jim walked away, he felt the cold perspiration on his face.

"And I meant to break it to her gently," he murmured.

She knelt beside his cot the next morning. He was lying as if in a stupor. "Do you know me, Harry?" she whispered.

He opened his eyes with the bewildered gaze of a little boy away from home. "Where am I?" Then with dawning comprehension,

"O ves-I was shot."

There was a moment of embarrassment between them. The old, sweet habit of kindness had become as a sadly tangled skein of silk. Amy stood hesitating, not knowing where to take up the tangled threads. He dimly saw the heart-broken pity in her face. Once, when the baby had been very ill, she had worn the same white, strained expression. He associated her agitation with the child now. The shock of his recent experiences and the pain he was undergoing dulled his perception.

"Where's the kid? Is he all right now?" he asked, in a husky,

anxious whisper.

Amy caught his hand and laid her face on it to hide her tears. This was like the brave Harry she had once loved. No word of his own misfortune or suffering. Although in peril himself, capable of unselfish thought for others. She explained that the baby was well now and that she had left him with a neighbor. There was a silence between them while she sat down, still clasping his hand on the side of his unhurt shoulder. Her worried gaze encountered a gleam of raillery that struggled through the clouded pain of his blue eyes.

"So you're going to make a better man of him than his dad?" he questioned, in the quizzical manner, half-fond, half-bantering, with

which one speaks to a child.

"O, Harry," she cried in a choked voice, "I want him to be like you in some things. I hope he'll be brave and not afraid to do his duty or die—" She broke down completely, burying her face in the coverlet.

"There, there, little girl," he said, patting her hair awkwardly, "I

ain't going to croak this time. It ain't my turn, anyhow."

A week later the doctor pronounced Harry out of danger and he was removed from the hospital to his home. A few days after his

return, when Amy came in as usual with his breakfast tray, he remarked with jovial impatience, "I'm tired of loafing. I'll be up around and get busy in a day or two."

"Harry!" she remonstrated. "You're not fit to work. You're surely not wishing to find any more desperate criminals soon?"

"Why, sure!" he replied with ready optimism. "I want to try things over again."

"Well I'm not going to allow it" said Amy with decision. "I'm going to be an officer for a while now, and you're my prisoner."

In the afternoon, while her husband and the baby were sleeping, she took her sewing and went out on the shady porch. There was a hum of insects and the incense of flowers in the sunny yard. The sunlight filtered pleasantly through the leafy screen around her. A sense of well-being and contentment that she had not experienced since the first year of her married life took possession of her. Once more, as in days gone by, her imagination came a willing slave to do her bidding. A verse that she had once learned chimed through her memory. It was about a broken vase around which the scent of roses still hung. Unbidden her thoughts went wandering back to scenes of bygone days that dwelt like stored-up sunshine within her. Her musings were of the pleasant farm-house in the Alamitos where she had stayed the first summer she had met Harry. The quiet beauty of dawn, noontide and dusk on the hay-fields had never before seemed so fair; for thus it ever is with those that dwell in Arcady.

Had all the bright dreams of those days been illusions then? Thus she strove, as countless thousands before her, to answer the riddles of the Sphinx. Had he deceived her, or was it that she had deceived herself? Had she not endowed him with qualities that were not his birthright, and judged him unworthy when she found that he did not possess them? She recalled her husband's kindness to his horse and dog and to all animals that came under his care. Once, when she had accompanied him on a camping trip, she had marvelled at his familiarity with the wild things of wood and stream. Again, as in the beginning, her husband seemed a child of Nature. He had all the impulses of a primitive man, which after all are closely allied to

those of an animal.

In her school days she had read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The simplicity and winning kindness of the Faun's expression recurred to her now. How charming and human—except for the leaf-shaped ears among his curls—a physical likeness to the animal kingdom. A laughter-loving being of grace and sensuality—one could not expect sacrifice for duty's sake or the restless striving after unattainable ideals.

Her belief in her husband might indeed be shattered like the vase in Moore's poem, but the unquenchable fragrance of love still clung to the fragments. Not the love she had once dreamed of and had often read of in the pages of romance, but the love spoken of in the greatest Book—"that believeth all things, hopeth all things; that endureth long, and is kind."

Los Angeles.



THE RAIN

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



HE Sequoias stand listening, watching, searching the sky, looking far off, over the hills, up and down the coast. A message at last hums down the russet repose of a great bole—"Patience! Not yet!" The vigilant, heat-fagged forest is stifled in a stillness more bitter

than complaint.

The seared slopes are waiting—the furred and tawny fields—dry stubble, split, shagged in the heat, crinkled low over the baked soil. The rains are over-late. Crisp twining of mustard stalks; dry and dusty warp and woof of wayside weeds; hot crackling chaparral; ferns curled up in powdery seed-showing bunches shrinking along the trails, weasened, disguised; mosses harsh and shrivelled; heatpale asters, and a few last plumes of golden-rod, burned to a crumbly orange.

Along the sultry aisles of the forest, deep-braided bark, loose, flocculent, filled with gritty brown sepia powder; square-cracked, moss-grown stucco falling; red-lacquered sheathing curling off in metallic flakes. Day after day the streaming sunlight persuading a reluctant world to glow with dry, wearied color.

The stagnant winds stir upward—some word is given. Whirl-winds of dust shift their amber columns across the road. Nervous currents of air whip the woods, simulating a storm. The atmosphere is racked—electric. The brittle crimp of leaves, crushed against bough and branch. Dry-throated juncoes, chirping thirstily, A flock of robins, surfeited with the high-hung, crimson berries of madrono, sagely watching the sky.

A lull while the winds are sent on a far quest into the highest ether. Blue and golden haze, blown to hard, clear distances.

A fleck of cloud sails across the burnished blue—is gone. The trees are lashed in desperate swirls with the rush of the returning impotent winds—to no avail their errand. The cloudless day closes.

A sullen twilight, the breathless forest waiting the rise of the moon. Over the hill glows an arch of light cast up through a shimmering mist. A sigh of relief goes up from the forest. Who can say that the land takes no cognizance of the foretelling moon? that the import of this film of vapor is unfelt, unseen?

The pale orb clears the tree-tops; the misty curve is rounded and joined in a wide watery circle. At last the coming rain!

Towards dawn the dark thickens. A cool wind, telling of voluminous movement across the black arch; dense vapors, converging, massing, closing down. A lurid band of sunrise, under the turgid pressure along the horizon—thinning to a thread of red—blotted out. The smell of rain. A slant precipitate veil approaching. A

big drop plashing the broad upheld tilt of an expectant madroño leaf—and suddenly the whole forest swinging, singing, in the downpour.

We shall lessen no human attribute of patience, faith, courage, because we draw the close pantheistic breath with the forest—feel its suspense, its striving, and its reward. For sympathy shall ever broaden, sweeten, the power of the heart. What matter whether we gain understanding along our path with humanity, or by the forest ways—with a pushing blade of grass, a striving bough, under the benediction of the rain?

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After the first autumn rains, how inimitable the beauty of days—the fall colors, not yet faded, washed out, in the winter deluge, but dripping, glistening, every crystal drop refracting the hue it trickles over. Running, draining color, brighter before the soil takes back again the positive red and yellow and blue to weave into the misty textures of spring.

Yesterday the woodland spaces trembled with smouldering hazes, pulsing life. Saffron auras, amethyst shadows; filmy aerial dances over the water-ways; golden bees zigzagging into the sunlight; long floating gossamer strands, weighted and run with slipping iridescence—lost to leeward—invisible again. Today wholly pellucid the rain-laved air, clear green of washed trees. Only through oblique perspective is caught the transparent sparkle of pure atmosphere.

There are strange new odors abroad. The Yerba Buena, spicy in the heat, yields a different fragrance—steaming, heavy, balmy. The tannic rustle of autumn leaves lies hushed, damp, steeped in earthy redolence. Moist sprouting velvet upstarting—musky, mouldy scents drifting down the wet gusts. On all vital points along the hidden vines of mycelium the spore has quickened, swelling, lifting the soil. Now a fungus-garden, abeyant while the heat held sway, is heaving under the earth, absorbing the percolating color, lamellæ and pileus pushing up in purple and crimson and orange. No need to wait the Spring to see a magic alchemy achieved. Into the drenched sunlight mushroom and toadstool come forth, fixed with the first fluid dyes of the rainy season.

It may be that the close walk with the Open leads to a trend of thought, not always scientific, but not so far from the true—for a mere fact is not all of truth, nor a beauty-stirred fancy ever quite lacking. Where has the madroño bark's soaked pliant copper gone but into these crowded Boleti, capped in bronzed and rusty red? And the scarlet Russulas are veneered with a thin washing, rainmelted from the trailing honeysuckle fruit. The limp wet yellow of maple leaves freshens again in the embedded Chanterelle's furled and fulvous fluting.

Exhalation of moss, mycelium, black mould; wafted savor of a thousand earthy growths, damp, clinging, redolent; aroma of mighty roots, of invisible spawn and seed—all the vast stirring of the earth's desire.

I suppose the pleasure in the effluvia from a swelling steaming earth must be hardily developed. Not fragrant is it as a flower is fragrant. Often bitter—tinged with the inevitable crumbling change—teaching the nostrils a deeper order of sense—stung with an acrid ferment—taking keen hold of the perceptions—laying bare, if one shall dare to face this, the crude, everlasting, indiscriminate fusion of the soil.

Carven and twisted Helvellas, old ivory, wrapped in layers of earth-eaten leaves; pink and violet Claverias—land-corals, scented with a salty tang; moist and quivering Tremellæ, like to sea-anemones trembling in the wave of the cañon wind. Oh, this earth is as old as the sea, her forms and flowers as strangely beautiful and hidden fathoms deep in mystery. The smell of the sward holds the same immensity as the ocean's breath to one who ventures deep. The delicate perfume of a flower to those who trifle on the shore of this realm; but to the fearless voyager the reek, the strong essence, the touch, the smell, the grasp of the salt of the earth—the unconquerable joy in the baffling glorious struggle.

Earth and rain—dust and desire—what mingled odor of these is not sweet?

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The attraction of variety, contrast, is always invigorating. Nature does not for long allow a sameness of beauty to prevail. Here and there, in the amplitude of an evergreen forest, some trees are at last stripped of their leaves, changing the landscape, making places new and unfamiliar. One day the winter winds sweeping the rong cañons, fall with a different cadence, broken, softened, by the bare smooth shafts of maple. The interludes of rustling rain are cut by the thin tangled switches of hazel. The thick stormy run of the river is wholly revealed by the withdrawal of the following alders' leaves. Massed and heaving green takes a new, less redundant aspect, seen through the wide etching of bare willows; and the broad silver twist of gaunt sycamores against a green background gives that touch of bleakness the incomprehensible soul of things seems to seek full as eagerly as it calls for light, warmth, joy.

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In the half-light of dimmed day the rain, though constant, has fallen in some reserve, measured in neutral restraint. Through the dun-toned compromise of the repressed storm, there is scarcely a call to the listening brain. The downpour is too chill, steady, grey, temperate. Toward nightfall the outstanding relief of the dark

forest meeting the horizon has changed, flattened—later sinking into intaglio vista that leads the spurred imagination down the first labyrinths of the appealing dark.

The doors of abysmal gloom swing wide. Under the covert of the night the storm breaks loose. The heavily breathing earth, no longer passive, starts, turns with exhilarant response under a torrent of tingling rain.

In this wild night the redwoods are slipping off their last burned shreds of autumn color, throwing dead branch and needled leaf to the wind; down every bough venturing forth tips of tender green, dreaming in the throbbing dark of a million, minute, kernel blooms. The bare willows are a-pulse with the hidden satin curl of catkins; and the pendant, patient hazel cones, hung since September, are swelling, lengthening, feeling the premonition of that sunny hour when tiny fresh-born red flowers shall star the twigs below, opening to catch their amorous shower of pollen dust.

The wild wet trees stretch out their arms to me. The swirling song of the storm calls to some dim, long-forgotten instinct, which is suddenly unleashed. I am athirst for the unencumbered impact of the rain.

* * * * * * * * *

We shall not be forever shut away. Some day we shall lie, in part, out there, beaten into the pregnant soil, summoned and started upward again. Why not now, when the blood is athrill with conscious memory and foreknowledge? Not for long can we escape the grinding earth. To evade the virile elements is to be overcome the sooner. Is there no matching force with force? no avoidable penalty laid upon the shinking soul? Is the frail body always to be arrayed in futile power against inevitable nature? Or shall the tempest shock, the scorch of suns, the rude benign tempering of the sky, teach us to wield a mightier power—the sensuous, joyous contact with primal vitality leading us on and on—the flesh and blood mingling with the earth's rejuvenation impersonal, prayerful, immortal? I have a vision of a form standing free to the sky, clothed with the darkness, absorbed, pervaded, gathered into the ardent teeming night. I step out into the dark and the rain.

* * * * * * * * *

Sweet wet balm of bough and branch, fragrant as the perfumed mouth of a child. Elastic, aromatic cling of earth about my feet—cushioned damp of leaves, slippery curve of roots. I go softly through the jungled dark, with sinuous progress, harking back to furtive kin. My shoulders are mantled in running scarves of rain. I know the rounded madroño's cool broad pleasure in the streaming runnels. My hands, my breath, pass from tree to tree. Here is a chestnut sister, and there a sequoia brother. Almost blinded by

stinging lances of rain, yet have my night-eyes come to their own, in

one short moment arousing their dormant power.

There is substance to this rich, reeking dark. Murky folds lie close. I am upheld in shadow. I lean against the ebon dark, and in the touch a nameless content. I only know to be thus enfolded, ef-

faced, is infinitely soothing.

There are different gradations in the total blackness. There, a surface veiling of inky atmosphere, pinned down, stabbed, by the piercing rain, twitched by the wind-racked trees. There, a ponderous demarcation, dense and immovable as the mountain-side. Now the vaporous tenour is unmoored, driven before the walled moisture, rising black against black, drifting up from hollow to hollow, moving over a dark slope. The pin-point eyes of a shrew-mouse shift and blink. Fox-fires glow wierdly bright. For the moment I would be wounded, stunned, under a sudden glare of light.

The dark oily flight of an owl comes down the black wind. Over and through all, the soaking, palpable darkness, penetrating deep,

deep, to the heart of the earth.

Vision may sometimes sleep in the sun, while it wakens to widest revelation in utter darkness. Thus I am rapt in a trance-like acceptance of opening cavernous depths, crypts of decyphered gloom, yielding hollows of velvet obscurity that go down, down to the roots of things. I know the creative dark, lulling, melting, changing. In fierce exaltation, in savage fecundity, drawing the earth into swooning, rapturous, engulfing oblivion—conceiving for fuller life out here, my worshipping heart so near, in the dark and the rain.

Good night. I have said my prayer with the forest; stood to teh dark and the rain; cast my voice on the storm. Though my body shall lie in heavy slumber, my petition has gone on, caught and carried in the surge of the trees, whirled in high vortex over the mountain, drifting in black mists through the fertile night. Acknowledged, answered, in the drip of the rain. Forever recurring—a part of the cycled recessional, with the whole earth, it calls and calls again

-Renewal-Renewal.

Brookdale, Santa Cruz County, Cal.

THE CHALLENGE

By RUBY BAUGHMAN.

BEFORE my vagrant feet the mountain flings Its huge, brown gauntlet of defiance grim, Flaunting from base to distant hazy rim, A challenge to the joy that battle brings, Leaving the sloping foot-trail's wanderings, I struggle past the ridge of pine-trees prim, By brush-bound ways, up through the shadows slim Of tall rocks where the gray cloud softly clings. At length, upon the lofty summit's face, Where lichen-gray stone forms a couch uncouth, Breath-spent, of victory wanting every trace, Heart throbbing as with bounding blood of youth, My triumph over weariness wins place, As when one toils his own way to the truth.

Butte, Montana.

RED SEVENS

By R. C. PITZER.



INGS on trays," Gove said, laying his hand of cards on the Navajo blanket spread before the camp-fire. "You called me; can you beat it?" He eagerly leaned forward in the dusk until his head overhung the little heap of silver coins in the center of the blanket. The red

firelight played over his young and eager face, and an aspen log snapped, suddenly casting a shower of sparks overhead.

Seated cross-legged on the farther edge of the worn blanket, a tall blond man with impassive features and filmy blue eyes laid his cards on the deck without speaking.

"Ah, beat you!" Gove cried, with a little laugh of triumph. "Don't ever bluff me, my boy! I'm a roarer at draw-poker, if I do say it." His earth-cracked hands closed over the money. "That's my third pot, Finberg," he crowed, "and three times running at that. You'll have to brace up."

The other had taken the deck, and his long, thin fingers shuffled the cards. "My luck always runs badly just at first," he said. "I'll make doings in a little bit." He handed the deck across and laid down a tweny-five cent piece. "My ante," he droned; "two bits. Let's raise the limit."

"Can't," Gove laughed, "until I get more of your coin. My pardner and I are rather on the raw edge financially."

Finberg pursed his thin lips. "That's hard on me," he said. "If I had known I wouldn't have suggested this game. A man's last play always hoodoos me. I guess I'll be content to quit when I lose a hundred. Your pardner has ridden up to Cape Horn, you say?"

"Yes, we ran short on dried fruits and baking powder. He went to stock up and get our mail." The cards were cut and dealt.

"Jack-pot?" Finberg suggested, merely glancing at his hand.

"You're a game one," Gove said, shoving the cards across and adding a half-dollar to the pot. "If I had lost three jacks running, I'd be content to play straight draw-poker for a while."

"Too slow," Finberg commented, shuffling in his turn. "I hope your pardner—what's his name?—Prugh—brings some whisky with him. I'm entirely out, and I'd like to buy a bottle."

"Wait till I go broke and I'll stake the liquor," Gove returned. "Can't open the pot. Sweeten it two bits." The deal passed.

"Excuse me for mentioning it," Finberg said in a moment. "Of course we started this game as an amusement, but it has grown into the real thing. So long as it was penny-ante it didn't matter, but I feel as if I'm taking a rather unfair advantage. You see, I'm an old player—a professional, in fact, as you've probably guessed—though, like you, I'm out on a prospecting hike. Now, you uncon-

sciously give me points that I'll have to take advantage of if the play gets heavy. I know, for instance, that you can open the pot this deal, but you haven't a good hand. Jacks to aces, I should say. It happens that I'll have to open it myself." He laid a dollar with the other money. "One card," he added.

Gove looked chagrined as he dealt. "The expression on my face,

I suppose?" he queried.

"Exactly. You get too interested; no man can control his facial muscles unless he keeps an impassive mental attitude. Open it for the limit," he added.

Gove hesitated. "I've told you too much about my hand," he

said at last, laying it down. "Take the pot."

Finberg displayed a pain of knaves, carefully mingling the other three cards with the deck. "My openers," he said. "I notice you always show your full hand. It isn't necessary, and it lets your opponent size up your method of bluffing—if you bluff."

The deal passed again, and for a time the two sat quietly, merely breaking the silence to make their plays. Rather wild and savage they seemed in the mingled shadows of evening, and the palpitating firelight, their features now distinct, and now shadowy and vague. Below the fire a creek purled, and beyond the narrow flat a heavily wooded mountain towered skyward, its black top dimming against the dusk heaven. Behind them the bare and rocky slope slowly ascended into chorusing spruces, which hid their hill from view, but a little glimmer among the trees there betrayed Finberg's camp, and, with the spasmodic jingle of burros' bells, added a hint of life to the forest.

"Ever been at Cape Horn?" Finberg suddenly inquired during a

pause in the game.

"No; we came into this country from the Black Valley district. Been prospecting and working north all summer. Hadn't found a smell of gold until a few weeks ago. Got good claims now, with assessments and recording done, and we're hunting for more. What's Cape Horn like, anyway?"

"Nothing but a couple of stores, a saloon, a ranch, two wagonroads and a string of burro trails. I was going to ask you about a
grave there—old pardner of mine—Billy Hicksey. He stopped at
the Cape one night, got the D. T.'s, and cashed in. They planted
him behind the saloon, but nobody knew his name. I met a fellow
named Creede last month who told me about it, and from the description I'm sure it was Hicksey. I'm going over now to put up some
sort of a head-board. Creede said he stuck up a box-top and painted
'Bill' on it, along with some impromptu poetry. The present obituary is:

'He didn't have no other name, But this one served the purpose just the same.'

Rather farcical?"

"Or ghastly," Gove said; "it's according to how you look at it—I'll open the pot. A dollar."

"And I'll stay in. Three cards.—I was prospecting in the Winnacosta district when the news of Hicksey's death brought me over here. I'm digging holes as I trail, but I haven't found anything promising as yet.—You go the limit? A dollar better."

The betting went on monotonously. Gove called, and Finberg displayed his hand.

"Take it away," Gove said; "you've got me skinned. There's my openers; two pair, aces up. Your deal.—Aren't you a 'varsity man?"

"Beloit, '84. I chose it for the color—old gold.—Ante up, you're shy.—But it's little good I got from it. Learnt to play poker pretty well. I took the wrong course. Should have gone in for something solid.—I cover your ante. Cards?"

"One. You drew two?—I'm Columbia, '02. I didn't even learn to play poker well, as you see.—Dammit, take the pot!—Fell in love with a Barnard girl and came West to dig up the big gold.—My deal, isn't it?—I still get letters from her, but I guess she'll make a fortune about fifty years before I do. She has a bunch of business relatives who are trying to marry her off, though she still sticks to me. If I win out soon, she'll come West."

"Make it a jack-pot?" Finberg suggested again. "But that's everybody's story, my boy. The girl I was sweet on was ruined by the worst scoundrel in Wisconsin. He deserted her in a year, leaving her and the baby to starve. I heard he had come out here and turned gambler. That's one reason I'm in the business. If I ever meet up with him I'll send him hot-foot to hell. His name is Rook Busteed. Ever heard of him?"

"No, can't say I have." Gove looked up with a glimmer of interest at Finberg's impassive face. "I hope you find him."

"Oh, I will some day; no doubt of it at all. I thought perhaps you might know him. I generally ask. It's a monomania of mine. Forget it.—Can you open the pot?"

"No; sweeten it a quarter.—Say, you are a little ahead of me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have the best of it so far. Don't play too heavily, and if we're anything like even we'll quit when your pardner returns. He ought to be here now. Horn is only about ten miles north.—Good Lord!' He pursed his lips and stared at his cards with a distinct frown on his face, the first sign of emotion he had exhibited since the game began.

"I open the pot," Gove said promptly. Finberg hesitated, hemmed, and counted the money on the blanket. "Twelve dollars," he reflected; "I'll let you have it, I guess." He uneasily laughed. "Fact is," he continued, "a man who gambles much grows superstitious,

and I'll have to plead guilty of throwing up a game when I had three of a kind in my hand."

"Eh?" Gove exclaimed. "Three of a kind? Sevens, too. Why, I had only my usual two pair, tens on trays. You'd have beaten me hollow." He gleefully gathered the money.

Finberg pushed out two cards from the rest—the pair of red sevens. "Never heard the gamblers' superstition regarding these boys?" he inquired. "It's not many professionals who will play a hand that has the red sevens in it. When they do— Well, the last time I saw. Billy Hicksey alive was down in Pine Creek at Bell's old hotel. Hicksey was playing draw-poker with a half-dozen of us. It was a jack-pot, and the stakes had grown pretty big when I opened the pot. Hicksey had exactly the hand I held a moment ago—three sevens—two of them red. I saw that he hesitated, but finally he stayed in. He drew the other seven. Held four of a kind and just about cleaned me out. That hand won him three thousand dollars—and where is he now? Dead of the bug-jumps, and buried. No, I don't play red sevens."

Gove laughed with a rather jarring tone of superiority. "I'd play them in a minute," he returned, "and for two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars less than three thousand. By your own showing it was whisky that killed your friend, and not a pair of playing cards."

Finberg hunched his shoulders. "God knows!" he returned. saw French Michaud play a pair of red sevens years ago, holding them against Jim Bell; and the Platte Valley vigilantes—that was in the old boom days, of course—lynched Bell the same night for using crooked faro-boxes. He didn't hold the hand, but he played in the game. Red sevens always get some one of the players, though not necessarily the one who holds them .- Jack it again? No? Well, I'm quite willing to play it, though I have a liking for jack-pots. Give me one card.—I once saw a fellow shot near the old Ute reservation, who had played a full-house made from three deuces and those two deadly red sevens. It was in Thompson's saloon in Buffaloburg.—It's your bet. The limit, eh? I'll pass it back to you.— The man was a tin-horn sport from Denver. He got Indian Harrison and Whisky Evans into a game, using a marked deck on them, and stacked himself a full-house. Harrison spotted the crooked work and shot him five times, every bullet in the man's heart. Harrison was a fine shot. But when we looked at that fellow's hand the red sevens were there."

While Finberg gossiped, the two men had been betting back and forth, each one raising the preceding bet to the full limit. Gove's face was flushed, his eyes snapped, and he fidgeted in excitement, pay-

ing no attention to Finberg's monotonous flow of talk. But the professional gambler betrayed no interest in the game.

"I saw one other case," he quietly continued, as he raised Gove's bet, "down in Tombstone. There was a greaser there—"

"Hell!" Gove ejaculated, searching his pockets. "I'm cleaned out of silver. Wait a minute." He opened his shirt, exposing a broad white chest, and fumbled at his waist, bringing a brown money-belt to view. "There's two hundred here," he said, "all in gold eagles. I'm acting as banker for Zeb Prugh. Sixty of this is mine; the rest is his." He extracted three twenty-dollar gold pieces and strapped the belt about his waist again. "Count me out twenty dollars from the pot," he ordered, "and I'll put one of these gold pieces in."

Finberg complied and the betting continued. It was evident that each man held, or fancied that he held, or else was positive that the other did not hold, an excellent hand. But, before Gove's silver was all gone into the pot he began to hesitate. "I'll call you," he said.

Finberg displayed his cards. "Hearts," he responded; "a color flush. Can you beat it?"

Gove half rose and sat with a smothered oath. "It's all yours," he grunted. "Confound the luck! I thought you were bluffing. And I had a fine hand myself. Take it away—take it away. Damned if I don't go broke before I quit, anyhow. I wish I could use Prugh's money. That 'u'd fix you."

Finberg shook his head. "I don't do that sort of business," he returned firmly. "I'll win your money if I can, but we'll stop there. I'm straight."

Gove flushed. "I had no intention of robbing Prugh," he stiffly returned. "It was but a natural wish to have enough capital to give me a good chance of winning. You should see I'm not that sort of a chap."

"I beg your pardon," Finberg returned with more natural life in his voice than he had yet exposed. "I'm an ass. Of course I can see that you are straight as a pine. Your deal."

The talk flagged, and for some time they played in silence, while Gove steadily lost. Twilight deepened into black night. Finberg rose, threw a spruce stump on the fire, and resumed his seat. The stump roared and hissed. White light swallowed the red blaze of the fir fire, and the camp scene stood out in clear relief against the darkness. Still, no matter who dealt, or in what the betting consisted, Gove steadily lost; and at last he threw down the deck with a hearty curse, scattering the cards over the blanket and on the ground.

Finberg pocketed his winnings and took out a cigar-case. "Smoke?" he asked. "Don't take it hard, Gove; it's all in a lifetime. Tell you what I'll do. You own a half interest in this prospecting outfit, don't you?"

Gove gloomily nodded as he picked up a burning twig and lighted his cigar.

"Want to stake it? If Prugh is a square fellow, I wouldn't mind

going into cahoots with him. What's your half worth?"

"Gove mentally computed. "About one hundred and fifty," he said, finally, "including blankets, grub, pack horses and my saddle-horse and saddle. But that doesn't include any claims Prugh and I may have taken up together before to-night."

"Of course not. Any claims would be yours and Prugh's. I'll stake a hundred and fifty against your half interest in this outfit, if you want me to. Make it one game, a jack-pot and show-down. If you lose I refund fifty dollars to help you on your feet again. I don't believe in putting a man out. If I lose I quit playing for tonight. Agreeable?"

"Well, I'll go you!" Gove recklessly exclaimed.

Finberg gathered the scattered cards and counted them. "All here," he announced. "Want to count?" Gove shook his head negatively, and Finberg shuffled the deck, in a moment tossing a card to Gove and another to himself. "King," he said, looking at Gove's card; "you deal." He passed the deck and counted out a hundred and fifty dollars in gold. "You can't very well put your stake on the table," he observed, smiling. Gove laid the deck on the blanket without speaking, and Finberg cut.

"Can't open," the gambler announced after glancing at his hand. "Nor I." The deck was passed to Finberg and shuffled, cut and dealt. Neither could open the jack-pot, and again Gove dealt.

"Nothing doing," Finberg announced.

Gove hesitated for the slightest perceptible instant of time. "I'll open it," he said, keeping his voice normal by a muscular effort. "Cards?"

"I've got a very bum hand," Finberg returned with nonchalance. "I guess I'll trust to luck and draw four."

Gove dealt them, and then gave himself one card.

"Show down," Finberg said, exposing his hand. "You're a hoodoo dealer to yourself, my boy. I held up an ace; you gave me the other three. Four aces. I guess the pot's mine."

Gove stood erect, white-lipped and nervous. This time he did not swear. It was with an effort that he merely nodded. He even forgot to display his hand, as the custom is, to show his opponent the cards necessary for opening the jack-pot.

Finberg looked up with a slight shadow of commiseration on his face. "Luck is an uncertain proposition," he inanely remarked; and took a hundred dollars, leaving the other fifty on the blanket. "There's the rebate," he smiled. "It may take you to a fortune. Quien sabe?" Noticing that Gove had not shown his cards, the

gambler leaned over and picked up the hand. "How badly did I beat you?" he asked, displaying them. "Hello!" He was actually startled. The cards were a full-house—three kings and a pair of sevens—red sevens.

"Gove!" Finberg cried in genuine distress as he stood and placed a hand on the young man's shoulder. "Did you open the pot with those red sevens? I warned you about playing a hand like that. I'd rather have lost my pile than have been in this game. If it doesn't mean you, it means me."

Gove kicked a charred log into the fire and turned with a clear face. "Yes, I know you warned me," he said, "but I had two pairs, kings on sevens, and it was too good a hand to pass up. I drew the other king. If you hadn't had such infernal luck I'd have won. But I'm sorry if it worries you, old man. Neither of us is in any danger. Don't make your will."

"That's to be seen," Finberg insisted. "One of us will regret you played those sevens."

"Oh, that's all right," Gove laughed, having regained control of himself again. "If I go out, put over me an obituary, 'He held red sevens and lost.' If it's you, I'll see that you get a good funeral somehow, with all the trimmings. I believe Pugh has a little whisky in the tent. Will you drink with me?"

"With pleasure." Finberg glanced at his watch. "If you aren't afraid, I won't be, either; devil take the hindmost. What's become of that pardner of yours? or of mine, rather? How will he take matters, I wonder? Is he the executioner?"

"He's an easy-going chap." Gove stopped on his way to the low A-tent. "I believe I hear a horse down the trail now," he added.

Finberg stepped out of the circle of fire-light and stared. A horse's hoofs clattered over loose stones in the creek-bed.

"Oh-ho!" Gove called. "That you, Zeb?"

"Yeh, this is me, Bub," some one returned out of the darkness. The voice had a forced and unnatural lugubriousness about it; and, without speaking again, the rider came into the fire-light, drew rein, dismounted and lifted a bulky sack from the horse's loins. His full, healthy, humorous face was drawn down into funereal gloom, and he looked at Gove with commiserating sympathy.

"What's the matter?" Gove asked in alarm. "You look like you had heard of your whole family's extinction."

Prugh opened the mouth of his sack and reached his hands into it. "Hod-de, friend," he said, looking up and nodding at Finberg. Paper parcels ruffled under his rough touch. "Got a bottle o' champagne in here," he casually announced, "an' a pint o' French brandy. Git out the tin cups, Bubby."

"What?" Gove asked. "Champagne? French brandy?"

"Been breaking a bank?" Finberg laughed. "Champagne up here?

It sounds unreal.'

"It'll sparkle reel enough. I got it fr'm a' Eastern tourist outfit that's ridin' around in camp-wagons observin' nature and us folks. They didn't want to sell it at first, though I offered as high as twenty dollars. But when I explained what I wanted it for they was sure sympathisin' an' friendly, and they gave me the bottle. Wouldn't take no pay at all."

"Sympathising? What you wanted it for?" Gove echoed, returning with the cups. "What has happened, man? Don't beat about the

bush all day."

"Various things have happened," Pugh replied. "After I got the mail I was that down in the mouth that I went into the Cape Horn saloon and bucked the tiger. That's what kept me so long. I've been playing faro."

Finberg laughed loudly. "Well! well!" he cried, "if luck isn't a

fanciful dame! Broke the bank!"

"Not me. The man that owns the game is goin' to ride down here to-morrow mornin' and have me settle up. And in the mean-time— Say, Bub," he turned to Gove with the champagne bottle. "Here, you want to drink hearty. This man an' me won't care if you don't leave none. Just put the whole quart where it'll act on the heart. I've got— I've got some bad news. I've got two hunks of bad news, but I reckon the first hunk'll hit you so hard you won't notice t'other one."

"I knew it!" Finberg exclaimed. "That damned pair of red

sevens!"

"He's been playin' red sevens?" Pugh's jaw dropped as he stared at his partner. "That explains it all. Why, you burro, you've done gone an' killed her last month."

"Her?" Gove's hand went to his neck.

"I got a letter," Prugh stammered, opening his pocket-book; "it's been waitin' almost a month at Cape Horn. A letter for you fr'm New York.—Now, hurry up an' wade into that champagne; that's what I got it for."

"Give me!" Gove extended his hand. "How do you know that-"

"It's got a black border."

Gove snatched the envelope, tore it open, and hastily devoured the short note. "It's not Carrie! She's not dead, she—" He limply sat on a rock and burst into laughter—merriment of relief, of inexpressible, triumphant joy, with a chord of eager longing running

through it.

"I shouldn't laugh," he said at last; "it's not respectful, perhaps. But, man, I'll send for her as soon as we can reach a telegraph office. We'll be married in Denver. You fellows will have to come along!" He sprang up and caught Prugh by the arm. "An old grand-aunt and spinster extraordinary of mine has died without a will. I'm her heir. She hated me like poison. I inherit about fifty thousand dollars. Carrie will come out and marry me. We won't have to sell our claims. By golly, we can work them ourselves!"

Prugh emitted a barbaric whoop, caught Gove in his arms, and

circled the camp-fire, while Finberg looked on amusedly.

"We've found some mighty rich ore, maybe," Prugh confided to Finberg, as he danced past. "Wow, Bub! we'll pack up tomorrow!"

Gove suddenly stopped in his dance. "Jo!" he said softly, "I'd forgotten. I haven't any outfit."

Prugh, too, stopped in embarrassment. "I kind of forgot my sec-

ond piece of bad news," he said.

The two men stared at each other.

"I've been playing poker with Finberg here," Gove explained. "I lost my money and my share in this camp outfit. I've got fifty dollars and my clothes."

"But you didn't play my money?" Prugh anxiously inquired.

"No. of course not."

"It'd have been all right, only I need it. This is funny. This is reel funny!" Prugh sat on the Navajo blanket and threw his hat aside. "As I said afore," he explained, "havin' got that there black letter, which I sure thought meant your girl's disease, I went mellycolic an' bucked the tiger. I lost all the coin I had on me, an' after explainin' to the dealer that you had my cash, he reckoned he c'u'd trust me, so I kept on playin'. I lost all except fifty plunks-I reckoned I'd keep that much to git out o' the country on-an' then I staked my interest in this here camp outfit an' lost it. But your a'nt sure saved our bacon."

"Lucky dogs," Finberg said, shaking hands with them. "Let's have the champagne. It seems that you're not my pardner, after all, and this faro dealer is. He will make me do all the work, I sup-

pose. What's his name? I may know him."

"A feller named Busteed," Prugh answered; "Rook Busteed." Finberg's eves went almost shut. "Rook!" he said. "Busteed!" "But that's the man you're hunting for!" Gove cried in amazement. "Yes," Finberg softly returned. "Yes, that's the hell-hound!" Denver, Colo.

THE MYSTERY

(In a Petrified Forest.) By S. I. DARLING.

LAY my hand upon this prostrate form And feel no life astir along the veins Once thrilling to the anthem of the storm, Slow swelling in the softly-dripping rains. Cold, gray and moveless, where it fell it lies, Weighted with all the longing of the earth To reach the strength and glory of the skies, Heavy with earth's despair, its worth In strangeness, more than beauty, now. Gently I brush the veiling dust and gaze, As I have looked and wondered how A face once loved had caught the secret ways Of fixity eternal, born of change, Wrought by the chemistry no man ordained. Earth, thou art wonderful! God, thou art strange! And yet, what power to cheer hath either gained? That was the child, and this the waving tree-Some yesterday, were things of life, men said, That fed and drank and moved, strong-limbed and free! Hide them again! Now are these truly-dead! Dimond, Cal.

THE APPLES OF HESPERIDES

By GERTRUDE DIX.

LL the winter long the house of Martinez was tightly packed by a brown brood, keeping warm by comfortable proximity, like birds in a nest. But as soon as the rains were over the swarm flocked out into the open, bearing pots and pans and kitchen stove and other

furniture—all to find summer quarters on the flat space beside the creek which ran close by the family dwelling. Hanging her utensils on nails driven into the pine-trees, and filling her kettles directly from the stream, Mrs. Martinez felt all the benefits of a complete change of air, and even the old cook-stove—that Moloch of which she was the faithful, though often weary, priestess—puffed into the limpid atmosphere with an amiable vigor. The olive-skinned children, with the fever of Spring in their yeins, ran and shouted in so many places at once that they appeared to multiply themeslyes into uncountable numbers. Like their friend, the creek, they never ceased to shout, sing and dance, and to make themselves busy at every conceivable occupation short of attendance at the school at Murphy's Flat, where they were contemned and assailed as Greasers by the noble American youth of the camp. Only at sundown, when Mr. Martinez returned from the mine, and the wind blew cold from the mountains, they hugged the house again, dropping one by one into their lairs as their father made his nightly music on the violin and the Cornish organ in the little parlor.

On the day of such a "move-out"—a warm, glorious day in March—when all were enjoying their first meal in the open, two of the agile boys leaped from their places at sight of a tall old man wending slowly along the opposite side of the creek. He stopped to ask them some question in a voice that was drowned by the rush of the stream, and dinner was suspended while interested politeness superseded even the hunger stimulated by the morning's work. Only when the stranger, evidently tired and way-worn, had been persuaded by little Joe to cross the bridge of rocks and loose pieces of board, and had been invited to seat himself at the table, did anyone feel at liberty to fall to again. Mrs. Martinez heaped his plate with steaming food from the pot, and many pairs of eyes sent furtive glances at the grave old man who had the air of a traveler and who seemed to have come a very long way.

He was very tired, so tired that he could not eat, and when the children had expanded into space Mrs. Martinez pressed him to stay and rest. If he would spend the night the barn was comfortable with a fresh load of hay and he could start refreshed the next morning. The old man thanked her, almost compelled by his extreme weariness to accept her hospitality. Even as he sat in the

chair under the pines he fell asleep. When he woke he begged her pardon for having fallen into a doze and told her that he was going to see his old friend, Dick Steele, above Murphy's, about the planting of an apple-orchard. In the early days they had paid a dollar apiece for apples a Chinaman had brought into Jacksonville. They were cheaper now, but there was always a good living in raising fruit. The little woman smiled, uncritical and sympathetic, and opening his bundle he showed her a packet of apple-seeds he had saved from a very fine apple—apples that grew in the mountains of Washington—of a beautiful golden color.

"Look as if they'd got the gold out of the ground, ma'am," he said.

"Ah, gold!" sighed Mrs. Martinez. "Sometimes I think it's a curse. My husband works in the Bullion. I often wish he wasn't a miner. Last week the rock fell on Manuel Perez and he was killed."

"Ay, ay," returned the old man, gazing at the seeds. "It's better to grow things. Mining's dangerous! But mark me, the sea is worst of all! I've been a sea-captain and I know. There's no gold in the sea—only what's been sunk in the good ships that have gone down. Long ago I was told to steer clear of water, but I wouldn't listen and my two good ships, the Sparkling Nugget and the Golden Queen, are both at the bottom. The sea took everything—everything I had."

"And now you've come back to the mountains," said Mrs. Martinez, wonderingly.

"Ay, I came back." His face grew ashen as with the shadow of some recent unexpected blow. "I thought I could wash out a dollar a day on the Bar while my apple trees were growing."

"What bar?"

"Think o' that! You never heard of it! Why, old Moccasin on the Tuolumne. Men used to be working on it as thick as bees. But now it's gone! I wouldn't believe it till I saw it with my own eyes. Ay, sea-water or river-water—it's all the same."

After this he had little more to say till he cheered up on the arrival of Mr. Martinez. Huge, dark, splendid of frame and full of fine natural courtesy, Martinez moved with a ponderous dignity and the air of a Spanish Grandee. Seated beside him at the table, the Captain—Captain Starbuck was his name—with the children wide-eyed and listening, told them how he had run away to sea; rounded the Cape; come to 'Frisco in '50, and hit the trail for the gold-fields with the rest of the crew. Then, as the wind blew cold along the creek, Martinez led the way to the house. His immense presence almost filled the tiny parlor, but there was just room for his wife and the Captain, while the children, squatting on their brown toes, overflowed about the door and upon the veranda. And the Captain

continued to talk of the old days. When he had returned a week ago to Jacksonville, the camp had looked pretty much the same and nothing had been altered in the hotel. Did Martinez know it? Had he ever noticed in the picture in the saloon, of Washington with the eagle and the flags, the bit of sticking-plaster over George's left evebrow? Well, he had put it there forty-seven years ago, just after the picture had been painted by an artist that had done it to pay his board-bill. It was in '52. Kangaroo Jim had come in and started shooting off his mouth because the eagle wasn't bald-headed like those he had seen in Colorado. He had wanted to put a bullet through the bird, but the bullet had hit Washington instead. Yes, everything had been much the same in Jacksonville except that the Bar had gone. Now he was going to see about planting an orchard. Did Martinez know Dick Steele who lived above Murphy's?

Martinez, as his wife glanced at him, seemed to be distressed. But after a moment's hesitation he merely nodded his assent and changed the drift of the conversation. When, however, the Captain had been lighted to bed in the barn, where quilts had been spread for him upon the hay, he returned to the parlor and took down his violin with a frown, telling his wife that Dick Steele was dead—had died three months ago. Then he began to play, as he always did when he was troubled. First the music was a march, a journey—the journey, sober yet full of hope, of an old man returning to the scenes of his youth. Then it changed to the minor. It told of the wanderings of one who had come back to find only the ghosts of dead friends and half-forgotten things. It conjured up the weary figure seeking in vain upon the river-bank, to the harsh sound of the cruel river that had washed away the Bar. Then came the journey once more. The old man, reviving as he had done again and again after the rebuffs of his life, was going up into the mountains to seek the old comrade of his youth—to plant his orchard—but as he went he was weary. He had grown old and very tired. Then suddenly the music's lagging pilgrimage broke off short into ugly discords. Rosita Martinez gave a little cry. Her heart was full of pity. It was terrible that the knowledge of death must destroy the last hope of the old man! But Martinez did not end so. He drew his bow over the strings in sweet and tender notes. Only Rosita was still troubled and the discords haunted her.

But the next day, and for many days that followed, Captain Starbuck seemed to have forgotten entirely about Dick Steele and his errand. Like a child he sat among the children, engrossed in a new occupation. He was making them ships. With a sharp jack-knife, with pieces of oak and pine, with string, with all the odds and ends of material they showered upon him, he fashioned three-masted brigs and schooners, complete in every detail. The boys paddled in

the creek, constructing a harbor, making a smooth pool where they could swim in safety, and as the days slipped by the Captain and his ships seemed to be a part of their lives—as integral a part as their mother and the cook-stove and the cow they took turns to milk. Nor did the Captain ever speak of going away—only talking vaguely sometimes of writing to his daughter in Seattle. As the ships multiplied in number, little Joe, who was his special friend, conceived a plan for his advantage. One day he appeared before him, fresh from his mother's hands, in best suit, with hair plastered on his forehead, and two of the ships in neat three-cornered wrappings.

"Capitano," he said, "I am going to sell these to the men in the stage at Big Oak Flat. Then you will have money to buy wax and good lumber and fine string for more ships. Yes, and stamps, too, so's you can write to your daughter in Seattle."

The Captain started at the last word. "Seattle!" he said. "Seattle! I don't want to go back to Seattle—never no more."

"No," said little Joe. "Not go back—only write. That is a grand ship you are making now, Capitano. I will get five dollars for it." And he ran joyously on his errand.

But the Captain's hands trembled so that the rigging hung limp from the spars, and he accidentally knocked off the bowsprit and could not fix it again. Seattle! He had come from Seattle to work on the Bar. And the Bar was gone! He had to find something else to do for a living now-something else. But he had forgotten everything—wasting his time, making ships for the children! What was it he had intended to do? He held his head in his hands trying to remember. He went into the barn, took down his bundle which was hanging from a nail, and unfastened it to see what it contained. There was his money—his good clothes—his shirts—his packet of apple seeds. Yes, yes! He was going up to Dick Steele to see his orchard before planting one of his own. And he must lose no more time. He refastened his bundle and stole out. Some of the children were lighting the stove for the noon-day meal. The sight of them all, with their mother at work in the midst, distressed him. He hated to go away without a word of good-bye, yet all their oustretched hands and protests would delay him, and he must go at once. He would come back and make more ships when he had got his orchard started. He went down to the creek and placed his last and not quite finished ship in the basin in which the others rode at anchor; then, taking the trail that led alongside the water, threated silently and swiftly upward.

Often he looked back, foreseeing that the children would run after him, and when he heard their shouts he dived into some thick brush and hid till they abandoned their search. Pressing on as fast as he could go, he realized that he had been losing strength

ever since he had come back to the mountains. It must have been because he had been idling at the Martinez place instead of attending to business. He wondered how long he had been there-whether days or weeks he could not recollect, but, thank God, Spring was not over! When he had left Jacksonville the rains had barely ceased, and among all the leafless branches only the almond trees had been dressed in their pink-white blossom. Now, as he neared Murphy's, he could see blossom everywhere, and all the world glittered and danced and sang as when Spring is in her prime. Fearing lest he should be noticed, he skirted round the camp, and then, joining his old friend, the creek, again, sat down under some trees to rest. Again he hastened, but, as the day declined, he was forced to realize that he should not reach Dick Steele's that night. As darkness fell he happened upon a ranch, where he paid for supper and a bed. He was pleased that the people there were very taciturn, and asked him no questions.

The next day he started cheerfully, his goal within measurable distance, but after a little while his spirits flagged, and from time to time he would find himself forgetting and have to make an effort to remember whither he was going. How he finished his journey he did not know. He seemed to fight his way through a darkness that descended on him, though he knew quite well the sun was shining. Even with his feet upon a trail that he remembered and was glad to find not obliterated, this darkness that could be felt overwhelmed him, and he could go no farther.

He awoke. The cloud had lifted. He could see the sky overhead and the high bending grass waving round him as he lay concealed among them. Raising his head, he found he was in a cup of the mountains, marvelously green, with rills that tinkled in the herbagerills with fresh voices that would charm Spring to stay among them when all the world without was parched and brown with drought. And at the other end of this place of emerald enchantment glimmered a bloomy whiteness that filled him with strange joy. He rose to his feet. At last he saw the apple-trees and the orchard of his dream! Yes, yes, he never doubted it, and the perfect solitude was full of reassurance to him. The mountains seemed to bend nearer and look down to see, and he smiled, serene in their friendship, and went across the sward with swift, unfaltering feet. He went in among the trees and drew deep breaths under their widespreading branches. This was not one of the orchards that had been planted vesterday. The gnarled brown trunks stretched this way and that, in vistas infinitely soothing to his eyes. Over his head the blue sky showed only by hand-breadths through the drifted masses of the flowers, and he trod on a fragrant carpet, growing thicker every moment with the descending snow of petals. In a

strange exaltation, forgetting all things but the triumph of the moment, the Captain moved bare-headed in this his land of promise, while something told him, as plainly as any voice that had ever spoken, that this orchard was his own—that no one would take it from him as long as he lived.

Beyond the trees was a cabin. The door stood ajar, and, certain that this was for him also, he looked in. The thick dust upon the table was a sign that it had waited a long time for him to come and take possession. The old chair, the bed in the corner, the stove, the cupboard—all were ready for him to arrange in the manner that he should please. But now the orchard called him, and again he inhaled the fragrance of the trees while that voice he had heard before—the voice of some dryad, or perhaps some angel—told him that all was his own—so long as he lived.

Again he was very tired—but now no longer the outcast homeless wanderer, but a king in his own kingdom, he lay down, pillowing his head upon his bundle, and fell happily asleep. The bees hummed in the branches; the streams sang among the grasses; and their benign mothers, the mountains, were like wise goddesses protecting with the folds of their green mantles some sacred place. The pink-tipped petals fell and fell on the old man who slept—on his face and breast and lidded eyes. They were the color of sea-shells, but soft and warm as the tenderest fingers. Still he slept, and from sunset to dawn again the petals fell, lying unstirred about his quiet mouth.

At noon on the day that followed his discovery a brown barefooted boy ran calling in and out among the trees. At last he knelt joyously by a figure at rest upon the flower-strewn grass.

"Capitano!" he cried, "Capitano, wake up! I have sold your ships. See—here is the money!"

But as the captain lay so very still and did not move, his small fingers trembled and the piece of gold fell upon the grass. He drew back with wide, frightened eyes. The gold lay close to the Captain's hand, but he did not heed it. Too late had come the tribute from the cruel sea, and he smiled with a wise, unchanged smile. Earth had been more kind. She had given him this garden and he had found eternal youth with the Golden Apples of Hesperides.

Weimar, Placer Co., Cal.



The last person that even the seven-times-seven son would have foreseen as liable to "butt in" to a discussion of Deformed Spelling is perhaps the two-edged Owen Wister. But the unexpected always happens—and here comes along Bro. "Virginian" with a most amiable little book: "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee." It carries the imprint of so respectable house as the Macmillans. It is also good stuff; for though Mr. Wr. has barely grazed the skin of the fun there is in the subject, he has made it "funny enough for poor folks." The moral of his able contribution may be quoted perhaps from page 95:

"Let the English language take care of herself. She has done it for one thousand years, and she'll do it for a thousand more, changing what she pleases and keeping what she pleases."

The Lion is somewhat tired of Spelling Simpletons; and would gladly bury the dreary remains of them that have bumped out, against a venerable idiom, what spare brains they had for leisure hours; save that some people who still retain vestiges of sanity continue to stir the subject up.

Though belated, it is never untimely to answer a febrile gentleman who runs a great big dictionary. The following letter explains this use of wasteful space.

October 26, 1907.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis,

Editor of "Out West,"

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Lummis:—Brander Matthews has just called my attention to your assault upon the "Century Dictionary" and myself in the October number of "Out West."

You will, of course, give to the enclosed reply the same publicity which you gave to the attack.

Very truly yours,

Of course-and then some.

October 25, 1907.

(Signed) BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, Editor of "Out West."

My Dear Sir:—In the October number of "Out West" there is a passage from your pen to which I desire to reply. Into a discussion with Professor Matthews on another subject, you inject a sweeping attack upon the "Century Dictionary" and support it by the statement (p. 369) that the "Century defines the pepper tree—which I have seen in its habitat in Peru, and of which there is a specimen in San Juan Capistrano, Cal., with a spread of over 120 feet—as the "Chili pepper," which is a Western annual about a foot high, bearing pepper pods of lovely hotness. So I'm not deeply impressed by the opinion of the editor on anything." The italics are mine.

Now this is simply-if curtly-not the fact, as you will see if you will kindly take the trouble to look at the definition. It merely says that the pepper-tree is "also called Chili pepper." It defines pepper-tree (Schinus Molle) accurately, I believe, from the botanical point of view (and, tho no botanist, I am almost as familiar with the tree as you are), as it also defines chilli (the pods or fruit of Capsicum annuum—the "Western annual"), which, ignorant as I am, I also have seen. That is, the Dictionary does not say (as you assert)—could not say—that the pepper-tree is the Chili pepper in the sense of chilli=C. annuum; it simply says that it is or has been called by the name of Chili pepper, as well as by that of pepper-tree. This is an elementary distinction, familiar to users of dictionaries, which completely refutes your statement. Under pepper, which you might have looked up, it says: "Chile pepper (a) See pepper-tree. (b) Same as Chilli": in other words, that, as I have just said, two distinct things are called by the same name. It is obviously solely a question of popular nomenclature. Now on that question you will, I think, accept the authority of Dr. Murray (of the "Oxford Dictionary"), if not ours. Under pepper he says: "Chili pepper (a)-Pepper-tree, a.;" and if you you turn to pepper-tree, a, you will find that it is your old friend Schinus Molle! It is a little amusing, also, to find that he condemns as "erroneous" the meaning of Chili pepper=chilli (pods), which you assume to be the obvious and only proper one! You will find his reasons for venturing to differ from you on a question of philology under the word chilli and also in the etymology of that word in the "Century Dictionary." Further, under chilli-pepper the "Century" says that in California this word is used as a name of the pepper-tree. Now, if you contend that no one worth noticing has, in fact, called the pepper-tree the Chili pepper, or that no one has done so in California, proof of this contention is in order and, if given, will gladly be accepted by the "Century" and doubtless by the "Oxford," Your actual charge, however, is something absolutely different and wholly erroneous.

I will add that among my opinions, however worthless they may be, is this: that criticism of a work, which was written practically throuout by scholars and men of science of high repute (the botanists whose knowledge you, by implication, question, are Dr. Sereno Watson (now dead) of Harvard, and Dr. Lester F. Ward, now of Brown), should be prepared and published with the same regard for accuracy and dispassionate statement that marks the men and the book criticised. The editors of the "Century Dictionary" have never deprecated, sought to escape, or resented criticism so conceived and expressed. Very truly yours,

(Signed) BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

Now; what the-House-afire!

Mr. Smith is a most amiable and talented lexicographer. Also Eastern. He feels that he and the Century Dictionary were "assaulted" in the course of certain mild remarks in answer to my friend Brander Matthews. Mr. Matthews quoted the editor of the

Century Dictionary as one of the prsns in favor of Deformed Spelling. My soporific say-so on this special point was as follows—and yet an Eastern A. M., L. H. D. talks of that as an "attack"—even "a sweeping attack!" Sweep? God bless us! Why, that was merely a slight poke from the other end of the broom.

"As for the Century Dictionary, I wish to say that I will engage, even at my normal rates (and dictionary work is much harder than plain writing), to supply a volume large enough to add to a set of the Century Dictionary, and devoted to a compact correction of the blunders—the sore and shameful blunders—of the Century Dictionary touching the English language as she is defined for the United States and the New World in general. As a single example, I will remark that this monumental dictionary, which has the face to charge its patrons something like \$80 a set, defines the pepper tree—which I have seen in its habitat in Peru, and of which there is a specimen in San Juan Capistrano, Cal., with a spread of over 120 feet—as the "Chili pepper;"—which is a Western annual about a foot high, bearing pepper pods of lovely hotness. So I'm not deeply impressed by the opinion of the editor on anything."

Dr. Smith's word suffices to establish that Brander Matthews "called his attention." But I will hazard solid dollars against holes without any doughnuts around them that the Sage of Narragansett did not advise him to sass back. Nor does Dr. Smith rally to the defense of Deformed Spelling, which was somewhat "picked upon." All he could see in the article was the incidental reference to him and his.

It is quite as easy apparently for Mr. Smith to be "simple" as "curt." His statement as to the definition of pepper-tree fully outlines his kind of accuracy. He is the editor of the dictionary. His statement as to what the dictionary says is above. What the dictionary actually says, as any one may find by consulting it, is as follows: Page 959. Vol. 2, "Chilli-pepper * * * In California the pepper-tree, Schinus Molle." This is ignorant as to the botanical definition, but it is a light on Dr. Smith.

On the same page a few items above, is the similar gem "chilli, chilly * * * The chilli colorado of the Mexicans * * *" (and close) "Chilli-coyote, in California the seeds of species of bigroot." Nobody better educated than Mr. Smith ever spelled chilli-coyote the way he does—even in California. The word is chilacayote; and it has nothing whatever to do with either chile or coyote. Bare as we are of adequate dictionaries in this country, Mexico and other lands have printed text books which teach any student to avoid so stupid a blunder as this.

Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., believes that his dictionary "defines pepper-tree accurately from the botanical point of view"—and thinks he is "almost as familiar with the tree as I am." Mebbe so. But my familiarity has not bred such contempt. His definition is "A shrub or small tree of the cashew family, Schinus Molle, native in South America and Mexico * * * Also called pepper-shrub and chili pepper."

If Mr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., had ever seen one of my Christmas trees, which is made of this "shrub," I think he would melt and replace one of the plates of the Century Dictionary. A tree which

grows to a spread of 120 feet, with a height of 60, is hardly a 'shrub" or "small tree." The pepper is not a native of Mexico, as any tyro in Spanish American history knows; for the historic record is notorious as to who sent the first seeds of a pepper-tree from Peru to Mexico. The gentleman's name has somehow leaked into the Century Dictionary; though neither this nor his other chief distinctions are mentioned there. Anybody who knows anything fit to entitle him to be a lexicographer for the West knows not only this, but that the tree is universally called, among Spanish-speaking people north of Peru, by a name which indicates this habitat. If any person now extant ever called a pepper-tree "pepper shrub" it must have been reserved to Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., to hear him or her. Nobody in California ever called it so, nor nobody in Mexico, nor nobody in Peru. The conclusion of this "accurate botanical definition" that Dr. Smith defends is literally, "Also called pepper shrub and chilli-pepper." A great many things are "also called." A dictionary edited by an A. M., L. H. D., is not presumed to repeat all the gossip of the street. I might call Mr. Smith by the very simple two-word definition which would most naturally arise to the lips of a student in this case; but this would not at all suggest to a biographical dictionary that it define "Benjamin E. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., Editor of the Century Dictionary, The Century Cyclopedia of Names, the Century Atlas, also called Dam Phool." If it is not a pitiful and pettifogging apology in a textbook which is sold to teach people the use of words, and which gives its authority to say that a certain thing is called by a certain name—thereby entitling people to believe that they may call it by the same name—to crawl behind Mr. Smith's excuse, then I don't know. The simple point I wish to make of record is this: that no person fit for an instant to be considered by or quoted in any dictionary, encyclopedia, text book, reader, primer, leaflet or Salvation Army tract, ever called the tremendous pepper tree a "chilli pepper" or a "pepper shrub."

Dr. Smith "believes" that "pepper tree is correctly defined from a botanical point of view." Maybe it is. Page 4384 of the Century Dictionary is Bro. Smith's definition. "A shrub or small tree of the cashew famly, Schinus Molle, native in South America and Mexico, and cultivated for ornament and shade in Southern California and

other warm, dry climates."

Turning to Schinus, we learn among other things that the tree "Is characterized by * * * a single ovule * * * becoming in fruit a globose wingless drupe resembling a pea." Sho, now! Perhaps, "tho not a botanist," the eminent editor will tell us how the fruit of the pepper tree "resembles a pea?" Because it grows in a pod? Because of its color? Because of its shape? Because of its size? Because of its taste? Because of anything on God's earth that would occur to anybody but an arm-chair fiddler with words for a dictionary? Did Dr. Smith ever see a blood-red pea, with seeds into it, hanging loosely on the end of a graceful filament, and "without no pod"; rounder than any apple, and without any of the bivalve suggestion of a pea?

Dr. Smith is a master of deadly "sarkasism" as A. Ward called it. Witness, "You will find his (Dr. Murray's) reasons for venturing to

differ from you on a question of philology under the word Chilli, and also in the etymology of that word in the Century Dictionary." This is somewhat awful; but I would like to know who told Dr. Murray and Dr. Smith that chilli is "From the native Guiana name" which is the "etymology" Dr. Smith brags of. The word is pretty good Nahuatl. Neither Dr. Smith nor Dr. Murray knows Nahuatl from a terrene concavity; neither did the word-butchers who first put this word phonetically into English dictionaries. All that any or all of them ever knew was derived from the Spanish, which is chile, pronounced cheé-leh. If Dr. Smith or Dr. Murray will produce any person who knews a little more of linguistics than they do, who will vouch that this is "a native Guiana word"; if they will produce any historic archive in support of their contention, which I cannot copper with ten equally credible archives—why, I will tender my extinguished apologies.

Dr. Smith thinks this "is obviously and solely a question of popular nomenclature." I turn in haste to find out what has his sanction for "popular." While I would not buck my forgotten Latin against the Century Dictionary; and while that great text-book does not seem to me to define the word as usage employs it, it does at least recognize the Latin root, and does confess in effect that a thing cannot be "popular" unless it is used by the people. Certainly these abortions are not used by the people—at least except by the few such people as are unfortunately dependent for their education upon

Dr. Smith's lexicography.

A man who can't quote his own dictionary straight should avoid contention. Dr. Smith says in his letter "Further, under chillipepper the Century says that in California this word is used as a name of the pepper tree." What the Century Dictionary says is "Chilli-pepper * * * in California, the pepper tree, Schinus Molle." Nothing there about "used as a name."

Under this one topic, without wasting too much time, I note seven

or eight blunders of Dr. Smith's dictionary.

The Century Dictionary also doesn't contain any allusion to the name by which this tree was first known in the United States, and is still known exclusively by many hundreds of thousands of citizens—a name which defines the derivation of this useful exotic.

If this is not blunders enough under the definitions and cross references to one unprotected tree, I don't know what glut of incom-

petency would satisfy Dr. Smith.

Since Mr. Smith invites it, I must say (and am ready to prove) that as to Western terms, the monumental text book under his charge is generally deficient. I do not know of any person remotely competent to speak for Western lexicography who has ever had a hand in the Century Dictionary.* I do know that simply out of pride in and love for the West I offered years ago, to Mr. Smith personally, to expert gratuitously all his Western items—which would have meant the reading of his whole dictionary and the picking out of the things which are particular to us that have escaped the East. It is not a joke at all when I say that I could make a volume, not perhaps quite as thick, but certainly worthy to be added as an appendix

^{*}Except that in half a dozen items I detect the firm hand of Hodge. Evidently Dr. Smith was afraid to let him do more.

to said dictionary, correcting the blunders of said dictionary as to the history and the definitions touching that part of the United States

lying West of the Missouri River.

I have the highest reverence, as every scholar has, for Dr. Murray and the Oxford Dictionary. The Century Dictionary, being a little nearer to God's Country, might be expected to improve upon it. If Dr. Murray says that about chile pepper and pepper tree—God bless him, with the other of his countrymen whose ideas about the West are fearful and wonderful, indeed. It may be admitted, with Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., that Dr. Murray is also erroneous in "the meaning of chili pepper—chilli (pods) which you deem to be the obvious and only proper one." He is erroneous; more, he is silly.

Apparently Mr. Smith has learned his lesson on chile not from the United States, not from the philology of the word, or its history,

but from Murray.

The Lion never "contends." Life is too short. He simply remarks. If there is any ignorance which has not been committed by some one, God may know it. If it has not been committed yet, it will be. But no person who knows enough to fall out the back end of a wagon ever called any of these historic, established, well-known and fully-formulated things, protected by the laws of language and of common sense, by the names that Mr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., stakes his dictionary upon. I would not for an instant "contend" that nobody in California ever called a pepper tree a chilli pepper. I have found as big fools in California as in New York, from which many of them come. Half the tenderfeet here cannot decently pronounce the name of the city they live in. I would commend to Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., that in the next edition of the Century Dictionary, Vol. 9, he add to the entry Chihuahua—"also called Chaihewa-hewa." It is, by the kind of folks that seem to have done his western titles. This would be quite as worthy of his type, his activity and his definition.

Possibly Dr. Smith is correct; possibly the burden of proof is on me when I say that nobody but a congenital chowder-mind ever did or ever could call the pepper tree a chili pepper. My sombre judgment is, however, that a dictionary is entitled to be built upon authority, rather than upon ignorance whence it awaits someone to

chase it.

If I am really "different," I will be glad to prove by every one of the Spanish dictionaries ever printed (and I think every one is in my library), by every commercial body, every university and school in the State of California that Mr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., and the Century Dictionary, had better leave their definitions all

and several of pepper tree, to die a natural death.

The Lion had no special thought of "criticising" the Century Dictionary, any more than he had of bringing Brander Matthews to the bars. A purely casual paragraph aroused the one; and the reply to Mr. Matthews has exacerbated Mr. Smith. Unfortunately the Lion has not the elegant disoccupancy of his Eastern friends. He can only lay a velvet semi-occasional paw upon the particular case. If he had only leisure enough, nothing would be better hunting than the attitude of the Century Dictionary as to almost everything that

belongs to the West. But the people that buy the Century Dictionary are satisfied; and the editor thereof is satisfied; so there is really

"no kick coming." Not even from Dr. Smith.

The Century Company is one of the most scholarly, honorable and competent publishing firms in all the world; and among many relations with publishers the Lion has none more pleasant. But the dictionary part of the enterprise has been chiefly entrusted to the very presentable gentleman whose calibre is best defined by his own letter printed above. Whatever criticisms I have made, or may make, of the Century Dictionary should be always understood to eliminate the House, which certainly intends to give, and certainly pays to give, the best that can be had. Dr. Smith's employers have not yet dilaniated their more intimate vestures, so far as I know.

That Dr. Smith has the same logical feeling about the functions of a dictionary that I have, it is a great pleasure to discover by looking up his entry of the word which had occurred to me as the most perfect parallel to the given case. If the Century Dictionary would treat American history as it treats the pancakes already fried for it by Dr. Murray and other lexicographers, we would not complain. Here is how she should be done in general, and how Dr.

Smith does her when he knows how:

"Ain't, a vulgar contraction of the negative phrases 'am not' and 'are not'; often used for 'is not,' and also, with a variant 'hain't' for 'have not' and 'has not.'"

What the Lion desires to impress upon Dr. Smith is that his pepper definitions and other Western ones are likewise vulgar contraptions; that the law is much more explicit and much longer established; that it is absolutely in print and accessible; and that if he knew where to look for it, or to hire people who did know, he would have saved himself and his \$80 text book from a mortification which will last so long as the text book remains unremedied and there reman people who have some education outside of the Century Dictionary.

Preciosity may very well be left to those who have no better occupation. There are people in the untutored West who have lithery parties to laugh over various Smithisms in the English language; but I think they are as Unemployed as those who play that sad game which is neither Whist nor Progress. It is only when it comes to matters whose definition is vital, historical, and educative that the Lion cares to look with sneerness on the arm-chair explorations of Dr. Smith in an English Dictionary for definitions of American novelties.

For instance, the Century Dictionary does not know anything about "horse-wrangler" except what it has been able to quote from a book by President Roosevelt—before he Was. Mr. Roosevelt tried to find out the derivation. Dr. Smith did not try. Or didn't try Hard.

"Cavayard" or "caballard" may be derived "from Spanish cavallardo" at 33 East 17th St., New York. But it is not so derived anywhere else. The gender is wrong for one trouble; and the R does not belong for another.

The eminent concoction by Dr. Smith makes a brave struggle at "picadilly" but doesn't hit it. It does not list the most famous of all

farinaceous diets—it would be an insult to call it the first "break-fast food," because it is really nutritious—the atole. Its derivation of "peccary," the aboriginal wild hog of America, is rot; and it has neither Eastern nor Western horizon of the other names by which this animal has been known to history for more than three and a half centuries.

Dr. Smith is impregnable at the outset of his Dictionary, which starts out by defining A as "the first letter in the English alphabet." This is rather safe. Grammatically and philologically, it is true—though in the United States, where "we do these things differently," the first (and last) letter in the alphabet is really I. It is only when he wades beyond his starting point that the water gets too deep for him.

For the several million persons who have escaped the East far enough to have discovered that there is another country next door south of us, with a history fundamental to ours, and with interests of mines and oil and commerce and railroads worthy our attention, nothing could be more delicious than the Century Dictionary's sole definition of rurales—"a family of butterflies, coming between the papilionidae and the nymphalidae. They have six perfect legs in the females, and four in the males." If for any reason, and on any occasion, the rurales (the best police on the American continent) should ever get after Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., I am sure he would lament his sex—for all six legs, and perfect at that, would be none too many for his instant use.

"Adobe," according to Dr. Smith, is "less correctly adobi"

* * From Spanish adobe * * * From adobar, daub,
plaster * * * The Mexican Spanish name of the sun dried brick
in common use in countries of small rainfall and of inferior civiliza-

tion."

It may be news to the Century Dictionary that adobe is not from adobar, but adobar is from adobe. Adobe is an ancient word in Spain, and comes from the Arabic "atob." The whole definition, however,

is a charming instance of tenderfoot condescension.

"Burro" is defined by the Century Dictionary thus tersely "(Sp.) a donkey, Western U. S." But this is really scientific, lexicographic, etymologic and—well, anyhow the burro is not an Eastern ass. The Century Dictionary alleges that it is pronounced búr-o—namely, the same as "burrow." This is one of the easiest shibboleths by which a tenderfoot is caught at the passage. The word is pronounced boo-ro. It is an ancient Spanish word; and like its kinsman borrico, derives from the Latin burrus, burricus, Greek, purros; and probably has a relation to the meaning rufous. It is a curious coincident that the Latin dictionaries made in New York make the same blunder, having never known about the burro; and define burricus as "a little horse."

"Coyote" gets a pretty fair deal, being so notorious that it would be hard to lose it even in New York; but its vital adjective use in the Southwest, and in most parts of Spanish America, for a half-breed, and its verb use in Western mining, find no place in the Century.

The "Llama" is preferably pronounced lá-ma, according to the Century; and "has been known to Europeans since 1544"—probably the date Dr. Smith assigns for the conquest of Peru. There is no

attempt at etymology. There is also blissful ignorance that this is what was known so long as the "Peruvian sheep."

The familiar Southwestern word "cienaga" is pronounced by the Century "cienága—which will be news to the misguided makers

and friends of the word, who accent it on the antepenult.

There is no explication of such important words as Penitentes (the self-crucifiers of the Southwest)—nor mañana, nor the cowboy's "chaps," nor his chaparejos, nor tecolote (the common name

of the prairie owl), nor zaguan, nor azotea.

According to the Century Dictionary, El Dorado is "literally golden." It must be the Wall Street kind. As its form and history make notorious, it means "the gilded"; and refers to the South American cacique who was daubed with gum upon which gold dust was sprinkled. Almost any \$80 book might be expected to give the proper derivation of a word so famous and so potent for three centuries.

With all due respect to Dr. Smith, cañon is not "augm. of caña, a tube, funnel, cannon"; for caña means a reed. Cañon is from caño. Its use for a gorge so deep and steep as to suggest the barrel of a gun or other tube is entirely American and of recent date. The Century Dictionary makes no discrimination, however, between this word and cañada.

The Century Dictionary spells "acequia" as is common, but does not give it any derivation, nor contain the proper spelling azequia,

which denotes its Arabic origin.

More blunders under "vicuña"—"Peruvian vicuna, Mexican vicugne." Fawncy! What Dr. Smith means by "Mexican" is not clear. But whether it is Spanish or Nahuatl, "vicugne" is equally

beautiful. In the Peruvian it is Huicuña.

"Peruvian" is a pretty sloppy definition for a dictionary on a matter of etymology, since several languages have been and still are spoken in Peru. It would not have cost any more to say Aymará. And by the way, under "Peruvian" it is not supposed to find this great text-book talking (page 4421) about "the Inca Empire."

Under the zoölogical definition "zorilla," we may learn (if we like) "the name is quite recent; but zorilla, as a specific new Latin name, is more than a century old." Conceded. Anyone can find it in Nebrissa of 1560, and even in Percivale's beautiful Spanish-

English dictionary of 1599.

For so universal a Western word as "corral," the Century Dictionary has a passable definition, but no derivation; though that great lexicographer Covarrubias covered its Arabic origin in his superb dictionary of 1611.

"Rodeo" is not "from rodar" as the Century Dictionary alleges, but from "rodear"; and instead of being confined to California, it is universal through the Southwest and Spanish America.

Whatever handsome salary Dr. Smith has from the Century Company, it is a mere niggard pittance compared to what he could make if he would come out to California and make his word good as to "pompano." He asserts that in California they are "about a foot long." The bill is about that long, at any restaurant; but the poor fish—which has not learned its obligations to Dr. Smith—feels pretty big when it attains a length of four inches and fetches five

cents an inch. Think of a royalty of 35 cents on every pompano eaten on the Coast! Why, the Six Best Sellers would Faint; and the Wildest Dreams of Avarice would grow tame enough to eat

out of your hand.

The 9th volume of the Century Dictionary, which is devoted to Proper Names, is very useful—if you happen to find in it what you wish. If your desire is as to the East, you will probably be gratified; but if you care to learn anything about the West, you would better consult something else. For instance, out of the ten Spanish governors and the 13 Mexican governors of California, not one is named; out of the five American military governors only one is listed; out of 20 governors of California who have been elected by vote of the people, only Stanford and Stoneman are mentioned—one because he was rich, and one because the Century had heard of him in the Civil War. But if you would like to know about Dickie Harding Davis, or Richard Watson Gilder, or the "chestnut mare Pocahontas, by Iron's Cadmus, which was also Sire of Blanco and Sire of Smuggler," etc., you may look with full confidence in the Century Dictionary of Proper Names.

Cabrillo, discoverer of California, is not mentioned; nor Portalá, leader of the expedition which first colonized our State; nor Palou, nor Venegas, the first historians; nor Anza, the wonderful expedition-leader who founded San Francisco; nor Escalante—and

so on.

It must be particularly gratifying to Californians that this volume of Proper Names leaves out those great pioneers. Of the heroes and chroniclers of New Mexico it is a joke to omit Villagran and Benavides; one copy of either of whose books would pay for a dozen sets or so of the ten volumes of the Century Dictionary in full Russia.

It is also interesting to learn from this same Century Dictionary that Santa Barbara is "an island 60 miles Southwest of Los

Angeles."

"Salton Sea. A large temporary lake recently formed in the Colorado desert of Southeastern California. It was shallow and soon disappeared" (Century Dictionary, IX, 889). It would have saved the Southern Pacific Railroad some money to have bought and consulted a Century Dictionary in time. There would have been no need then of spending half a million to move tracks and plug up the inlet to something which had "disappeared" already—from the consciousness of New York.

Maybe this will do for a sample of the reasons why I can not be converted to Deformed Spelling by even so eminent authority as Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, A. M., L. H. D. There is no charge for these hints, by following up which he can better his costly text book; and I trust the "publicity" is as much as he demanded "of course."

Dr. Smith is correct, though Eastern, in his last paragraph, exceptis excipiendis. Criticism, with a large 17th-street cap, should of course be as solemn as Tom Corwin advised the young lawyer to be. But the Lion was not and is not criticising the Century Dictionary, nor its Smith. He's just Having Fun with them.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

By R. H. JURY.



AN MATEO (Spanish for St. Matthew), by reason of its advantageous location and its superb climatic conditions, is destined to become the most important suburb of San Francisco. Indeed it is a question whether this proud distinction has not already been achieved. Situated as it is on the San Francisco peninsula, twenty-two miles south of San Francisco, it occu-

pies the proud position of being the most accessible of all the suburban towns which are competing for the location within their confines of the merchant and professional man of the metropolis. It differs from the Marin and Alameda county cities in that it can be reached by land, thus doing away with the inconvenient trip by ferry and car to the various settlements across the bay.

Mountain and valley, ocean and bay and a profusion of plants, shrubs, trees and flowers of almost every clime, together with climatic conditions that cannot be surpassed by any other section on earth, combine to make the locality in and about San Mateo the ideal residence section of this portion of the State. Fogs are rare indeed, and at times when San Francisco and the Alameda and Marin shores are bathed in fog the sun shines in San Mateo with cheerful regularity. It is a well known fact that the history of San Mateo has shown that when people of unlimited means desired to rear country homes, away from San Francisco, where they transacted their business, with all the territory about San Francisco bay at their disposal from which to choose, they selected San Mateo in the majority of cases. The result is that many of the foremost families in San Francisco business and social circles have magnificent estates in San Mateo.

Illustrations from photos by Jessie T. Noisat.



A SAN MATEO COUNTY HOME

From a small and unimportant residence section San Mateo has grown to a populous and busy city of a population of between 5,000 and 6,000, and is still growing. It is incorporated as a city of the sixth class, and is governed by an up-to-date and progressive Board of Trustees. An idea of its growth during the past year may be gained from the fact that an increase of nearly \$500,000 has been made in the assessment roll for 1907 over that of 1906. This wonderful record has not been due to any inflation of values but to the sole fact that since the great fire in San Francisco many large tracts of acreage property have been subdivided and sold and hundreds of new houses have been erected. The end is not yet, and despite the unfortunate conditions which have prevailed in San Francisco and the stringency in the money market, there does not seem to be any sign of diminution of the volume of busi-



ON THE GROUNDS OF THE PENINSULA

ness done-either in the building line or in the mercantile world. At the present ratio of growth San Mateo will boast of a population of 10,000 souls within a short time.

One of the primal agencies which will bring this condition about will be the opening to traffic of the new "bay shore cut-off" line of the Southern Pacific Company between Third and Townsend streets and San Bruno. This stupendous work, which cost many millions of dollars, is now practically completed and will soon be turned over to the traffic department for operation.

San Mateo will then enjoy a suburban service equal to any in the country. In addition to frequent trains, a half-hour service being promised, there will be a substantial reduction in the rates of fare and a saving of from ten to twenty minutes in the time of making the trip. It is estimated when this cut-off is in operation the merchant or professional man of San Francisco may leave his place of business and a half hour later at the most be seated at the



A ROADWAY IN EL CERRITO PARK, SAN MATEO

fireside of his home in San Mateo. Many people are now commencing to realize this, and are acting wisely in securing desirable home-sites before all the choice selections have been exhausted.

At the present time transportation is furnished by a first-class service of frequent and convenient trains on the Southern Pacific at low rates of fare, and by the interurban line of the United Railways, on a fifteen-minute schedule. Monthly commutation tickets on the Southern Pacific, good for thirty round trips, are sold for \$6, and family tickets are available at equally reasonable rates. On the electric line the fare is 25 cents, which is good to any



A VILLA IN EL CERRITO PARK, SAN MATEO



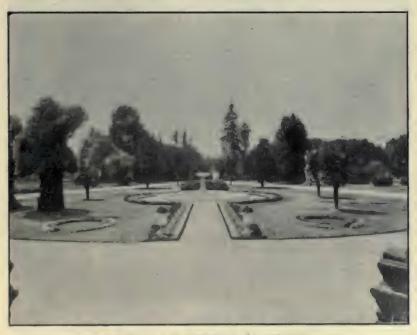
A NEW TOURIST HOTEL AT SAN MATEO-"THE PENINSULA"



SAN MATEO AVENUE

part of San Francisco. Theater trains are run on both lines every night in the week.

San Mateo has a modern sewer system, which was built some years ago at a cost of \$40,000, and which has been extended from time to time until the entire city is now provided with this modern sanitary convenience. The streets are well cared for, and in the business section are of asphalt. Recently a contract was awarded for asphalting the principal portion of the Western Addi-



LANDSCAPE GARDENING, SAN MATEO

tion residence section at a cost of nearly \$200,000, and steps are under way to extend the work until the city shall have been practically modernized in the matter of street work, that is, the thickly populated streets, at least. The greater portion of the city has been improved by the construction of artificial stone sidewalks, and proceedings have been instituted to complete the work. The people are progressive, and realizing that good streets and sidewalks are essentially necessary are co-operating with the progressive Board of Trustees in rendering the city as attractive as possible.

The tax rate is an important matter to a newcomer, and here, with the sewer bonds to pay and also a bond issue for new concrete bridges, together with the ordinary running expenses of the town, such as street lights, a good police department, a modern equipment of fire-fighting apparatus, street sprinkling,



ANOTHER VIEW ON THE PENINSULA GROUNDS

and the ordinary salaries of officers, the rate is always kept within a few cents of \$1 on each \$100 of assessed valuation.

Electricity and gas for lighting, heating and power are supplied at reasonable rates, and the city boasts of its stores, markets and other business places. In fact, they are on a par with the great establishments of the metropolis in point of quality and price.

Religious denominations of almost every creed are found here, and all are presided over by pastors of more than the average ability. All the edifices are imposing, and the Episcopalians have recently adopted plans for a new house of worship which, when completed, will cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000. The Catholic Church is a handsome structure, recently erected, at a cost of approximately \$80,000.

The educational question is one that is dear to our people. The main public school building, located in a beautiful park near the center of the city is the

pride of every resident. Similar buildings are found in various parts of the disrtict, and recently, so great has been the increase in the number of school children, bonds were voted for still another building. We will then boast four large, handsome, well-lighted and ventilated school buildings, and all presided over by teachers of exceptional ability. As a proof of their efficiency and the interest taken by them in their work it may be stated that at the close of the last term every member of the higher classes graduated with honor. Our Union High School is another institution of which we may well feel proud. Its curriculum embraces all the branches usually found in the more pretentious institutions of the larger cities, and that it is a success is proved by the fact that it has been accredited by the State University and also by he Stanford University. Another fact which is pointed to with pride is that at the commencement of the recent term the attendance of pupils was the



SAN MATEO PUBLIC SCHOOL

largest in its history, many of them hailing from other districts where High Schools are also to be found. In addition, we have the very excellent St. Matthew's Military Academy, at Burlingame, which during its forty years of existence has been recognized as one of the best institutions of the kind in the United States. Young ladies desiring to enter an ideal school for girls and young ladies will find St. Margaret's Hall, located here, an institution of surpassing merit.

San Mateo boasts of a free public library of some seven thousand volumes, and is now moving into a handsome new concrete \$10,000 Carnegie building. The Women's Club and other kindred organizations take an active interest in the welfare of the library, thus co-operating with the librarian in insuring high standards.



SAN MATEO BEACH

As a mark of progress of San Mateo may be mentioned the recent formation of a corporation to provide the city with a thoroughly modern first-class hotel. For a site the beautiful park in which stood the magnificent mansion of the late Alvinza Hayward was purchased, and work on "The Peninsula" is now progressing rapidly. The hostelry will contain some 300 apartments and it is expected to open it formally during the early part of 1908. The



COUNTY ROAD, SAN MATEO

enterprise, which was financed by local parties, will represent an expenditure of more than \$500,000 when the doors shall have finally been thrown open. A manager of wide repute has been engaged, and that it will be a great success may be judged from the fact that even at this early date requests are being received for reservations. In addition to the hotel building proper, which will retain many of the features which made the Hayward residence famous, there will be a club house and grill and other adjuncts in the grounds. The grounds comprise nearly 100 acres, all in the highest state of cultivation.

In the past San Mateo's development has been rapid, but the future bids fair to outdo the past. We have never had a "boom," and do not want one. Property has been subdivided and sold and new residents by the hundred have made their homes among us. In many cases offers of from 100 to 200 per cent profit have been made and refused for their holdings. They came here to live, and being thoroughly satisfied with the city and surroundings are content to make it their home.

San Mateo extends to all an invitation to visit our city. So confident are we that we have here all that you are looking for that we know to induce you to make us a visit would be merely securing another resident. Come and share with us our contentment, our happiness and our prosperity.









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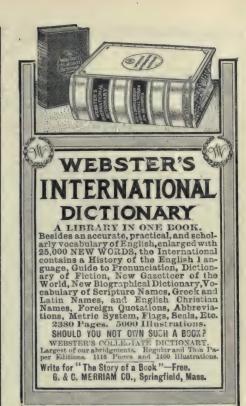
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during 1907.

remarkably

Nearly 450 new dwellings, many of them being pretentious residences, were erected during the year, the numof on reber of buildings constructed being just ritwice the number put up in 1906, when several thousands of San Franciscans sought refuge here. Hundreds of persons who flocked here after the great fire became permanent residents and it was many of this class who had homes built here this year. The realty dealers report that, taking it all in all, hes they have never before experienced casuch a prosperous year. In transfers om of property all previous records were its broken and good prices were obtained the for the houses and lands disposed of. of de-Alameda's many advantages, its equable climate, high grade streets, unexof celled sanitary system, low death rate, ng schools that rank with any in Caligh formia and the notable absence of the tre er, criminal and vicious element, are the inducements that have attracted thou-sands of persons to the island com-munity. It is estimated that the popuiry es, of lation of this city is now between 27,000 and 30,000, and that about 8,000 ts, ith of the increase is composed of newıll, comers who took up their residence 1al here during the year now almost at an lid iuend. Bonds for proposed public improveite!

ments, including the purchase and equipping of public playgrounds, the be nd building of another large public school, the expansion of the fire fighting facilities and the rebuilding of the Webster street roadway, the main artery of travel into Oakland, were voted during the year. The amount voted in bonds aggregates \$325,000, and when the bonds are sold the work on the projected public improvements starts. In the manufacturing line Alameda has also made a large stride during The convenient harbor facilities afforded industries on the south shore of the estuary have resulted in several big manufacturing concerns erecting plants thereon.

The foregoing-epitome of Alanie gro's claim to recognition is m

Hammond & Hammond, Real Estate. Miller & Banta, Real Estate. Charles Adams & Co., Real Estate. F. R. Neville, Real Estate. Halsey Wehn Co., Real Estate. J. S. Hanley & Co., Real Estate. Lewis & Shaw, Real Estate. L. W. McGlauflin, Real Estate and Insurance. Scott & Judd, Real Estate, Alameda Land Co., Real Estate, Island Real Estate Co., Real Estate. Wm. Dufour & Co., Real Estate. G. H. Suelflohn, Real Estate. H. G. Mehrtens, Real Estate. Geo. E. Plummer & Son, Real Estate and Contractors. C. V. Hughes Co., Real Estate. A. J. Torres, Real Estate. Hally & Co., Real Estate.

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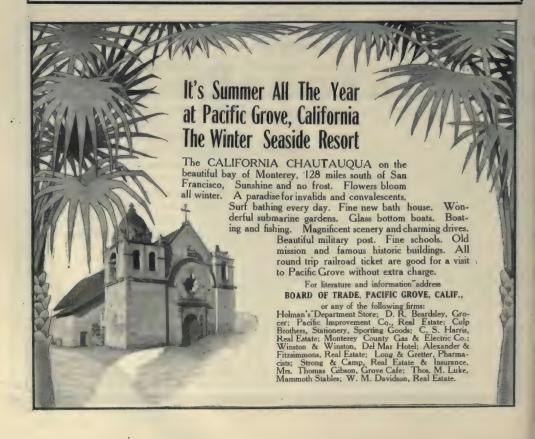
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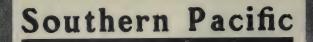
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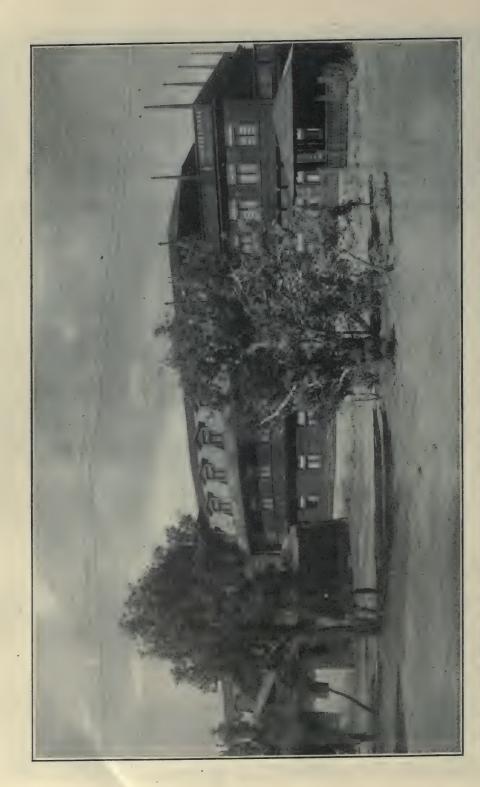
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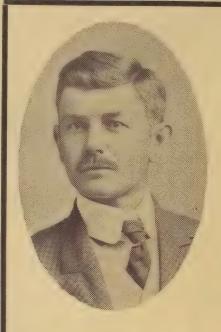
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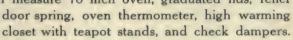
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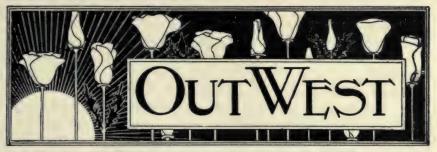




IN THE TRACK OF THE DROUTH

Photo by Clarence H. Shaw

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT



Vol. XXVIII. No. 3

MARCH, 1908

OLD RANGE DAYS AND NEW IN ARIZONA

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

Get along, get along, little dogie,*
You're going to be a beef-steer by-and-by.
Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow.
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
Till you're ready for the trail to Idaho.
Oh! you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
It's "Beef, heap beef!" you hear 'em cry;
Get along, get along, little dogie,
For the Injuns they'll eat you by-and-by.

—Old Trail-song of the 'Eighties.



BRANDING A REATA

T IS a matter of record that the first army of invasion to enter Arizona after the Spanish conquest was routed, horse, foot, and baggage wagons, in the San Pedro valley by a herd of old bulls. As Colonel St. George Cooke's "Mormon Battalion" trailed down and over the sand-hills in 1846, led by the far-off friendly gleam of water in the green valley below, the dun-colored backs and shaggy, wide-horned heads of wild cattle showed through the mesquite trees and tall grass along the river.

A trooper, tired of game and "army chuck," crawled through the chaparral and turned his Springfield loose at a breast like the side of a clay bank. It was his last shot. The bullet cut a fancy dewlap along the broad brisket, equal to the product of the later-day cowboy's marking knife; and when the dust of battle cleared away the trooper was a blood-flecked, tumbled heap, motionless on the trampled glass; an officer and several men were wounded; the

*Pronounced dō-gy-a small, stunted yearling-any young animal that is poor and undersized.

wagon mules, in sheer mule-fright, were stampeding along the sand-washes, scattering hard-tack and bacon to the four winds; and a skirmish line of sullen, bellowing wild bulls held the mesquite thickets.

They were the Last Guard of those herds bred from the wiry little Sonora stock, all horns and hair, that covered the hills and plains of Southern Arizona in the years just before 1820 and the ten years following; the brief, romantic span of peace when the Apaches, beaten off, retired to the mountains, and the missions flourished, and haciendas dotted the deep-grassed valleys for a week's ride above the Sonora line.

Faint and ever-lessening mounds of earth mark the haciendas today; all but one of the missions are in ruin; and the only trace of the cattle trailed down to the coast and sold for hides and tallow, is scrawled here and there in church and state records of Sonora, and threaded into the traditions of the Papago Indians.

The next cattle came to Arizona in the early '50's, with the emigrant trains bound to California. By the time they had reached the old Spanish town of Tucson, alkali water, scant grass, and Apache levies had usually reduced the stock till many a milch cow was yoked in beside the oxen, and the owners were glad to trade any that could be spared for food and grain.

Even within the mud-walled town, they were hardly safe. Cow, ox, horse, burro, mule above all—the white man's stock was good meat for Apache stomachs, and the first herds were raided while anything was left to take. Sometimes the Papagos were enlisted as cattle guards, but their taste also leaned toward beef, and there was small choice between the depredations of friend and enemy.

In 1864, when the first settlement was made in Northern Arizona, some small bands of cattle were brought in, but they had to be guarded by armed men during the day and driven into big log-corrals at night. The cabin of the guard formed part of the corral, and the gate closed and barred against the house-logs in range of door or window or loop-holes through which prowling Indians could be shot or a band bent on having a barbecue held at bay. At the old "Burnt Ranch" the charred logs may still be seen where a band Hualpais tried to burn out the defenders of one of the first little bands of cattle brought to Prescott.

The real beginning of the cattle-range dates from the close of the Civil War and the return of the military to the Southwest. Uncle Sam was the first patron of range-beef, and the first herds trailed into Arizona came from California and Texas to feed the soldiers. It was good business, with a long-horned Texas steer worth from ten to fifteen cents a pound on the hoof as soon as he could be turned over to the quartermaster—and it was bad business, with a hawk-

eyed Apache on every hilltop watching the drive and waiting the chance to swoop down and take his toll in all the beef he could run off and a few dead cowboys along the trail.

Every old trail in Southern Arizona is marked with the dim scars of hasty graves, and many a sun-warped board in the forgotten graveyards bears the blurred legend, "Killed by Apaches while herding cattle." Even the troops were no adequate protection; for some years Arizona paid a pension to a man crippled for life while herding cattle within half a mile of Fort Bowie and several companies of cavalry. It was in 1872, and scarcely half a dozen men had dared to establish permanent ranches; the army contracts were still filled with steers trailed from Texas, and a man might be killed while delivering his drove.

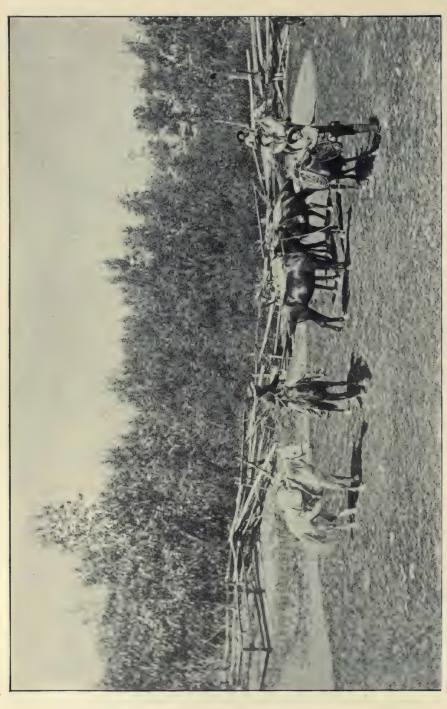
Johnny Dobbs's story is worth telling, for it is one of many. The commandant at Fort Bowie sent him to Colonel Hooker's herd to bring in a consignment of steers. With one companion he brought back seventy-nine, driving at night and not losing a hoof. Trailing his little herd out in the cañon, barely half a mile from the post, early next morning, he and his partner, tired from the night's drive, lay down on the sand.

The partner idly filled his pipe with tobacco, which he was never to smoke; but Johnny was restless. He had lived some years in Arizona; up to two weeks before he had carried the mail through Doubtful Cañon, the most dangerous drive on the route, and had only thrown up the job after he had brought in the hideously mutilated bodies of three of his fellow drivers.

The cattle tramped up and down restlessly, lifting their ears and sniffing the wind; hungry as they were from the night's travel, they would not feed. Johnny sat up; his partner laughed; they were almost in sight of the post, could hear the sounds of the troops at rifle practice.

Johnny caught up his rifle and started cautiously up the cliff, looking for a gun-muzzle in every bush. He was less than fifty feet away when with the yells of coyotes five Apache bucks fired on his partner and rushed up to mutilate his body as he fell. Johnny could have made cover, but he was not sure that his partner was dead. He whirled and opened fire on the yelling group, and, as his shots betrayed him, other Apaches up in the rocks poured a stream of bullets down on him.

His left arm was plowed through and through, but he dropped his rifle and fought with his six-shooters. A ball tore through his chest, another raked the right arm, and both arms hung limp in ragged ribbons. But the troops were coming! Johnny staggered down the cañon toward them, in sight of the Apaches hacking the body of his partner with their knives. As the soldiers came near, the Indians



rounded up the cattle and escaped in the hills; and though most of the steers were retaken, the Apaches got away. It was six months before Dobbs left the hospital, and two years before he could dress or feed himself, and to his death he had only the smallest use of his hands and arms.

One of the first large herds was held in sight of Fort Crittenden, close herded under a guard by day and bedded under guard at night. The cow-ponies had to be bedded with the cattle to keep the Apaches from stealing them. Under such circumstances the stock-business did not flourish, but at least it was proven that the wild sweet grasses fattened the finest beef, and that Texas cattle took on a third in size with a year on the range.

As the Apaches were whipped into semi-peace and herded onto



RANGE STOCK GOING TO ALFALFA PASTURE

the reservations, beef found a new market, better than the troops or the miners they had come to protect. Many a cattle king's prosperity had its rise in "Indian contracts," and new ranches sprung up wherever water and grass could be found within neighborly distance of each other.

Grass indeed was everywhere—long, rolling mesas of white and black grama, broad desert plains of tall sacaton, mountain bunch-grasses, mesquite grass in the low, wide cañons. A wagon driven across the country left two long lines behind as of wheat turned under the wheels of a mower, and in the Fall the tall seed-heads swept against the axles.

Cattle came from every direction; from California and Oregon, ferrying the Colorado river, or swimming that turbulent stream of thin red mud; from Texas, over the dreary, thirst-dogged Staked

Plains, or by the easier westward route through the scrub-oak hills; and from Mexico, by the hoof-lined trails half a century old.

The tide of Texas and Mexican "Long-horns" met and mingled with Durhams and Short-horns from the Pacific Coast and the East, and quality swept quantity under with a swift thoroughness seldom seen on the open range. Arizona stock quickly won over that of Texas, New Mexico, Sonora, and Chihuahua, in the markets, and the improvement went on through the '80's, '90, and '91—the "fat years' of the open range in all the Southwest.

Then were the days of the cattle kings, and a cowboy who was "handy with the rope" could set up as a king himself between round-ups. A man only needed to own a water hole, a corral, and a shack of some sort, and cows enough to wear his brand, and he had a right to carry his rope and branding-iron on any range.



Photo by Jennings SELLING BEEF STEERS ON THE FLYING-W RANCH

As a rule, only the watering places and a small part of the land surrounding them were held by any sort of title; the rest, as far as a cow could stray, belonged to the man who got there first and to any man whose cow followed up.

There were headquarters' ranches, and here and there a "round pen" or horse-corral of cedar posts set on end, stockade fashion; but the working methods of California and Mexico prevailed over those of Texas and the ways of the great trail-drovers, and most of the branding and marking was done on the range with the rope instead of by aid of the quicker and more humane branding chute.

Everybody's cattle were turned loose from one round-up to the next, and every man knew his stock by the marks burned on their hides or cut in their ears. To these the lazy man added the fantastic

25

Brands Yavapai Co. Assoc'n.

Brands Yavapai Ço. Assoc'n.

29

PARKER & BASHFORD,



Range, People's Valley

85 on right side mark overbit in right ear; under bit m left

Horses same on left thigh.

JOHN McNARY.

Range: Upper Kirkland Valley M C on right hip Ear mark crop and slit in left ear.



JOHN MARS,

Range Aqua Fria Valley. Brand on right shoulder, both cattle and horses

Ear mark: split in left ear.



Range: Upper Verde. Cattle, half circle Fon right hip. Ear mark, two slits in right ear

Horses, same or. right thigh



Horses: same on left hip.

JOSEPH KUHN & CO.

Postoffice address Prescott Range: Big Chino. All cattle branded

65 on right hip

Ear mark: a circular hole in each

GARLAND & ROSS.



Postoffice address. Ash Fork, Arizona. Range Big Chino Range Dig Valley, Arizona Cattle branded on right side Ear mark split

Waddle on nose



Horses, same on left hip,

We offer a reward of five hundred dollars (\$500) for the conviction of each and every person unlawfully killing or driving away any cattle or horses in the above brand. Any information given of strays in this brand will be thankfully received



Range. Verde Val-Cattle, left hip. Horses, left thigh-

SAMPLE PAGES FROM A "BRAND BOOK"

"dewlap," where the skin, cut down in a strip on jaw, neck, or brisket, hung down and could be seen farther than brand or ear-mark.

There was rivalry for brand-designs, and certain blacksmiths became known as the makers of extra-good branding-irons. The unimaginative man contented himself with some combination of his initials, perhaps woven into a monogram; or a single letter or figure, often varied with a bar or quarter-circle below or above-something easy to put on and not likely to scar and blur the brand when the burn healed and peeled off.

The man of picturesque perception let his fancy run riot and chose the "frying-pan," the "tin-cup," the "hash-knife," the "wineglass," the "coffee-pot"—all rude pictures of the object; or the "circle-and-arrow," the "lazy-S," the "flying-W," star, diamond, triangle, and the like. His ranch and outfit presently came to bear the name of the brand—"the hash-knife ranch," "the flying-W outfit," the "lazy-S chuck-wagon."

The ear-marks, cut in the ears with a dexterous turn of the thinbladed pocket-knife designed for that special purpose, had each its own name. If the tip of both ears was cut straight off, it was "smooth-crop both ears," and a circle might be cut out of either or both beside. There was the "split in left ear, upper bit in right," or "under-crop right ear, upper-cut left, double dewlap cut up," and every other combination of splits, crops, "bits," circles, and dewlaps that a man's determination to know his own property at sight could invent.

A common "puncher" was obliged to know every brand and mark on his own range, and many a foreman could identify a cow from any ranch in the Territory. As the range stocked up and prosperity was at full swing, a man who knew too much about brands and



BRANDING ON THE RANGE

Photo by T. H. Bate

marks was looked on with more or less suspicion; he might be all right and then again he might be some "brand-wrangler" on the quiet.

One of the earliest cattle-men in Arizona has said that the rate of increase during the "fat years" was, by actual count, from 90 to 95 per cent. No range was fenced, and cattle might drift anywhere. It was the custom among honest cattle-men to run the mother's brand on any sucking-calf found on the range; but many a calf was not found till it had left the mother, and then it belonged to the man who got his rope on it first and burned his mark on hip, side, or shoulder.

A yearling a day was easy work on the big ranges—and better pay than "thirty-five a month and found." From the unbranded "mavericks" and "orihannas," as they were called, to a little tactful alteration of an already existing brand was natural, beef steers being more marketable than yearlings. The "wrangler" was generally a seasoned cow-man gone bad; he knew the secrets of "hair brands," deftly picking out hairs till a T became JT, connected by the addition of the little hook at the bottom; branding through a wet blanket; and adding a letter or figure to fresh brands.

As a notorious instance, John Blank turned loose on his range a thousand Texas steers with a fresh B on the ribs. In a few weeks they were well intermingled with steers branded B4; some wrangler with a twist of humor in his make-up and an experienced hand on rope and iron added a U; and after the King of the Wranglers had his say, most of the steers wore on their sides the seared rebus B4U2.



CATCHING A COLT

Photo by Shaw

After the brand-wrangler came the "rustler," who scarcely troubled to blotch the brand in early days, but gathered whole herds of marketable cattle and shoved them over the line into Mexico, or up the long trail to Idaho and Utah. He rode with a "brass-jawed saddle-gun" or a long-range rifle at his knee, and knew every trail, pass, water-hole, and cañon hiding-place, and every market for stolen cattle from Chihuahua to the Canadian line. He held his own and left his trail across the history of old range-days in blood and romance, till he and the men he harrassed "went broke" together in the years of drouth.

Up to 1885, all the beef-cattle grown in Arizona were used at home or in the near-by markets of California. The big silver-mining camps were booming and employing hundreds of men, and the troops and Indians still took a large levy of beef-steers. But with the yearly increase large and sure, there came to be literally "cattle on a thousand hills," and Arizona steers began to go to the cornfeeding grounds of Kansas, Nebraska, and other States.

The five years following were the time of full fatness, easy money, quick fortunes; great ranches where the grading up of the stock went on with thorough-bred sires; where the cow-ponies showed the fire of Morgan and Hambletonian and the glistening coats of the famous Gold Dust. No cows or heifers were sold, and when the big rodeos took place a hundred riders rounded in on one range to sort and sift thousands of head of stock.

Spring and Fall the day of beginning was set and the range divid-



AN ALFALFA STOCK FARM

ed into sections with some experienced cattle-man who knew that part of the country well as captain of each. Each big ranch had its own "chuck-wagon" and its herd of saddle horses; its "hash-wrastler" and its "horse-wrangler," or in the mountains there might be packhorses in place of the wagon.

Hundreds of square miles of country would be ridden over before the last stray was cut out of the herd and started for home and the rodeo was done. The work was like that of other cow-countries except that practically all the branding was done on the range instead of in corrals; the animal being roped, thrown, tied, branded, and turned loose again wherever found, or cut out, roped and branded from the herd gathered in a day or more of riding. When the calf-crop of 1891, the largest in the history of the Arizona range, was branded, and before the fall sale of beef steers, there were in round numbers a million and a half cattle on the range. North, south, mountain, desert—cattle ranged on every mesa and plain, in every cañon and sand-wash. Deep-worn trails wound far in across the country to the springs and streams and water-holes, and a hundred grazing herds might have been counted from any mountain top.

If there was a handwriting on the wall, the Cattle King did not trouble to read it; things had always gone well with him for the most part. He had profited by the blizzards that had scourged the ranges



ALFALFA BEEF

of Texas and Oklahoma and the short-grass plains, and he had no fear of seeing his stock piled in long frozen wind-rows against the drift fences and heaped under the snow in hidden ravines, or staggering into spring on frozen stumps from which the hoofs had sloughed away.

His skies were blue, the soft, sun-burned, delusive blue that runs before a drouth. 1892—the skies grew bluer and more sun-burned; the grass dried white and brittle as a scorched leaf; the water-holes dwindled and dried away; the springs trickled shrunken; the streams showed sand-bars where the current had been used to swim a herd of beef-steers. Cattle died of thirst and starvation and such herds as

could be moved were hurried to the pastures of more rain-blest states.

1893—less water, and less; the grass trampled out to the roots, and dry and lifeless as punk; the dust hock-deep in the trails. Far out on the mesas at sunrise the dust rose in pale clouds where the starving cattle staggered in to water before the heat of mid-day burned out the little strength left in them. Now and then one dropped in the trail and did not even struggle to rise.

At the watering places a great stench filled the air and a pitiful moaning and lowing; the gorged cattle stuck fast in the mud, too weak to struggle back to solid ground, or lay along the trail where they had fallen as they came out. Only the strongest could walk



BRANDING A COLT

Photo by Shaw

back the five or ten or fifteen miles to food—the grass and shrubs near the water were eaten into the very earth, and half the springs and watering-places were dry-baked mud-cakes with shrunken skeletons festering in them.

When the rain came at last, half the cattle in Arizona were dead—some ranchmen have said 75 per cent. In the northern foot-hills and mountains, winter brought sleet and snow to chill out the little life left in the famished creatures; they huddled in sheltered spots, too weak to hunt for food, and died by the thousand. Every cañon far and near was strewn with bones and sun-dried carcasses wraped into fantastic shapes. In a year or two bone-gatherers followed the trails of death and brought in freight-wagons loaded with the bleached

skeletons, and shipped them by train-loads to bone-factories in the East.

Wetter years came after the drouth, but the glory of the open range had gone forever. As the remnant of herds could be gathered, they were sold, and some ranches were abandoned permanently. Many a cowboy had to turn "sand picker," as he had derisively called the farmers; or "hit the drill," with the miners he had scorned only a little less.

From the pride of high-heeled boots, carved leather "chaps," Stetson hat and silver inlaid spurs, to overalls and plow-handles, or hob-nailed shoes and a jumper, was worse than a fall from a "sunfishing" bronco; but many a puncher had to accept it as best he could.



CARRING CATTLE

Following the great drouth, the growing of cattle in Arizona became a business instead of an adventure with Fortune. Pastures were fenced, fields of alfalfa planted, stock kept on smaller areas and better cared for, and the whole industry came to a security of capital and certainty of return not known in the more romantic beginning.

Great ranches were built up again, where thorough-bred stock was pastured, fed, and hurried into the "baby beef" of market demand. A cowboy verse-maker put the changed conditions in this wise:

No more the herd of long-horns O'er fenceless tracts are driven; No more the water, grass, and care To Spanish scrubs are given. No more the old-time cowboy

On the midnight watch can hear
The darkness-covered Indian
Like a coyote drawing near.

No more great herds go drifting O'er miles of winter waste, While the sleet and snow fast drives them, No grass or weed to taste.

No more the starving calves On mesquite flats are found; No more the trampled carcass Upon the bedding ground.



THE RANGE FAVORITES

No more the big spring round-up O'er the country sweeps, For each man has his pasture now And each his own stock keeps.

For some one chanced to figure
That our trouble was in brief—
We raised too much of horns and hair,
And not enough of beef.

"Horns and hair," as the principal range-products are a tradition, and a fine pair of the wide, double-curved horns which some big mountain steer wore proudly stops the passer-by as quickly as a buffalo head. There is still an open range in Arizona, many thousand acres of it, with proably half a million cattle; but they do not roam

with the old-time freedom, and they do not go straight from the grass to the butcher's block.

Long since, stock-growing and farming went into partnership, to the clear advantage of both. There are stockmen-farmers and farmerstockmen in all parts of Arizona, and the well-graded young cattle, shipped down from the mountain and foot-hill ranches, fatten on the ever-extending alfalfa fields of the irrigated valleys.

Experiments in forage plants have given some sections a dependable food-supply where the natural grasses are insufficient; as the black Russian rye, which is proving as valuable in certain drier sections as the alfalfa in the range of irrigation. Grass tests are being made, looking toward re-grassing large areas where the range has



IN THE FOREST TILL SNOWFALL

Photo by Shaw

never renewed itself since the over-stocking and the drouth and worthless weeds grow sparsely in place of the once-luxurious grasses.

Above all, the lessons of the Forest Service in range control are bearing fruit; in the leased lands, where over-stocking is not permitted, cattle do better, pay a larger return, and are more easily handled. Intelligent stockmen are all in favor of some form of government control, and the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, a representative body of several hundred members, passed a resolution to that effect at their last annual meeting.

This resolution is quoted in full because it embodies those suggestions looking toward a just and equitable control of the public range which have resulted from general and thoughtful discussion among stockmen. Arizona is the first stock-growing section to offer such a

resolution, and it is hoped that others may fall in line and assist in directing a control which is inevitable.

"We, the members of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association, favor a supervision and regulation of the public grazing lands within this Territory by the Federal Government, through some system which would operate in an equitable, just and proper manner to all occupants of the range, and which would not interfere with homestead entry at set periods.

"We suggest that a fair and just regulation of these public lands can be accomplished by leasing upon a per capita basis, and in the



"DODGING" A BAND OF SHEEP Separating each brand into its own herd

event this method is determined upon, we favor the issuance of leases for periods of not more than ten years.

"We believe that under any system of Government control of range the rights of the present occupants of the grazing area, as determined by priority of occupancy and use, should be carefully safeguarded; and we urge that in the enactment of such a law for control of grazing lands, it be provided that no provision of such law shall in any way interfere with the sanitary live-stock laws of this Territory.

"Such a supervision and regulation can only be accomplished by the enactment of the proper Federal laws, and we earnestly request Congress to enact such laws.



DIPPING SHEEP FOR SHEEP-SCAB

"We deplore the devastation caused throughout the northern part of the Territory by migratory sheep herds, and we look to Federal control of the public grazing-lands to prevent this unfair use of Arizona's grazing-lands."

Perhaps, in the end, the best result of Federal range-control will be a settled peace between the cow-man and his brother of the sheep-herds. Arizona was a good cow-country, but it was an ideal sheep-country—the conditions seemed made to order. The sheep business began as the cattle-business seemed likely to end, in a drouth—the great Southern California drouth of 1876. The ranges were parched, the water dried up; cattle and horses died by the thousand and some were driven over the cliffs into the sea to hasten the end with greater mercy than slow starvation. Sheep could be had almost for the taking.

A year before, two young men, the Daggs brothers, had taken a

trip through the mountains of northern Arizona and found grass and water in abundance and an unoccupied range of great extent. But the Mojave desert and the Colorado river lay between that range and Southern California, and no man had yet had the courage to start across the desert with a slow-traveling herd of sheep.

It was die at home or die on the desert. The young men rounded up their sheep and a band of horses, and started. Out in the desert they found patches of green weeds that tided over the long drives between water; they trailed into the Colorado river with more loss on horses than on sheep. As they neared the river the men went on ahead to hold back the thirsty herd, but the horses rushed in and drank till some died in the water and others on the bank and a good



WAITING FOR THE SHEARER

number were lost; the sheep, swung up and down stream to avoid trampling, fared better .

But when the herd was watered, a new trouble came up—there was no money to pay for ferrying over the Arizona side and the river was a quarter of a mile wide. The horses could swin—no one had ever heard of swimming sheep. Men with "sheep sense" say a sheep can go anywhere and is a long way from being the stupid animal people think. A big old battle-scarred buck was pushed into the water and guided across; he struck out like a veteran riverman, and the herd followed without the loss of a hoof, and scrambled up the bank into Arizona—the beginning of a great

industry in a new country and the first sheep to cross the Mojave desert and swim the Colorado river.

Before this time the Navajo and Moqui Indians had been the sheep men of Arizona; but their flocks were small and of poor grade—coarse-wooled, raw-boned descendants of the early Spanish herds driven up from Mexico. The Mormon settlers had small bands of scarcely better grade, and no one had dreamed of an American Merino rivalling the best blood of the Old World.

The Daggs brothers found their venture good and went back for more and still more herds. Other men saw their success and followed, and still later drouths drove the Basque shepherds and their herds across the desert from California, and other sheep-men in from Oregon and Utah and New Mexico.



SHORN!

It was the cheapest place in the West to grow wool and mutton; the Daggs brothers looked ahead and saw possibilities that other men could not see. They imported fine and finer blood from the best herds in Spain and elsewhere; bred up their stock; produced a wool graded by itself at a fancy price, and a good mutton-sheep beside. For years the American Merino sheep bred in Arizona were the standard of excellence and were sold all over the West for the grading-up of other flocks.

The bands of sheep increased and overflowed the mountain ranges into the deserts of the South. And then came the special fitness of Arizona for a sheep country. A sheep can go a week or more without water if he has green feed; watering places were too few in

the desert for cattle, but in winter the "filaree" stood rank and tall, and grass started in mid-winter.

The sheep wandered for miles through the cactus-covered foothills and broad valleys, came into spring rolling fat, moved slowly north for shearing and lambing, and by mid-summer were up on the mountain-grass among the pines, to stay till snow-fall.

It was ideal, save that, to get back and forth, they had to cross the cattle-ranges, and the poorest Texas longhorn ever bred scorns the grass trailed over by sheep. There was war; cow-men saw their ranges ruined, their cattle scattered, and their watering places defiled so that a cow or horse would not drink till sheer thirst forced them. Other cow-men saw themselves crowded off ranges to which



MARKING SHEEP
The marker or brand is dipped in a pot of tar and stamped on the hide of the sheared sheep

they had a real or fancied right; there was wrong on both sides, and war was dragged out through years, with a hatred on both sides of the bitterest.

But it was proved, it is proved, that the grazing lands of Arizona yield a larger return from sheep than from cattle. There are Sheep Kings now, where there were Cattle Kings in the past. With Government range-control, the last remnant of the war will end; each man will have his own place and keep to it; the winter drift to the desert will be directed and controlled; and the nomadic, grass-stealing sheep-herds from outside the Territory will be excluded.

The shepherd antedates the cowboy some thousands of years, but as a figure of romance he belongs to the old world. There is

nothing romantic in plodding along on foot in the dust stirred up by two thousand sheep, deafened by the clamor of complaining bleats, and companioned only by a pack burro and some dogs.

The sheep-herder lives alone with his flock; in lambing season he will have a helper or two, at other times he talks "sheep talk," except when the "camp-wrangler" makes his rounds, or he meets some stranger. The "camp-wrangler" visits the different camps once each week or two weeks, leaves food, and directs the line of grazing till he comes again.

The herder's life is one of unbroken monotony; he follows the grazing herd all day, gradually rounding in to some suitable bedding-ground, beds it down, cooks his dinner and supper in one, and rolls



CARRING WOOL

up in his blankets with one ear open for coyotes. At sunrise the sheep are set grazing, and then he cooks breakfast, packs up the burro, and plods along behind his bleating flock through another day.

There are now more than half a million sheep in Arizona, some of the best bred flocks in the Southwest, and the industry becomes yearly more profitable. The sheep of Arizona are subject to rigid inspection and are practically free from disease. Dipping is practiced under the direction of Government inspectors, and only healthy animals are permitted to enter the Territory.

The live-stock sanitary board of Arizona has for twenty years kept the range free from any extended outbreak of disease in cattle, sheep, or horses, and is one of the most active agents in promoting the

WAITING SHIPMENT

Photo by the Lubkin Co.

prosperity of the live-stock industry. When the cattle of other states were in quarantine, Arizona stock was free in any market. When the cattle along the southern line of the Territory were threatened with Texas-fever from the tick-infected stock of Sonora, a drift-fence of considerable extent was built on the southern range-limits to prevent the stock from mingling. The results were so good that a Government fence is proposed along the entire Arizona line, not for stock alone but as an aid in other ways.

The annual Territorial Fair is an event to Arizona stock-growers. Time was when, after the racing, interest centered on the steer-tying and bronco-busting contests, the fancy roping, and relay-riding and feats of the range.



THE BUFFALO-LIKE GALLOWAY

That day is past. The bronco has gone down before the thoroughbred; the round, silky-coated "white-face" is too valuable to be "busted" at the end of a fifty-foot reata; and many a Cattle King couldn't throw his rope on to a fence-post standing still.

The event now, after the racing, is the prize-winners' parade at the race-track on the Fair Grounds. The green alfalfa fields stretch away on every side, dotted with sleek, grazing cattle; far beyond the cottonwood trees, dim and shadowy with distance, hangs the blue, cloud-like bulk of Superstition mountain, on whose all but impregnable top the Pinal Apaches feasted on many a stolen herd of range-cattle, and around whose base the cowboy chased the long-horns through the cactus and desert brush.

But no one is thinking now of Apache, or cowboy, or long-horn-

the prize winners are coming. Blue ribbons flutter, red ribbons flash like the wing of a bird. Out they step with conscious pride—stately coach-horses, trotters, pacers, saddle stock; dairy cows with a world's record; big, smooth Durhams and short-horns; white-faced Herefords, the range favorites; glossy, buffalo-like Galloways; and sheep pedigreed like a Spanish prince, and goats, big fluffs of silky white fur.

They come and come; the procession reaches full around the half-mile track and laps over a hundred yards at the end. Two old cow-men lean over the fence and count the ribbons; their hair is grizzled, their faces burned to leathery brown with blizzards and sun and wind, and wrinkled and lined like an old trail-map of the range. "Yes," one of them was saying; "trailed the first herd of cows across the Mojave desert in '66. Hundred dollars a head the night I got in, an' them dead on their feet from the drive. That dairy cow over there's worth the whole herd. Lord, who'd have thought it—in old Arizona!"

Dewey, Arizona.



THE PRIZE WINNER'S PARADE

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

III.

PETER PROPOSES.



HE carriages of the blue flag are one peso the hour; the carriages of the red flag—But the señorita would not wish that I should bring a carriage of the red flag," said Inocencio, with conviction.

Inocencio was usually to be found at his post of observation, at the door of the hotel. Here he lounged contentedly in the sunlight, seldom quitting his bench save at night, when he retired to a straw mat under the arch of the stairway. If a belated traveler or a guest of the house applied for admission after the hour for closing, it was Inocencio's duty to take down the chain and let the visitor in.

He had somewhat exaggerated ideas as to his own importance in the scheme of things, had Inocencio; and it was with the air of one from whose last word there is no appeal, that he delivered his ultimatum to Aunt Zenia and Polly.

"Inocencio says we are not to go to Chapultepec in a red-flag carriage," Polly announced, bursting like a white whirlwind into the room where sat her uncle, Professor Snodgrass.

"Why not, I should like to know?" queried the professor. "Why shouldn't you?" He was a weazened little man, with a pompous manner and a voice too big for his body. "It's cheaper; and 'a penny saved is a penny earned."

"What! Forfeit Inocencio's good opinion? We can't afford to. Ah, what's this?"

"A package for you, from the Hotel del Jardin. It came while you were out."

"It's from Peter!" Polly exclaimed, lifting from its coverings a carved ivory casket of exquisite design. "And here's a letter. I wonder what the improvident youth has to say for himself."

What Peter had to say was this:

"I remembered that it is your birthday, Polly. I, too, have one a couple of moons from now. May I come over and mingle my tears with yours?

"Peter."

Polly considered for a moment; then, going to the writing desk, penned a reply:

"Peter, how many times have I told you that you ought not to spend money on presents for me when you can't afford it? And when you can afford it, to remember that you ought not to?

"All the same, I'm glad to have the beautiful casket, which is about as consistent as a woman ever is.

"I am sitting in a row of one, surrounded by my birthday offerings, which

include a highly ornate work on American Archæology, from Uncle John, and a handsome piece of Guadalajara ware, the gift of Aunt Zenia.

"I feel very old, Peter Yesterday I was twenty-three—today I am twenty-four. I am no longer old enough to be your sister; but I'll be a maiden aunt, or a grandmother, to you.

"No, you may not come over and mingle your tears with mine. We are going to Chapultepec, soon after luncheon.

"P. S.—I have a pretty fancy in cathedrals, Peter. I think I should like to make a collection of them. If you can get me the one you showed me the picture of—the church at the end of Calle Guadalupe, I shall not seriously object. Any other gift at your hands will not be acceptable."

She sealed the letter and rang for the boy. When the missive had been dispatched, she again broached the subject of the carriage of the red flag.

"For my part," said Aunt Zenia, "I should prefer to walk to the Zocalo and take a street car. The Mexican coachman may be all that a coachman should be, but he is apt to turn out a cut-throat, if appearances count for anything. A more brigandish—"

"Oh," Polly interrupted, "but think of the incongruity of a trip to the White House of Mexico in a street car! We're in duty bound to do Kalamazoo credit, aren't we, Uncle John?"

"I'm not going," said the professor. "The disappointment I feel at finding that Señor Batres has left the country for a length of time has quite unfitted me for enjoyment in mere frivolous sight-seeing. I have slender hopes, now that he is beyond the range of communication, of reaching the lost city of Guatemala—very slender indeed."

"Do you really believe that the *señor* would be able to throw any light on the 'lost city' tracings, left us among the effects of Professor Bingham?" Aunt Zenia questioned, dubiously.

"He was Professor Bingham's associate. There's one thing certain—the man Weston isn't here for his health. We must watch him or he'll give us the slip."

"Mr. Weston may be able to help you," said Polly.

The professor was mildly amused.

"No danger that he will divide honors with us in his own field! If that rattlebrain, Peter, hadn't talked too much, we might not have known that Weston has an eye on the lost city. I'll go over this afternoon and engage a suite at his hotel—"

"But, John-"

"This afternoon!" the professor repeated, firmly. "We don't get anything fit to eat at this place, anyway."

"The archæological field is a broad one," Polly suggested, in the conversational pause. "Isn't there room for all?"

"There may be room, but there's only one medal."

At three o'clock, "the carriage of the blue flag," summoned by Inocencio, was at the door.



INOCENCIO AT HIS POST

"You said that Peter and Mr. Weston are stopping at the Hotel del Jardin," Aunt Zenia remarked, settling herself comfortably upon the cushions. "Will it be out of our way to pass it?"

"It's just off the road to Chapultepec," Polly replied. "Drive past the Hotel del Jardin"—this to the driver, whom she addressed in Spanish.

"Si, señorita," the stolid cochero made answer.

"I suppose it is too early for the smart carriages to appear on the Paseo," Aunt Zenia observed.

"Much too early," Polly returned. She cast an apprehensive glance over her shoulder at a yellow-flag carriage that had fallen in



THE ROAD TO CHAPULTEPEC

line behind them. "I may be imaginative, but I have a feeling that we are watched, spied upon, wherever we go. Yet why should anyone—"

"The Government," Aunt Zenia hinted darkly, "might have something to do with it."

"The Government—Oh, I see! Our mysterious Mexican is accounted for. You think—?"

Aunt Zenia nodded.

"Not a word to Brother John! It would unfit him for his great work. We'll not alter a single plan. I guess the United States can look after its citizens, abroad as well as at home."



A FIGURE IN THE PASEO'S NIGHTLY PAGEANT

"I'm glad you take it so quietly. We needn't put off the visit to the Shrine of Guadalupe, tomorrow?"

"No, indeed! I read all about it, Polly, in an advertising book that tells you where to buy opals and things. It gives the legend of the Virgin, too. She appeared to an Indian—he was a shepherd or something like that—on the very spot where the chapel is now standing. There was a painting—or a blanket, I don't remember which. How silly of me! There was a painting of the Indian, done on the blanket. We can see the painting when we get there. Do you believe that opals are unlucky, Polly? I'd like to take a dozen to Kalamazoo friends."

"Unlucky? No!" Involuntarily Polly cast a glance behind her; to her relief, the yellow flag carriage was nowhere in sight. "Tell



THE PASEO

me more of the legend," she urged, with awakening interest in the new version.

"There is a place called the Chapel of the Little Well. The Virgin left the print of her foot on the ground—or was it the Indian? No, I'm almost certain it was the Virgin—There's Mr. Weston coming out of the hotel. What on earth is the coachman doing?"

The coachman, to the best of his understanding, was strictly obeying orders of the *señorita*, as he drew up with a flourish before the door of the hotel.

"Tell Mr. Weston we are just dropping in to make a friendly call," Polly whispered, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Give him to understand that it is a Kalamazoo custom—"

"How do you do, Mr. Weston?" said Aunt Zenia, with great presence of mind, at the same time bestowing a warning pinch on Polly's arm. "We are going to Chapultepec, and should be glad of your company. Will you join us?"

"With pleasure," Lowell responded, his face growing pink and pinker at sight of Polly. In his haste to reach the carriage, he nearly overturned a small dealer in *dulces* who crossed his path. "Have you secured a—er—permit?" he asked, as he doubled himself up on the seat behind the box.

"A permit! Does one have to carry a permit to drive in the grounds? If so, we can do our sight-seeing on foot."



STREET CLEANERS ON THE PASEO

"No permit is required for the grounds of the castle; but without one, you cannot pass the bronze gates of the upper terrace, and of course you wish to see the famous frescoes, and the roof-garden, and whatever may be of interest in, as well as out of, the castle. Luckily I have a permit in my pocket. I intended using it last week; but—er—put it off from day to day."

"That was fortunate-for us," said Polly, cordially.

The carriage turned into the Paseo. Lowell, in response to Aunt Zenia's numerous questions, delivered with gatling-like rapidity, racked his memory for facts and figures.

The Paseo was two miles in length. He believed it to be one of the finest driveways in the world. Well, perhaps, it was the finest.

Those circles of green, ranged at intervals down the center of the Paseo. They were called *glorietas*. Yes, the statues ornamenting them were excedingly fine. That one of Charles IV, near the Alameda, was, next to the monument of Marcus Aurelius, in Rome, the largest equestrian statue ever cast. It was of bronze. No, not iron —bronze. On this point Lowell was very decided. The driveway was planned by Carlotta. Yes, she was mad; but sometimes an hour of madness was worth a lifetime of sanity.

Polly looked very sweet and demure in her simple white gown.



A GLORIETA

The red parasol, tilted over her face, hid the laughing imp in her eyes—an imp invoked by Aunt Zenia's scandalized expression, called forth by Lowell's unconsidered remark.

In truth, this involuntary spech would have given the young man himself pause, had he been clothed and in his right mind.

Something had happened to Lowell's perspective. The things that seemed of such vast importance a week ago, filling his life to the exclusion of all else, had dwindled astonishingly. He could no longer bring them within focus. What had happened? A girl had smiled.

There was plenty of the primal man in him, though so repressed had been the one side of his nature, through all his studious years, that he did not realize it. He failed to realize it now; but the awakening would not be deferred for long.

As the castle of Chapultepec, rising grandly from its fortress-like rock, came in view, Aunt Zenia's interest in passing scenes redoubled.

"There," she declaimed, with a wave of the hand, as the carriage swept through the gates of the park and on into the shadow of giant cypresses, "is the summer home of President Diaz."

"No, no!" said Polly, quickly. "It is still the home of Carlotta. It will always be the home of Carlotta."



MOUNTED POLICE ON THE PASEO

"It costs a pretty penny, I dare say, to keep the place up," was Aunt Zenia's practical comment.

"Shall I give you the exact figures?" Lowell asked, a twinkle of fun softening the grave lines in his face.

"Not a figger!" said Polly, firmly.

The carriage had reached the summit of the hill, and now drew up before the massive gates of oak and bronze that were swung ajar by the uniformed cadet from the military school, quartered in a wing of the castle.

As the party, on foot, filed through the gates, a vision of fairy-like arches, half-hidden by the feathery greenness of tropical foliage, and of a stately tower, its windows reflecting the gold of the sunlight, rose before them.

They mounted the wide stair, and advanced slowly through the marble-paved galleries, passing rooms hung with opal-tinted satins and velvets, and exquisitely frescoed. When they came to the roofgarden, they paused at the entrance.

"Peter!" burst simultaneously from the three.

"The same, at your service," Peter replied jauntily, rising from a bench and sauntering toward them. "What an age you've been getting here! Hello, Lowell! I didn't expect to have the pleasure of



CHAPULTEPEC PARK

meeting you. Suppose you take Miss Snodgrass inside and show her around. Miss Polly and I will have a look-see at the scenery from the parapet."

They were no sooner alone than Polly turned on Peter.

"Well, of all the-"

"Yes. Nerve. That's the word, isn't it?" He seized Polly's han and squeezed it rapturously. "Now we can commune. What a joyousness if we could always be together like this. I really think, Polly, that you'd be quite fond of having me around in the course of time."

"How strange," said Polly, deftly turning the conversation, "that we should have parted in Kalamazoo, to meet—here! And presently we shall be taking leave of one another—you to go with your cousin, I to follow Uncle John and Aunt Zenia goodness knows where."

Peter's mouth widened in an odd grin. He was not to be diverted

from topics reminiscent,

"Say, doesn't this remind you of the day—that last day—when we owned a whole pine tree for several hours? And an ant-heap, too! I mustn't forget the ant-heap. What a beautiful day it was! You let me hold your hand, and the sun shone like-like fury-"

"I let you hold my hand? Never! You were telling my for-

tune-"



CHAPULTEPEC PALACE

"Yes, I'm good at that. I predicted that you'd marry a man whose initials were P. Y .-- "

"What a memory you have! The sky was a dull, lowering gray, and there wasn't a gleam of sunlight. Must I remind you that we got soaking wet going home?"

"What I started to say was this," Peter continued, imperturbably, "'Will you marry me, Pollywog?"

"We are waiting," came from Aunt Zenia. There was a hint of asperity in the tone. "It is time we were going."

"I'm waiting—waiting for you, Polly. I shall wait all my life," Peter whispered, as they descended the stairs in the wake of Lowell and Aunt Zenia.

[To be continued.]

SONGS OF THE OLD CATTLE TRAILS

By SHARLOT M. HALL.



HE pale curve of a new moon hung above the mesa; out on the level of the plain, black bulky shadows detached themselves from the darkness, moved uneasily in and out among a multitude of other shadow-bulks, and presently lay down with throaty breathings of content.

A moving shadow circled the mesa-edge, and a plaintive, drawling monotone blended into the whisper of wind threading the grass.

Oh, the years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
And frosts gleam where the flowers were then.

"Tex" was singing the herd to sleep—half a thousand long-horns going up the trail for Indian beef. Too small a drive to give much trouble, but down across the sand-wash a local round-up had bedded their "stray herd," and the steers were restless. A steer is like a child; he has a bad dream, his mate across the way coughs quickly, a prowling coyote puts up his long nose and howls through the grass—and the whole herd is up and plunging in mad fright across the country.

It matters little now, Lorena,
Of life this is so small a part;
Down here 'tis dust to dust, Lorena,
But, oh, up there 'tis heart to heart.

The round-up boys were over at the camp of the trail outfit, visiting around the camp-fire. Some one threw an armful of dry mesquite on the coals, and thin whips of flame sprang up, lighting the saddles and blanket-rolls and the weather-beaten faces of the punchers. Tex was on the far side of the cattle now—his voice came down sifted into vague sweetness:

We loved each other then, Lorena, More than we ever dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lorena, Had but our loving prospered well!

A puncher turned impatiently: "Say, some of you that can sing, tune up. I've heard Lorena put them steers to sleep all I can stand. I'll bet Lorena's bedded down more cattle an' milled more stampedes than any song that ever struck the range."

"Don't you all be makin' of Lorena none," said the trail boss. "Me an' Tex, we walked on foot clean from Virginny to the Rio Grande, an' that old song sounded mighty good when we heard some other Grayback singin' it. When I hear a man singin' Lorena, I just say, 'Stonewall, or Albert Sidney Johnson? Don't matter which; he was there.'"

"Well, let her rest anyway. Tune up, Kid." The Kid was a Texan, too. He got up and crossed to the other side of the fire with the wobbling stilt-step of one born to three-inch boot-heels and the saddle. His smooth brown face was womanish at the mouth; when he sung on herd the air was plaintive as the call of a night bird. He leaned back against a blanket-roll and hummed a sweet, wild tune; presently he began to sing "The Cowboy's Lament," a song that grew like the grass, verse by verse, as it was sung up and down the Texas trails.

As I rode out to Latern in Barin,
As I rode out so early one day,
'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy
All dressed in white linen and clothed for the grave.

Chorus-

Then play your fife lowly and beat your drum slowly,
And play the Dead March as you bear me along;
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
I am a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once in the saddle I used to be gay;
But I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot in a fight, and now I must die.

Chorus-

Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys, And tell them the story of this my sad fate; And tell them to stop all their gambling and drinking, And all their wild ways before it's too late.

Chorus-

Go write a letter to my gray-headed mother, And break the news gently to my sisters so dear; And then there's another dearer far than a mother, Who'll bitterly weep when she knows I am here.

Chorus-

Go bring me a cup of pure cold water,
A cup of cold water, the poor fellow said;
But when I returned, the spirit had departed,
And gone to the Giver—the cowboy was dead.

Cherus—

The Kid curled up on the blankets and a man from the round-up crew began to whistle the old air, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." One of his range mates* had caught up the tune and fitted it with words of his own, and to these every night-herding puncher from the Sonora line to the San Francisco mountains had added a verse to suit himself. It belonged to the Arizona range as the Kid's

*Will C. Barnes, now of the U. S. Forest Service, a prominent cattle man of Arizona and New Mexico.

song belonged to the Texas trails, and the round-up man sang all the verses that had come to his hearing, calling it

THE COWBOY'S SWEET BYE AND BYE.

Last night as I lay on the prairie

And looked up to the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy.

Would drift to that Sweet Bye and Bye.

The trail to that bright, mystic region
Is narrow and dim, so they say;
But the broad road that leads to perdition
Is staked and is blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up, And the cowboys like dogies will stand, To be marked by the Riders of Judgment, Who are posted and know every brand.

I wonder was there ever a cowboy All right for that great judgment day; Who could say to the Boss of the Riders, "I'm ready, come drive me away?"

For they're all like the cows that are locoed,
That stampede at the sight of a hand,
And are dragged with a rope to the round-up,
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy
Who'll be lost at that great final sale,
When he might have gone in to green pasture
If he'd heard of that bright, mystic trail.

And I'm scared I will be a stray yearling,
A maverick, unbranded on high,
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties,"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner, Who is ne'er over-stocked, so they say, But who always makes room for the sinner Who drifts from that straight, narrow way.

And they say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So for safety you'd better get branded—
Have your name in the big Tally Book.

The Sailor-man had been lying stretched out beyond the fire, his head on a saddle, looking up at the sky while the others sang. No one knew where the Sailor-man hailed from, but he could do things with a rope that left the rest of the outfit wondering; and he could tie knots and splice a broken reata and weave fancy knots and slides and braid bridle-reins of hair and smooth-cut strings of boot-leather that

made even "Hosy Juan" look twice; and José's slim brown fingers knew the way of hair and rawhide and boot-leather in rope and knot and rein as befitted his blood and heritage.

The Sailor-man sat up and reached into his blanket-roll for a little old guitar, odd wreckage from some hidden past; under his fingers it began to hum the old sea song, "The Sailor's Grave," but the words were a rough adaptation to the life of the range. The Sailor-man had drifted up the Long Trail from Texas and down again into Arizona, and left the song in a hundred camps to mark his way. His voice had a quality of pathos, like the desert wind at night, or the faint call of the sea across the darkness.

"Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie!"

These words came low and mournfully

From the pallid lips of a youth who lay

On his dying bed at the close of day.

Chorus.

Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie, Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me, Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow sports free— Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie.

He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow Death's shadows were gathering thickly now; And he thought of his home as the end drew nigh And the cowboys gathered to see him die.

Chorus.

Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave just six by three;
Where the buzzard waits and the wind blows free—
Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not, so I've been told, Where the body lies when the heart grows cold; Yet grant, oh! grant this boon to me, And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Chorus.

Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie, Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me; In a narrow grave just six by three— Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie.

I had always hoped to be laid when I died, In the old churchyard on the green hillside; By my father's grave, oh! bury me, And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Chorus.

Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie, Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me; Where the blizzard beats and the wind goes free— Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie. Oh! bury me where a mother's prayer, And a sister's tears may mingle there; Where my friends may come and weep o'er me— And bury me not on the lone prairie.

Chorus.

Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie. In a lonely grave just six by three; For the sake of those who will mourn for me, Oh! bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh! bury me not—but his voice failed there, And they took no heed of his dying prayer; In a narrow grave just six by three They buried him there on the lone prairie.

Chorus.

They buried him there on the lone prairie, Where the owl all night hoots mournfully; And the blizzard beats and the wind blows free O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie.

Tex came in off herd, and the Sailor-man went out to guard the sleeping steers. The Kid pulled Tex down on the blanket roll; they were pardners, the two grizzled old "Ex-Confeds" and the brown-faced boy. The Kid leaned back and broke into the "Texas Ranger," the older voices, husky with yelling at many a long-horned steer, trailing in. Of all the trail-songs this is the universal one. It might be called the marching song of the Long Trail—even Lorena had a narrower range and fewer variations. The Kid knew them all and wove them together at his fancy.

Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be, And listen to some troubles that happened unto me; And know the things we suffered in that early border day, When Indians hid on every trail, the Rangers brave to slay.

I was but sixteen years of age when I joined this roving band; We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande; And there our Captain ordered, "Look sharp, my boys, tonight; Before we reach our station, we'll have a bloody fight."

When I saw the Indians coming and heard their awful yell, My feelings at that moment no tongue can ever tell; I saw their glittering lances, the arrows seemed to fly; And I thought unto my sorrow, "Now is my time to die."

Our Captain called upon us to meet them hand to hand, And every man stood ready, obeying his command; First emptying our rifles, and then with sabres drawn, We fought the redskins right and left until the early dawn.

We fought them full five hours before the fight was o'er; Such sights I saw that morning I never saw before; And when the sun was rising and the Indians they had fled, We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead. And all of us were wounded, our noble Captain slain; And when the moon shone sadly across the bloody plain, Sixteen as noble rangers as ever saw the West Were buried by their comrades—Sweet be their peaceful rest!

Now, perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister, too; Perhaps you have a sweetheart that would weep and mourn for you; If that be your condition, I advise you not to roam; And I tell you from experience you had better stay at home.

My old mother's voice was trembling as she to me did say, "They all are strangers to you—with me you had better stay." But I thought that she was childish, the best she did not know, My mind was bent on ranging and I was bound to go.

I have seen the fruits of rambling, I know its hardships well; I crossed the Rocky Mountains when many a brave man fell; I have been in the great Southwest, where the wild Apaches roam, And I tell you from experience you had better stay at home.

The mesquite coals died down to a dull red and the men slept the sleep of those who live all the daylight hours in the saddle. Another night they would sing the same songs around another camp fire, adding a verse, perhaps, at the fancy of the singer. All the real rangesongs were a growth; some man hummed an old tune as he rode around the bedded herd or followed in the wake of the drive, and presently he caught himself putting his own words to it, mostly recounting some event or accident of the trip.

If the singer happened to be of a sentimental turn, home and mother and old sweethearts came out strong; most of the songs were more or less sad, only a few had lively airs. If a new song with plenty of pathos in it came out, it was sure to travel up and down the range and be heard around every campfire, as "The Ship That Never Returned" was sung in every cow-camp in the Southwest.

There is inherent sadness in the music of all people who live close to the earth; the wind is never quite happy, whether it whispers in the grass, or roars through the swinging branches of the trees in a storm. The sweep of rain, the flow of water, the voices of animals—there is a pathos in them all, and the man who lives with these things weaves their undertone of plaintive melody into his music.

Most of the songs of the cattle-range, that were not mere jingles of local interest only, were built upon some song that originated elsewhere, as "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie," which grew from "Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea." Old, old ballads and simple folk-songs travelled westward along the cattle-trails and lived long—"The Belle of Mohawk Vale" and "Come, Hunt the Buffalo," and endless variations of "Lord Bateman," and "Lord Lovel"; and many a herd of long-horns bedded to "Lily Dale" and "Fair Fanny Moore," droned over and over by voices husky with the dust of the Long Trails.

Dewey, Arizona,

THE COWBOY OF TODAY

By J. ALBERT MALLORY.



YOUNG lady who had been intellectually fattened on the pap of an eastern female seminary, and who had imbibed great quantities of early western romance, came west and sojourned for a time on her uncle's cattle ranch in Southern Arizona. At the end of a week she

was anxious to return to Boston. She told her uncle the cowboys were not at all picturesque—that there was not a college man among them!

Cow-punching today is not the romantic occupation it once was. It is no longer necessary for the guardians of the nation's beef supply to go armed and be recruited from the ranks of young adventurers wohse services were valuable more because of their physical courage and recklessness of consequences than because of their actual devotion to the work of caring for their employer's property. A few years ago, that care demanded certain romantic qualities, and the day's work was just as likely to call for an organized raid on the mountain stronghold of a gang of cattle-rustlers or a running fight with a band of marauding Indians, as to demand the monotonous details of range-riding and night-herding.

Adventurous young men of education and good family, setting out to find fame and fortune and seeking an outlet for some of their superfluous energy, no longer turn to the "romantic occupation of herding wild, red steers over the arid plains of the West," and for reasons similar to those that deter the same class from desiring to experience life and achieve adventure by going to sea before the mast—the romance and opportunities for independent action have been squeezed out of both occupations by the advancing wheels of a mechanical civilization.

It is quite true that the cowboy of to-day is not a college man, nor one at all familiar with the manners and customs of polite society. Neither does he go about his daily task with a brace of six-shooters slung at his hips and a repeating rifle held in the crook of his arm. Barbed-wire fences, steam railroads, police courts and penitentiaries have rendered such appurtenances superfluous. And immediately after pay-day he does not swoop down upon the nearest town, "shoot out the lights," and take part in a gun-fight or two. For the thirty or forty dollars a month which he receives, a strict attention to the duties of his "job" is expected, and in these days of strenuous competition a "job" is a precious thing and can be held only by attending strictly to its duties.

The days of the modern cowboy (and some of his nights, too) are as full of as hard and monotonous work as those of an eastern farm

hand, and there is very little difference in the intellectual or social status of the two.

I remember hearing a writer of magazine fiction, eating his breakfast in a dining car and indicating through the window the rolling western landscape, deliver himself of a dissertation on the disappearance of the frontier and the consequent degeneracy of the cowpuncher. Loudly did he deplore the passing of "the good old days," and he seemed to think that the fencing of the range land and the coming of the railroad had caused him a distinct and personal loss. And when the waiter brought his check, he protested at the price charged for a porterhouse steak. He entirely overlooked the fact that had it not been for the very instruments of progress he had so eloquently condemned, that steak would have cost more and probably would have been of inferior quality.

Cattle raising, of late years, has been brought to as exact a science as any other commercial enterprise. It would be strange indeed if, with the advent of economical machine production in all other lines, the business of fattening cattle for the market had retained its old, wasteful methods. Fences and the segregation into small herds have superseded the old ways in the cattle business for exactly the same reason that the spinning wheel of our grandmothers has given way to the modern factory. Even yet, in some portions of the northwest and in some of the arid regions of Texas, there are a few unsettled principalities used as grazing lands. But these tracts are, for the most part, the private property of the owners of the stock that lives upon it, and not, as in former times, unclaimed government land, pre-empted by self-crowned "Cattle Kings" and held by force of arms. And even on these great ranches modern methods are applied, and the chief duties of the cowboys consist of the care of fences and an unceasing warfare against the many pests and diseases that infest cattle.

Though thousands of cattle are grazed on the plains of the Southwest, very few are shipped direct from the range to the market. The places of individual "Cattle Kings" have been taken by great stock companies which own numerous tracts of range land in various parts of the West.

A few years ago a dry season in Southern Arizona meant the death of many cattle, and, very frequently, the financial ruin of their owners. The "Old Timers" still tell stories of having walked for incredible distances on the carcasses of dead steers. But all that is past—they do things differently now. Let a dry year come upon the southwestern ranges and the cattle are hustled on board a train and transported to the cattle companies' ranges in Colorado, or Montana, or Dakota, where the season is good and the feed abundant. No long drives of hundreds of miles in search of new range, as in

the old days. Simply a day or two of "rounding up," then a few hours drive to the nearest shipping point on the railroad. Then, perhaps, a day in town for the cowboys, and back again to the home ranch and the regular grind. It is no wonder that the modern cowboy is an unpoetic creature. Like most other wage-earners today, he works because he must work in order to live, and not for the joy of the thing he does.

Though the cowboy is not a college graduate he is by means an ignoramus; usually he is American born and fairly well read, taking the same active interest in current topics and politics that other American citizens do. As a general rule he has been raised in the section in which he is employed, is of youthful appearance, and, as public schools are numerous in the cattle country, he differs very little from the average American working youth, western dialect-stories to the contrary notwithstanding, his distinguishing feature being a sturdy western independence engendered by his outdoor life and the traditions of his occupation.

In all cowboy "bunk houses" there is a pile of current magazines, the contents of which are devoured with avidity. And one is not infrequently treated to the amusing spectacle of a youthful cowboy becoming so enamored of the kind of "punchers" pictured in modern fiction, that he purchases a pair of utterly useless six-shooters, commences to walk with a swagger, and to imitate the dialect of Red Saunders.

A few months ago the sheriff of Pima county, Arizona, was surprised to receive in his mail a daintily scented letter from a romantic maiden at Rochester, N. Y., with the request that he "hand the enclosed to some dashing young cowboy." He gave the letter to a cattleman friend of his who wrote to the young lady—and married her shortly afterward. Since then the sheriff has received sixteen similar letters from sixteen other young ladies of Rochester. Whether this incident may be taken as indicative of the fact that western romance is still popular in the East, or that Rochester is overrun with marriageable females, deponent sayeth not.

But if marksmanship is no longer a necessary qualification of the cow-puncher, horsemanship is, and the modern cattleman is as proud of his ability to ride "anything on four legs," as was ever the professional bronco-buster of bygone days, and this is the first fact usually impressed upon the tenderfoot.

"Can you ride a horse?" the foreman of the Three C ranch asked me when I applied for a job.

"I don't know," I replied, "but I think I can, if it's a gentle one."

As a matter of fact I had once been exercise-boy in a stable where some of the best thoroughbreds in the country are trained, and I was rather proud of my ability to ride, but thought it best not to boast

of my prowess, calculating to spring a little surprise on the cowmen when they gave me my first mount,

Next morning the foreman found me standing in the door of the

bunk-house waiting for orders.

"Hello, Kid!" he cried. "Got your horse picked out yet?" and, on receiving a negative answer, "Well, better get your rope and come on down to the corral."

The corral was filled with a seething mass of wild-eyed, squealing and kicking horses. Every few minutes a cowboy would dart forward, dexterously flip his rope over the head of the animal he desired and lead it away still kicking and plunging.

I said something about the horses being wild.

"Wild nothing!" scornfully returned the foreman. "They've all been rode before. Get in there and ketch up one for yourself. They're all gentle."

"You know I'm a greenhorn," I answered. "I couldn't catch one of those horses to save my life, and if it's necessary for me to do it, I guess I better quit this job right now."

He looked at me a moment, his eyes twinkling.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry," he said. "Wait till the boys get theirs caught, and then we'll see if we can find a real gentle horse for you." Later he called to the group of cowboys, who were then busy saddling up:

"This young feller wants a gentle horse. Any of you know of

one that'll do?"

"There's the old buckskin," some one replied.

"Sure enough!" responded the foreman. "Somebody go get him." One of the men disappeared around the corner of the bunk-house, and returned in a few minutes, leading the sorriest looking specimen

of horseflesh it has ever been my misfortune to see.

In color he was a dirty, flea-bitten buckskin. He was all straight lines and acute angles. The bones of his hips seemed about to break through the skin. There appeared to be absolutely no flesh on him. His flanks dropped away as if sliced off with a knife. His back-bone was as conspicuous and of the same shape as the ridgepole of a Japanese dwelling-house. A bunch of scraggy hair, entangled with cockle burs, served as his tail. His gaunt and shapeless neck supported a low-hung head, monstrous in size and surprisingly ugly, the most conspicuous feature of which were long, mutilated ears which swayed irregularly back and forth with each unsteady step, large, funnel-like nostrils and deep-set, wicked, little eyes.

"There's your horse," announced the foreman.

"What!" I exclaimed, realizing that they were making sport of men and becoming angry. "That old crow-bait? Why he hasn't life enough to move out of his tracks!"

"You'll find he has life enough for you," returned the foreman.

"Now get your saddle on him; we can't wait here all day."

Then I became thoroughly angry, and the only object upon which I could vent my anger with impunity was "Old Buckskin." So I threw my saddle on his back and pulled the cinch wickedly tight. He did not seem to mind it. Into his mouth I thrust the bit and tightened the throat latch. He stood as docile as an old cow at milking time.

Seating myself in the saddle I struck him a smart blow with the quirt, but without any visible effect. Then I rained upon him blow after blow, and the only signs he gave of having felt them were a switch of his stubby tail and an angry toss of his head.

Then I used my spurs.

The next instant I was twenty feet away, with the solid earth under my back, wondering what had happened.

The foreman helped me to my feet, remarking softly: "I thought

you could ride a gentle horse."

I mumbled something about being taken by surprise, and amidst the gibes and laughter of the cowboys once more mounted "Old Buckskin," who stood perfectly still, apparently in the same place.

When I applied the spurs next time, I was prepared for what was to come, but at the second pitch was again unseated and struck the earth even more heavily than before. I realized then that I had been made the victim of a practical joke. As I mounted the third time, the foreman said kindly:

"Better not try it again, Kid. You can't ride him."

The truth of which statement I think I should have admitted right there, had not one of the boys placed a wooden saw-horse beside me, remarking gravely:

"Here's a real gentle hoss, sonny! Better practice a little on it

before you try to ride anything that's alive."

But I was going to show them. Oh, yes, I would show them that I could ride. Carefully I entangled my spurs in the horse-hair strands of the belly-band, with the result that when I next dug "Old Buckskin" with the steel, I was locked in the saddle as securely as if my feet had been tied together.

Finding that I held on in spite of the straight, swift, upward plunge, with arched back and stiffened forelegs, that had formerly unseated me, he twisted from side to side, leapt straight into the air and writhed like a snake, turning almost completely around before striking the earth again. And always he alighted with legs stiff and muscles tense, bounding upward again with incredible swiftness.

I was bounced and pounded over the saddle in a perfectly help-less manner. One instant I was thrown against the horn with sickening violence, the next my back was nearly broken across the cantle. Blood flowed from my mouth and nostrils, and just as I felt my senses leaving me with the pain of it one spur was torn loose and I was thrown forward and to the side, held dragging by one foot. I saw "Old Buckskin" gather himself into a knot and aim a vicious kick at my head. Then one rope settled around his neck and another jerked a foreleg out from under him, toppling him to the ground.

Afterward I learned that he was an utterly hopeless outlaw, perfectly gentle except when an attempt was made to ride him and the spurs were applied. "Cheyenne Barney," one of the best riders in the Southwest, was the only man ever known to stay on him until

he gave up with exhaustion and lay down.

And when it was all over I was glad that I had told the foreman that I couldn't ride.

San Diego, Cal.



AFIELD

By KATHERINE ELSPETH OLIVER



O, ye loyal souls, ye whose pride is your native heath, rally to the fields! Yes, come, but not to fields sanguinary—to the barley fields, and the poppy fields—to the fields of ten million flowers and ten million upon ten million.

Come! And just let me hear anyone say that he has something better to do. I would ask what that good thing is. But I would not wait for an answer; I would be off to the fields myself before the foolish one could get his stupid brain into action to answer me. Such a benighted case is too hopeless for missionary work.

Now, if he had said that he had something more urgent, I would have labored with that individual. I would have said, "My dear Sir (or Madam), what is it you have to do? Is it to see a man or make afternoon calls? Is it to put a seat in Johnny's trousers, or is it only the office? My friend, let these things go. There is not a day in the whole year when these comparatively minor details of life cannot be attended to, but there is only once in a year that such incomparable loveliness spreads itself before your threshold and calls you to come forth and adore; to be aired and sunned, inside and out, and made joyous and strong and thankful for all the rest of the year that you are permitted to dwell in a land of such delight.

That is the counsel I would give those friends and then I would take them by the hand and lead them away and leave them there, in the edge of that shimmering barley sea whose ripples blow spring sweets to their feet. They would lave themselves in that beauty, and go away, never to be blind any more.

And that is the kind of home-missionary work I am undertaking this spring; but when my subjects sit down and require much argument before being converted, I am apt to desert both them and my mission—who could wait for missions such a morning as this! I belong to it from the first peep out-o'doors. It has rained in the night and the sun comes walking to my window through a silver sea; I can't see the desert for the glory. The cypress hedge is sprinkled with diamonds; the fronds of the date palm gleam like bristling bayonets; the vines over the lattice droop under their weight of jewels and my window screen is spattered all over with gold-dust.

When I step out of doors, I see there is not a weed that does not lift up its crystals to capture bits of sunshine. I walk about, lifting up the faces of the roses that droop under raindrops; they are so crisp, every exquisitely turned petal so fresh and immaculate, I feel that my touch defiles. The air is like wine. I expand

and take in long draughts of it while my eyes lift to their daily adoration of our mountains, that peerless vision of azure loveliness standing above the dark outline of eucalyptus windbreak. The birds are simply beside themselves over the morning, and are pouring out their appreciation in exquisite pæans, while all I can do is to squeak with delight and dash up to the "look-out" (that blessed station created by an outside stairway for which there was no room inside) to see what the desert has been doing in the night.

That desert! It is our most precious possession. It stretches away east and south of us, out of sight, and you can walk out to where you can see nothing but desert anywhere and can imagine that you are a hundred miles from everybody.

"What a pity your south and east is not settled up," our friends say; "it is so lonely."

Settled up, indeed! As though civilization on two sides of us, with its problems of water rights and orange markets were not enough. Who would exchange this noble stretch of primeval desert for an artificial orange grove! "Lonely!" Why its silence and quiet is a healing balm. Through all the year we watch its native graces revealed. It endures under the terrible scorch of the summer sun, and like some great soul gives out fragrance from its seared heart. The silent night moves across its solemn miles, and there is no calm like that of its dim expanses. It has a reserve, too, like that of all wild creatures, for it is never tamed. The forest may withstand civilization, and its solemn vistas and holy retreats become the shelter of the summer lodge and the quarry of the conquered deer. The river moves on unchanged between borders of artificial parks, and its ripples lap gaudy boat-houses where they were wont to sing before the Indian tepees; but the desert will not continue to live under the hand of man. When the jack-rabbit hosts have loped away across the plains, when the last pad-footed coyote turns back, sullen eyed, to look upon the felled chaparral, when the first plow-point tears through the fragrant native soil, the desert dies, with its mystery and its silence.

And the pity of it is that this isn't really our desert; if it were I should never part with it—never! Even if a paternal and all-benevolent government should irrigate every square foot of every other desert and turn it over to well-meaning settlers to become a happy and God-fearing commonwealth, I should keep my dear desert and all its jack-rabbit hordes and bequeath it when I died to my heirs and my heirs' heirs, a perpetual heritage. As it is, if I see any prospective buyers prowling around, I shall go out to meet them with the smile of a friend and all the discouraging tales I can invent, concerning the orange industry in Southern California.

If I have to make myself a publican and a sinner in the eyes of my community, I shall save that desert.

Ah! I knew it would be so! This somber and inscrutable Spirit knows its seasons. As though the divinity of Spring were its one kindred understanding soul, it blooms in its sudden geniality at her coming; shy blossoms nestle close to its hot breast and it crowns itself with waving plumes. We are quite overwhelmed this morning at its glory—for by this time the family is rallied to the house-top and breakfast postponed. The dark luxuriance of the mesquite bushes dots an emerald turf; in their shaggy tops, the gaudy air-plants wave, like filmy orange-colored handkerchiefs; innumerable yellow flowers make trails of sunshine over the green sward, and all the shallow hollows where the dampness stands are pocketsful of gold. The birds are dipping and twittering in every bush. With such an invitation the day's program is decided. There must be a picnic. Bless you I don't mean fried chicken and a salad of sixteen ingredients. Just something with which to "stay your stomach" till you get back for a late dinner and to add a festive touch to the occasion. Pack it in your basket, with the artist's water-colors and the pair of stockings that couldn't be left at home and that you are going to darn while she paints. Don't despise, either, such a combination of the gross and the æsthetic as cheese sandwiches and nature worship. There are some carnal things it was never designed that we get along without until we leave this world, among which are eating and drinking, and there is a very choice fellowship and a real stimulating of souls to be had over tea-cups, just because we meet on the common ground of homely primary needs.

Blest you are if you have cultivated the legs for walking; then you can taste the full joy of every step of the way, the draughts of luscious air you bare your chest to, the sun-bath you get in that sandy stretch of road, the grateful shade of the cool wind-break under whose shadows you walk and along whose shaded aisles the lovely morning breeze comes to meet you. If, however, you are dependent upon the modern conveniences of travel, then drive the deliberate family horse, the one that has been raised in the country and shares your feelings for nature, and who will know how to amble, without unnecessary attention to roads and highways, through fields where the flowers bloom thickest; who will not be disturbed by frequent bolts out of and into the carriage, as you come upon objects of desire, and who will be happy to stand a half hour, knee deep in a green field, while you push out after those poppies waving on distant borders.

What a joy it is to know the morning! How sweet the early odors, the smell of damp, clean earth, of wet foliage; the heavy

fragrance of orange blossoms where the trees stand bowed as under a late snow. We meet at every road huge loads of oranges rolling early to the packing houses; sturdy men and boys dart by on their wheels with their orange-sacks at their backs, and we thrill with a sense of life and movement and busy thrift.

We stop for our mail at the village postoffice—it adds relish to the excursion to read a greeting from the East, where the people are just emerging from a spring blizzard. As we proceed we exchange friendly greetings with the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick-maker; we are armed with a friendliness toward all men this morning, as we go out to take our glad portion of the treasure nature spreads for all. We meander across somebody's vacant lot and down a fragrant road between barley fields. All along our course the flowers have waved to us gaily from the roadside, as if they were all moving in gala dress toward some grand festival, and now, here in the open, we come upon the whole gorgeous show. We draw up amazed, and hail this wondrous sight as though this were a new spectacle and all its participants were strangers to us, but we soon recall that we know them all and go on picking them out in the crowd with increasing delight at every fresh recognition.

There are the "tidy-tips," those yellow-centered, white-and-yellowpetaled ones—just the cleanest, brightest little creatures that ever made prim curtesies in a green field. There are the yellow primroses that open close to the ground, little ready-made button-hole bouquets. Then the dear "baby blue eyes!" Any one who ever meets them, blinking up at him from the sand, knows what they are. Father, who is a Scotchman with a stucco exterior, and the interior finish of a Bobby Burns, says he feels like an infanticide when he turns them under with his plow every spring. The purple and yellow heliotropes lavish their colors here and the funny pink "paint brushes." sticking handle down in the sand, help the brightness. Then the poppy! She is a regal flower, and of course the boast of the Californian, but I can't say that she draws out my affections-not at least as these modest little every-day flowers do. I am dazzled by her gorgeousness and her exquisite graces amaze me, but I notice she observes the usual prerogatives of royalty; she has the reservation of the best places in the landscape; she receives all homage, but she does not stay long and is chary of her audiences. If everything goes well, she is gracious, but let there be a slight interruption in the program of the season, a lapse in the attention of rain or sun, and she refuses to show her regal head in the festival of flowers—stays at home and pouts, as is the time-honored privilege of queens. On the other hand, these little common-people pop out at the first opportunity and fall into their places, making a gladdening pageant.

Why do people always think trees a necessary accessory to a

picnic? Of course they are desirable, but by no means more indispensable to such occasions than is custard pie. Why not a rock, a nice, cool, high boulder, behind which one can withdraw and take off one's hat and stretch out in the shadow exactly as under green boughs? or a bush, a huge, shaggy mesquite, full blown and deliciously fragrant? and even a fence post is not to be despised, if you get on the shady side and make yourself small, the difficulty being that the distance to your friend behind the next one is a trifle far for purposes of sociability. And after all, the ground, just the clean ground with the flowers smelling sweet all about you, and the sunshine—the California sunshine, that the doctor says you can't get too much of-shining down on your head, is the finest place, anywhere, to begin a banquet. If there are some in your number who talk of dampness and sunburn and refuse to leave the buggy-seat, let them stay there and hand out the provisions—they'll be there to pack up, afterwards.

There is a way on the desert to tell when it is time to go home. It is when, on the dead quiet of your siesta, there breaks the long, cool breath of the afternoon sea-breeze. Then you feel, of a sudden, a subtle agitation round about you; there begins a nodding and rustling and a little bustle of subdued excitement throughout the whole bright crowd of blossoms. There's something on hand, you perceive; you are roused in spite of yourself—and—yes, this is unmistakable! All these cunning little creatures that have been turning attentive faces to you all the morning, are bowing and curtsying you politely away.

Why this dismissal? It's bed-time on the desert and 'ere, with apologies, you make haste to take your leave, the flower children, crooned over and rocked by nurse Zephyr, have closed their sunny eyes and droop on their stems, fast asleep.

Rialto, Cal.

SEA MIST

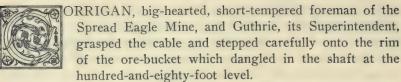
By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

N wings bronze-dappled, swings through heaven's dome An eagle, far above the rugged comb
Whereon we stand to gaze where bursts of foam
Are flung, white wreath on wreath, against the brow
Of that long cliff. The cedar-forests bow,
For landward drives a dripping wind; and now,
Sun-kissed, the mist in amethyst and gold,
A phantom dragon, rolling fold on fold,
Engulfs the wondrous peaks of mountains old.

New York.

"DOC"

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.



"Got all the tools and wrenches to repair that pump?" asked Guthrie.

"Sure! All in the bucket."

"Let 'er drop then." At which Corrigan gave the bell-wire a vigorous jerk and took in his hand the short rod used to steady the bucket when it sways and threatens to strike the walls of the shaft.

Guthrie glanced down to the black water a hundred feet below, in which hung the idle, disabled pump, and took a fresh hold on the cable. The shaft's mouth, reflected in the sombre water, looked like a distant star.

"Dom thot sawbones ingineer!" growled Corrigan under his breath, as the cable unwound with a jerk and the bucket descended far too rapidly for his peace of mind. "Dom thot dom sawbones ingineer!" he again rumbled; whereat Guthrie responded placidly, "You'd better 'dom' the foreman, Mike; you gave the wrong signal, forgot the three bells, and Doc up there has no idea but what it's an empty bucket he's lowering to bail the shaft."

By that time they were falling swiftly as a dropped stone, the bucket spinning giddily like a top.

Corrigan's red-moustached mouth was half opened for reply when the splash came. Guthrie slipped from the rim of the bucket as it took the water, and swam in two strokes to the ladder. Corrigan, averse to washing and no swimmer, clambered up the cable like a distracted ape, spitting water and profanity. He had gone under with the bucket, which filled, righted itself and now began to ascend.

Chuckling at his foreman's explosive wrath, Guthrie leisurely followed on the ladders, to have his laughter abruptly checked at the mouth of the shaft.

The bucket hung at the surface, still full of water, for Doc, the engineer, and the Mexican bucket-dumper had found no time to empty it. No time indeed! for the Mexican boy could be seen rushing distractedly to the blacksmith shop, shouting for help, while the engineer was scientifically knocking down the foreman every time that testy and over-wrought son of Erin made a rush at him.

"Cut that out!" commanded Guthrie, picking up a pipe-wrench and running between the engineer and the prostrate foreman.

"Certainly, Mr. Guthrie," answered Doc pleasantly, returning to his engine.

Corrigan made no response. The last knock-down had laid open his scalp on the corner of a locker and extinguished temporarily that fierce blaze of tow which on trying occasions answered for his reason.

"I was explaining to your foreman that he had made a mistake. He gave the wrong signal, sir," apologized the engineer.

"You've convinced him, Doc," assented Guthrie. "Suppose I take the engine, while you go for your case and patch him up."

Doc patched him up of course; he always did succeed in patching up the boys who got hurt about the mine, let rocks drop on them from the roof of the drift, or were too lax in routing out scorpions, centipedes and things from their bunks before retiring.

Poor Doc! He had to stop in the middle of many such minor operations to struggle with a paroxysm of coughing, but he was always gentle, deft, skilful and otherwise satisfactory, especially as his fees were moderate; a word of thanks—sometimes; payment for medicines—seldom.

In any other work but healing, he was unlucky. Ill fate! for although in the episode known thereafter as Corrigan's bath (his first and only one known of men) Doc was assuredly blameless, yet he lost by it, for miners dislike to work with a bringer of bad luck.

Guthrie esteemed Doc, but preferred dropping him from the engineer's job to facing a strike.

Corrigan "dommed" him no more. A man who could with regularity and precision floor a fighting Irishman was worthy of respect and devoted friendship. Still he would climb the ladders rather than ride the bucket on Doc's shift.

So Doc was put to work at smaller pay doing odd jobs of carpentry, now building a cabin, now making a table or perhaps a chicken coop for some maternal hen with brood.

It was just like that bull-headed Corrigan to get roaring mad at Guthrie and all the men because his "ould frind, Doc" was reduced (though he had refused to ride Doc's bucket as I mentioned), so he threw up the job and went to his wife and little Tad, on Bearskin. The Corrigans had a homestead at the far end of Bearskin Flat, sixteen miles from the Spread Eagle, and as that is a hot and thirsty land, he opened a saloon which did a good business with the rangeriders.

To whom Corrigan never ceased bragging of "me ould frind, Doc, the handiest mon wid his fists an' the deefest at hearin' of mine signals in all Walapai County!" for he never would admit his mistake, convincing as had been Doc's argument.

Once he rode up to the mine with six-year-old Tad Corrigan before him on the saddle, a red-headed little scrapper with a twenty-two calibre rifle slung proudly across the horn. A mighty hunter, with two squirrels and a cottontail to his credit in his brief life!

Tad was charmed with Doc, who shot tin cans thrown in the air with the boy's gun, and Doc took to the lad, which almost persuaded the beaming father that he *moight* hov pulled thot bill-wire a wee thrifle too aisy, thot toime, d'yez moind."

While three or four of us boys were building a cabin for the new foreman, a family man, I first worked with Doc and our friendship took root.

He had come to Arizona to be cured.

This dawned upon us very gradually, for we were healthy brutes. He was apparently in good health; tall, broad shouldered, of clear skin and blonde beard, there was nothing of the "lunger" in his appearance, and only by the occasional wistful and weary expression of his eyes could one glimpse that he was besieged by a tireless and implacable foe, the White Plague. His expression then reminded me of a cousin, a lily-souled girl, who had died the previous year.

He was Doctor of Medicine, a degree which we acknowledged by calling him "Doc" and coming to him with our ailments, an aching tooth, a cut finger, which the copper-poisoned water of the mine rendered very painful and slow to heal; but as his nominal position was general-utility-man, we took his title as a joke and his services gratis.

He was not qualified to practice for fees in Arizona, as he had not taken his examination before the Medical Board, but our calls on him were none the less frequent on that account nor his response, the less willing. Moreover, the ranchers down the cañon, learning that a physician was living nearer than Mastodon, sixty miles away, got into the habit of 'phoning by Company wire for prescriptions, medicines, and even hurry-calls for Doc himself.

It may have been his carpenter's job that led us to undervalue his ability and services, it may have been the trivial nature of our complaints which he so successfully treated, it may have been his familiar appearance, for he was boyish-looking at thirty-two, and rough, with untrimmed gold-brown beard, rugged, homely features, mild blue eyes and sunburned complexion—something there was that made him seem one of us, neither less nor more than his fellow laborers in overalls and jumpers.

We liked him in spite of his one grave fault.

He would soldier.

He had no scruples about letting the boys who helped him do the big share of the work, carry the heavy end of the timber, and this although he realized that it was a disgraceful thing among men working together.

Mateney, the new foreman, jacked him up about it once, after many provocations, for he was an easy-going boss, and the doctor had answered mildly that he was a sick man; could not measure up "DOC" 235

with these miners and cattle punchers who had never known a day of sickness.

Mateney didn't give him his time. Instead he went to Guthrie about it, and that authority told him not to crowd Doc, as a physician came handy in an isolated camp sixty miles from town. You couldn't tell what might happen in a growing mine, soon to be on a producing basis—said with the slightest suspicion of a grin, for Mrs. Mateney had dutifully presented her lord with an heir (or pair) year by year, and her youngest now counted eleven months.

Thus Mateney was silenced and left the office reddening sheep-shly.

Nevertheless this soldiering irritated the men who were taken off regular shifts to help him with his building. There was no apparent reason why he should carry fewer bundles of shingles to the roof than the other boys, or dodge the work of floor-laying, which required a stooping, cramped posture.

In some respects, we decided, he was only half a man.

For instance, in this rough-riding country, he would never mount a horse if he could drive or even walk; would never trot or run his pony, but, like an old woman, held her back. Said his lungs couldn't stand the jarring and shaking.

Whitewash, cream-splashed bay pony, had many trying debates with him, for she could outrun the broncs at the Fourth o' July barbecue, and walking was not to her taste.

Gradually Doc and I became pals, and he told me about himself. His life history was brief and colorless. Thus he told it in his matter-of-fact way. He was a country lad from Illinois; had followed the plow, and learned to do the thousand and one odd jobs that a man must do on a remote farm. His father and good old mother were still on the home-place, from which he had broken away to study medicine. A few terms of schooling had awakened his interest in things above chores; a little, soft-voiced school-teacher, his senior by a few years, had planted his quickened intellect in deep soil—Emerson, Thoreau, Browning. His soul grew with his mind. She taught him more than his lessons—that unselfish service is the highest achievement.

I was allowed to see her picture finally, a mild face with eager, glowing eyes, soft brown hair, smoothed in old fashion about the temples, serene Puritan features—all but the eager, aspiring eyes. An idealist, who had found her mind-and-soul hero in a country school-boy!

He caught fire from her enthusiasm, went to Chicago, hastily and unprovided with money, half starved looking for work, found a place in a machine shop (where he learned about engines among other things), worked up to good wages which kept him alive when

he laid off to study, eventually was taken into a physician's office where his progress was rapid. Received his degree after years of hard work; built up a small practice, almost enough to support a modest household—and suddenly found himself in the grip of the white monster, Tuberculosis.

One thing he had learned as a physician, to sacrifice all things, comfort, luxuries, desires, to the work in hand, his work, and now, regarding himself as his own patient, he took the prescription that was harder to take than the bitterest drugs; said good bye to the old folks and the little 'eager-eyed school-teacher, and came to Arizona to be cured.

That was his one thought. He had come here to be cured. At present that was his work, for he had no other patient, none other in his straits.

He was making good progress, about the time he went to building and tinkering; his cough was not so racking, he had raised no blood for months, and he was laying aside the larger part of his earnings to take a fresh start when at last he should be cured and go home.

Yes, prospects were bright, although he lost a good deal of his working time by answering emergency calls from the ranches for miles around. For, as he had no right to accept fees, many thrifty housewives had less hesitation in calling him than they would have had in sending for a licensed physician. He couldn't turn them down, these emergency calls, though he would soldier at his carpentry.

We were waiting for the dinner bell one hot forenoon, incidentally nailing the shingles on Mateney's cabin, when the Superintendent appeared at the office door and called, "Doc, you're wanted at the 'phone, quick!"

We had heard such calls before, and knew that someone down the cañon had a new baby, or a sick baby, or something else that required Doc's attention; and sure enough, a few minutes later we saw him riding up the road to Mescal Saddle, his pinto, Whitewash, dancing and prancing under him and trying to run herself to death up hill. For Whitewash knew she was a racer, and despised walking at Doc's gait.

When we went in to dinner, we learned that Corrigan's Tad had shot himself with that little, fool, toy gun.

That was why our Doc, who was afraid of his pinto, was loping sixteen miles over mountain, cañon trail and burning alkali flat.

God, how he rode!

Madly, but not like a fool, for at the long, up-hill, horse-killing grade to Mescal Saddle, he breathed his dancing pony at intervals as calmly as if he were riding to enjoy the scenery. But once on

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top of Mescal, whew! came the quirt under her belly and Whitewash leaped down the precipitous, zig-zag trail like a wild steer.

Clever little pinto! Many a daring rider has broken his neck from risking such a down-hill dash on an awkward horse, but Whitewash was a real "cow pony," born and bred in the mountains, and her tiny, white-socked hoofs never missed their sure footing.

Down the old Apache trail, into the Black Creek bed, with its tangle of brush and scrub-oak, where Doc had to lie close to the saddle to dodge the gnarled, low-growing branches ,then gallantly up the cañon wall to the road, which he here meets again, having shortened it a mile by this cut-off trail.

"Now, Whitewash, let's see those dainty white hoofs flash as they did in the Fourth o' July races. Lay back your ears, my pretty one, little sensitive ears of a racer, and stretch that slender neck and—go!"

Thus to Whitewash, the singing quirt about her ears; which has no need to strike and sting, for she is all nerve and pluck and never yet has had her fill of running.

Careful, little lady! for though the road is far better than the Apache trail, still there is danger; there, at the crossing of the mountain stream, the rocks are water-polished like glass, and slimy wet withal. Brava! little lady! Her hoofs deftly grip the "Slick Crossing" with no slackening of speed.

But there are still other perils ahead. See, at yonder sharp turn lies a menacing black coil marked with yellow. A black rattler it is, basking in the warm sunshine, blind, spiteful, holding the center of the road. And to the right is overhanging rock and brush, to the left a sheer drop of sixty feet. There is no turning aside—there is no time or thought to dismount and kill snakes. But, Whitewash, if the fangs graze a slender leg as you flit by, your race is lost and you are lost.

"Crack," goes the bony thumb and forefinger of Doc, for he, too, has seen the deadly coil.

At the signal Whitewash rises like a bird, for she has cleared many a boulder in her cattle-running days, yes, many a fallen tree and wire fence at the signal of the snapping fingers. Black rattler may finish his nap, or glide away in wrath, as his temper inclines him; his venomed fangs struck but thin air. Whitewash is clattering far down the road.

Such are the dangers to Whitewash, but what of her rider? He, who would never run his horse, but walked her, like an old woman. We knew well enough now that it was not because he was afraid of his pinto. The watchman's wife at the idle Crackerjack Mine, off Bearskin Creek, saw a cloud of dust come whirling down the wash, and was just in time to snatch her third youngest from his sun-bath

before the wild rider flew by, gray, like a ghost, with dust, hatless, blood-flecked, foam-flecked; for the little pinto has almost her fill of running at last. Her lips throw foam and her flanks are wet and her eyes are staring from the whites, but still the quirt sings about her ears and she answers with all her pluck and nerve.

Her white-splashed flanks are reddened as from cruel spurring, but Doc wears no spurs.

The watchman's wife shouts at the rider some word he cannot hear, but not for him to stop and ask what. If he *should* stop, he could never find the courage to go on, for now every jump of the pony seems to land on his raw, bleeding lungs. This merciless shaking and jarring has finished his lungs—has finished him. Blood rises in his mouth, which he spews out when he must—it is an effort to unclinch his teeth. Whitewash is bloody as if a drunken greaser with Mexican spurs had savagely rowelled her.

Six miles of parched alkaline flat lie heat-tremulous before him, and already he reels in the saddle. The dust chokes him, blinds him; the sun smites his unprotected head; sweat runs down his face in little salty streams that trickle into his smarting eyes and mouth and down his neck. The big flat dances before him like a mirage, and all the familiar landmarks are as the images of a dream.

Still he knows enough to be guided by them; here turning his pony into a trail that saves a quarter mile, there zig-zagging to avoid prairie dog burrows, here swinging into the level road with a vigorous slash of the quirt, for at last poor Whitewash has enough and not the singing but the stinging of the lash must urge her on.

Away off across the flat, near the foot of jagged, barren mountains, is a clump of cottonwoods and a shack. That is Corrigan's homestead and saloon.

Doc sees it with dim eyes.

At last he has sighted his goal, but, God! how fast it travels away from him! It seems to outrun that little "give-out" pinto without an effort. Every moment it seems to grow fainter before his sight, flitting, dancing, fluttering away; elusive little shack under the cottonwoods.

"Fool!" he curses himself, "it is an illusion, an unreality." Unreal as the placid, big-eyed, bald-faced cows that like staring nightmares watch him whirl by with singing quirt, reeling drunkenly, though one hand grips the pommel hard.

Only one thing is real; that is the rack and tear at his chest with every jump of the pony, and at shorter intervals a mouthful of blood to spit out. God! how sickening brackish it tastes. He knows by its taste it is blood, even though it is too dark to see its color. Pitch dark, and the sun beating and shining this moment? Odd!

Half a dozen cow-punchers, friends of mine, jumped on their

ragged-looking ponies and loped across the flat from Corrigan's to bring in a gasping, staring pinto with a rider whom at first they took for a corpse, so limp did he hang in the saddle, so wan, so dustgray and blood-splashed was he.

Carefully they eased him to the ground, lifted him to a fresh horse, and walked it slowly to the saloon, where no drinks were sold

that day.

For on the rough pine bar lay the stark, white-sheeted figure that had been little Tad Corrigan, and in the back room on the only bed lay the stricken mother, with Mike Corrigan, tenderest of hot-tempered Irishmen, comforting her as best he could.

And Doc?

Yes, it killed him, of course. Not outright; that would have been merciful. He dragged on for several months in a disease-shattered body. Came back to the mine, where most of the time he sat in the sun, a broken man. Finally he went to Prescott to a hospital, received his death warrant from the physicians, and returned home to his father and good old mother and the little eager-eyed school teacher, to die—a failure, he said.

It was so useless. That's where it galls me. If he had waited a few minutes at the mine that day, waited for a bite to eat, he would have received the second message that little Ted Corrigan was deadno need of haste. Or if he had taken some care of himself on the road during that wild ride, even if he had stopped for a cup of water at the Crackerjack Mine, or reined up to hear the shrill message of the watchman's wife, it might have saved him.

But he did none of these things. One of the cowboys said, "He rode straight an' hard through hell because he had business on the other side." Yes, he did the work he had to do (though he would soldier and ball up the odd jobs they gave him), and, when you stop to think of it, if there were not lots of men like that all around us,

the world's work never would be done.

He was a good man. "He done his damnedest," as the cow puncher said.

Los Angeles.

THE EUCALYPTS

By MINNIE TINGLE.

RAGGED, alien herd-they break away With sullen stride across the sun-lit plain; Like tattered scarecrows, some, knee-deep in grain, Stand awkward and forlorn. Yet others stray O'er distant hills like bold outriders gay, While dark against the sea, their princely train Lies bivouacked on the heights. A country lane, With their arched grace, becomes a King's Highway.

The loftiest of the valley heights, they hold Within their high-flung crests the sun's first rays, And cradle in their glossy leaves the last That die upon the western sea and wold. E'en by the Ocean's restless marge one strays— Its ragged banner to the salt breeze cast. Los Angeles,



The felidae share with civilized man a distinct preference for meat which has been Perished On Purpose. Both object to a diet of things Found Dead. The following remarks are purely in pursuit of living prey—for nothing is more alive than language; nor nothing does more to keep Us alive.

If anything in the world could anger a very patient beast, and cause him to forget the mildness acquired by a long diet of lamb, and make his mane to stand on end by each particular hair, like frets upon the quillful porcupine, it is the woozy word "artifact" almost universally used by scientists—doubtless because they consulted Benj. Dictionary Smith, A. M., L. H. D., or some other Vexicographer that betrayed them.

It may be unbecoming for a Remote Western brute to meddle with Latin as against his elders and betters; but while the English language as a whole may very well "take care of herself" (as Owen Wister hath said), the phraseology of science should be correct first, last and all the time.

There is no such word as "artifact," except in dictionaries that know no better, and in the vocabulary of those that lean on incompetent dictionaries. There is such a word as "fact" from the Latin facio, facere, feci, factum. There is, so far as I can recall, one extended English word which has a right to be constructed upon the past participle of facio. That is "manufacture." As everybody knows, this is not a compound but a hybrid. There is no Latin verb to give it birth. It is a modern graft from the two words manu factus—made by hand.

It is a long time since the Lion began Latin—by the calendar, forty-two years; and for sixteen years his nose was "at" the grind-stone. For a similar period he has had the privilege to forget most of the acquired edge. But this "doing dirt" to one of the rudiments of English speech by various dictionaries which sell themselves to us at their own prices, is enough to arouse juvenile recollections. And the Lion hasn't forgotten the A-B, abs.

Anybody who knows enough about Latin to be fit to write a prescription—not to say a dictionary—knows that the compounding of a verb like "facio" changes the participle. Of course the Century Dictionary does not carry this lesson. It derives "artifice" from "ars + facio"—without sense enough to know that it could never come that way. "Artifice" and "artifex" and "artificial" are all from a compound verb made in Late Latin by someone who "knew how to play with it"—as the Century Dictionary does not.

The Lion has cubs that are aware of such words as defect, perfect, imperfect, pluperfect, effect, affect, infect, prefect. He wonders sometimes that Bro. Century-Dictionary-Smith doesn't write them: "more properly spelled defact, perfact, imperfact, pluperfact, affact, effact, infact, and prefact, from de + facio, per + facio," etc.

A high-school girl has to know that the compounding of the verb changes its conjugation. "Fact" is from facio, facere, feci, factum. "Defect" is not from "de + facio" but from deficio, deficere, defeci, defectum—and so on, all along the line. If "artifact," why not also "confactionary?"

The same thing is true of the verb jacio, jacere, jeci, jactum. I do not at the moment recall—and am too occupied to hunt—any direct derivative (unless it may be the Jack our dictionary would make of us!) But when you put a prefix to the verb, you get injicio, inject; projicio, project; dejicio, deject; subjicio, subject; rejicio, reject—and so on. Not to mention adjective from adjicio. It isn't injact, projact, dejact, subjact, rejact.

In precisely the same way the steady law of the language, recognizable to all who know anything about language or law, gives us "artifect" and not "artifact." The word is from artificio, past participle artifectum. That is the reason we have "artifice" instead of "artiface," "artificial" instead of "artifacial."

A very useful Latin verb is capio, capere, cepi, captum. It is the progenitor of such familiar words as capable and captious, caption, capture and captive. But when it mixes with prefixes, it follows suit. It is a wonder that the Century Dictionary does not match its "artifact" with "immaculate concaption"; and that Bro. Smith did not "accapt" my passing allusions with better grace. The prefix changes the verb in its conjugation, and ex + capio is not excapio, excaptum but excipio, exceptum and so also decipio, deceptum, and concipio, conceptum, and accipio, acceptum.

Os + facio becomes orifice, and not oriface. Opus + facio gives Mr. Smith not his offace but his office. And so on For Keeps.

Perhaps it is not strange that an Editor who does not know thus much about the genius of the English language, or of its main root, should be in favor of Deformed Spelling. It is not strange that serious students who have not time to make their own dictionaries should follow his blunders—but it is truly a pity that any scholar should write the word artifact when he means artifect, and would so

spell it if he had time to look up the genealogy for himself, or if the Century Dictionary (or some other) would earn the money he pays it to save him this trouble. And if he gave 'em a check as bad as they give him the definition—they'd have him in the jug.

Word already comes in from the outside precincts touching a certain meager attention here given to Dr. Smith. There are messages from some of the experts he ought to have procured to keep his dictionary from being a by-word; and from some that he did procure, but treated so Smithily that they could not withstand the pressure. Likewise from Mere Mortals with enough of the Old Adam in them to enjoy righteous bloodshed. There are even stanzas of amiable verse, contributed to the little volume which begins to grow around and upon the original text of Deformed Spelling. And all agree in substance with the greatest of them—one of the foremost scholars in the world—who relates that he perused the rebuttal of the Lion vs. Smith "with a holy joy."

Perhaps the pattest connotation (and by the way Dr. Smith does not know anything about "standing pat") is a quotation from "Alice in Wonderland" apropos of Dr. Smith's wriggling as to the chile pepper being "called the pepper tree" by the Century Dictionary—see pages 160-163 of the February number. Mr. Dodgson hit the lasting chords in general; and his prophetic soul seems to have foreseen Dr. Smith's apology. From the famous dialogue between Alice and the White Knight:

"The name of the song is called Haddock's Eyes."

"Ch, that is the name of the song, is it?"

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called*... The name really is 'The Aged, Aged Man.'"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the song is called?" Alice corrected herself.

"No you oughtn't; that's quite another thing! The song is called 'Ways and Means,' but that's only what it's called, you know! . . . The song really is 'A-sitting on a Gate'; and the tune's my own invention."

Among the comments upon these velvet-pawed love-pats are those from a scholarly newspaper man: "If anybody that doesn't know any more than you do, can find as much fault with the Century, and prove it in your little specialty, what would happen if scholars in general, who do know something, were to go after it in the same way?"

The Lion doesn't know. Doubtless God does.

A fair example of what Dr. Smith has done for Western history

will be found under his entry "Tucson," next below the fairly adequate item on "Tuckerman's Ravine"—a dinkey little gorge on the side of Mt. Washington, N. H., which the Lion climbed as a cub. If any juxtaposition could better identify and define Dr. Smith's editorial capacities and sense of proportion, I don't know. But to return to Tucson, of which Dr. Smith doesn't give any proper pronunciation, but only that of brakemen, bootblacks, and hobos. Of course he is innocent of its derivation. He is still more innocent of its history; and alleges: "It was founded by Spanish Jesuits in the middle of the 16th century."

That is to say, Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., thinks that Tucson was founded before Santa Fé, New Mexico, and before St. Augustine, Florida. That is, that it was the first European settlement in the United States.

Somebody who contributed some part of the Century Dictionary, inserted, in spite of Dr. Smith, the name of Eliot Coues. It is possible they wrote the fact that he was the greatest editor of Western Americana; and that Dr. Smith cut out this definition. If Dr. Smith will turn to page 79 of Dr. Coues's great last work, he will find there this prophetic little comment on his own definition of Tucson:

"Its alleged great antiquity as a Spanish settlement is a fable.
. . . The rubbish that has been written about Tucson's sixteenth century dates is only matched by the like Santa Fé myths. Its foundation as a Spanish settlement was in 1776."

If any Americanist cares to "size up" the Century Dictionary, let him look at "cacique"—which it says is "the title of native princes or head chiefs of Hayti, Cuba, Peru and Mexico and other regions of America, who were found there when these countries were discovered by the Spaniards. Also applied to the chiefs of independent tibes of Indians in modern times." Shades of Lewis H. Morgan! Wouldn't that spill your hat into the creek? Is an \$80 dictionary to give us for definition the vulgar usages of the ignorant, or is it to inform us of what is proved and accepted by experts?

Let the anthropologist also beseech the Century for his terms "kachina," "kiva" and see what he won't find.

The Century has heard of "cavate" only as a verb, "To make hollow, dig out, excavate (rare)." As to the adjective familiar among all American anthropologists for the cavate homes of the pre-historic Indians of the Southwest (the little rooms excavated in tufa cliffs), this monumental text book has the blissful blushlessness of innocence unadorned.

Just as a pointer, please note that the Century Dictionary of Proper Names alleges that Santa Fé, N. M., was "founded in 1598." This is not quite so bad as Prince; but it is too, too bad. Mildly speaking, it is a disgrace.

Bro. Smith also does himself proud on the great Mogollon Plateau of Arizona; which he defines as, "The name of several ranges of mountains in Arizona and New Mexico," and derives "from Sp. Mogollones, probably from Mogote, lump." It is not "several ranges of mountains," but a great plateau. It is not from Mogollones—and that is not from Mogote "probably," improbably, or impossibly. The plateau is named after Juan Ygnacio Flores de Mogollon, Governor of Mexico (which then included Arizona) from 1712 to 1715. And as a last touch, Mogote doesn't mean "lump."

The Century Dictionary has the word "hackamore" and defines it in a tenderfoot way, but calls its "origin obscure." Here again omitting the honorarium, I am glad to advise Dr. Smith that the origin is not obscure, but that it is a cow-boy corruption of the Spanish word "jáquima." Relating further to common Western terms, the Century Dictionary has nothing about the universal Southwestern use of the word "horse-herd," nor anything of the general American application of "horse-and-horse," or "horse on you."

Tupac Amaru is indeed listed—first as "A legitimate sovereign in Peru." Again I must appeal to that poet lariat of Chicago, Mr. George Ade, to relieve my feelings—"what t'ell" did Dr. Smith ever hear of such a thing?

"Legitimate sovereign," eh? And, for end of the term, with him "the male line of the Incas became extinct." What the thunder does Dr. Smith think the Incas were?

The most successful Indian rebel in all history—whether American Indian or East Indian—a natural General, who made Cawnpore look like a holiday, and who killed more Europeans in one day than there were people in New York on that day, has also been introduced to the Century Dictionary.

But both these prominent gentlemen have been abused by their host—and called "Tupac A'maroo." Probably they don't care now—both of them being where they can consult better authorities, Upstairs or Down. But they themselves had the eccentricity to call their last names Am-áh-roo—and everyone who knows anything about history or about courtesy follows their selfish example.

Dr. Smith's dictionary will give you all you wish to know—if you wish—about the river Clwyd. But if you ask him about any stream in Southern California, or in Arizona, or in New Mexico, with four exceptions he cannot tell you. He doesn't know whence Cape Mendocino got its name, nor when. He actually declares that Anian is "An early name of Bering Sea and Strait." From battle, murder, and Sudden—Smith—Good Lord deliver us! Any one would think

that the mythical straits of Anian have made enough history, and been recorded in enough history, for even Bro. Smith to have caught the echo.

One of the most pleasing evidences to Californians of Dr. Smith's industry in constructing a text book, is the fact that not one—not one single, solitary, sole, individual one—of the historic Missions of California is listed in the Century Dictionary of Proper Names. Out of these 21 noble monuments of a civilization which was ripe a century before New York City had half the population that Los Angeles has today, Dr. Smith has not discovered one. In the case of San Diego and San Francisco, his cheap helpers have admitted that there was a mission; but they did not render unto him even the name of San Buena Ventura, nor San Bernardino, nor Riverside—and under San Francisco it is agreeable to observe "The original name was Yerba Buena, Spanish, good herb."

How long, O Lord, how long? "Yerba buena" does mean "good herb"—when it means it. But it is just as much a specific plant name in Spanish as "petunia" is in English. By the process of elimination it is as evident that Bro. Smith doesn't hail from Kentucky, as it has become evident he did not come from any particular place of New England. The yerba buena is "good" for juleps.

Another admirable example of the value of Dr. Smith's lexicography may be found under "mesquite," which he misspells, mispronounces, and does not know how to derive—as witness, his "Mex.? origin." The word is of course, and notoriously, from the Aztec Mizguitl. In the same breath wherein he questions whether "mesquite" is of "Mexican origin," he says that the "Mexican name of one variety is tornilla." Here is a beautiful example of the mush of inexactness which is Dr. Smith's habit; a plain, identified, unmistakable Nahuatl word, and an unmistakable Spanish word, both defined side by side as "Mexican." Furthermore, Dr. Smith is off his nest when he says that "The Mexican name is tornilla." It is not very far to a Spanish dictionary, even from 33 East 17th St.; and a tree in Spanish is masculine. To dismiss this abused word, it may be added simply that it is pronounced—by people that know anything—mes-keé-teh; and that only those who have the hard luck to depend on Dr. Smith's scholarship call it as he does, "més-keet or mes-keét."

One of the commonest of Western terms lends by its absence a twinge of humor to the case. Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., has not put in his linguistic wardrobe even a "gee-string" to cover his nakedness. And if he had, he doubtless would not know whence it got its name. Omissions of this sort remind one of that other great lexicographer, Little Johnnie, and his definition of salt: "Salt is

what makes your potato taste bad if you don't put none on." These words make your dictionary taste bad if they don't put none in. These are the very things that a dictionary is needed for. People do not stand in line to get to the Century to learn if "A is the first letter of the English alphabet." We nuzzle these ponderous tomes to find out things we don't know.

Dr. Smith's masterpiece locates the Seven Cities of Cibola "In the interior of Mexico." It never heard of Castañeda, nor Cárdenas, nor Espejo, nor Zaldivar, nor Font, nor Melchor Diaz (and alleges that Bernal Diaz "has remained a standard historical authority!") It never heard of those vital Americans who have done so much in the history and the scholarship of the West as explorers and chroniclers, Wheeler, Simpson, Sitgreaves, nor of such frontiersmen as Jim Bridger, Jim Baker, or Bent, or Butterfield of the first overland transportation.

An \$80 text book which doesn't know about the "Santa Fé Trail" would better draw back to a safe distance from even the edge of a bluff. And again when it tells us that Sutter, one of the most famous names in Pacific Coast history, is pronounced Sút-er. Next to burro, this is one of the catch-words for tenderfeet. Capt. Sutter pronounced his name Sóot-er, and so does everyone who knows what's what. Even on the San Francisco street named for him.

What the Century Dictionary of Proper Names does have on early Western history (which is little) is mostly wrong. Its entries under Alarcon (the first European that ever saw any part of the present State of California) and Fray Marcos of Niza (which it pronounces "Neét-sa") and Coronado are—well, they are Rot. Likewise under Senator Benton—likewise Kit Carson.

But for the things which do engage his interest and his capacity, Dr. Smith is A. M., L. H. D., On the Spot. Witness, "Maud S., an American trotting mare by Harold, dam Miss Russell." Then follows her record. I have not time to hunt up the whole race-track in the Century Dictionary, but presume it is all right. The few entries I have stumbled upon, telling about the thing which puts the Century Dictionary up to date,* in the chief industry for parting the fool and his money, indicate that Dr. Smith secured a good horse editor. The only name I know of as omitted among the "Also Rans" is "Century Dictionary, famous American night-Mare, sired by Benjamin E. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., and damned by everyone who consults it."

Much shall be forgiven the Century Dictionary for its proper attitude on the word "bronco"—"commonly but incorrectly spelled broncho." But the definition and derivation are not exactly what we have a right to expect in such a text book—being fully innocent

*Of 10 years ago, mebbe.

of the early etymology of the word; and defining it as "apparently a particular application of Spanish bronco, rough, rude, sturdy, crusty, crabbed, morose. . . . On the Northwestern plains of the United States an unbroken or imperfectly broken horse, etc." The word is of course Spanish. A really inspired person might wonder how the—New York—a Spanish term got to be applied exclusively on the "Northwestern plains" where Spanish never reached except by very recent importation. The word is of course a Southwestern word, and has traveled to the north since Dr. Smith was born. Probably since he began to worry about his whiskers. So also has the word "mustang"—of whose etymology all that the Century Dictionary knows is "origin obscure." It is from the Spanish "mesteño" if Dr. Smith cares to know. Also his definition of it is superannuated by about 20 years—and was not expert even for the time for which it was written.

The familiar "seroon" or "sirroon," historic for centuries in the indigo trade of America, and a corruption of the Spanish zurron, has no place in the Century Dictionary; though it has "seroon from Spanish seron, a hamper or crate of Mediterranean use."

The dictionary has indeed "cowboy"; but no hint of its derivation—which is of course directly from the Spanish vaquero—a word used all over the Southwest, and which the dictionary gives without any derivation; being alike ignorant of the Spanish vaca and the Latin vacca. The common, and multitudinous term "cow-puncher" has not found place in these grave pages.

Again the Lion must protest against the Century Dictionary's definition of arroyo—"also arrollo." Also—Rats! The class of people Mr. Smith seems to have secured to do his Western titles—having ears less sensitive than long—have confused the y and the 11. These same people would spell million "also me-un." It is the same sort of people that have two or three times spelled Sandia, "Sandilla." We expect them—but not in a dictionary. Nothing more ignorant in the way of spelling was ever done in the world than this Century Dictionary quotation of "also arrollo."

So much for the present use. As for the past, I would like the Century Dictionary to cite me any authority on earth for this secondary spelling "arrollo," or anywhere countenance for its definition. It can begin at the beginning of Spanish dictionaries, and come down to date—but it cannot defend its definition; nor give any reason for alleging that "the old Spanish of the word is arrogio," or for saying that "its origin is unknown." Covarrubias in 1611 showed its Arabic origin.

If you will look all over the Century Dictionary for the words derived from countries South of us—words like coyote, and tomato,

and mezquite, and llama, and alpaca—you will find that this pretentious product of Mr. Smith uses almost invariably a scatter-gun etymology. It derives "from Mexican" or "Peruvian." There are a great many tongues still spoken in both these countries; and from almost every tongue the English language has been enriched by borrowing through the Spanish derivatives. A majority of the words from Mexico are Nahuatl or Aztec; but not all. "Mexican" is a pretty sloshy word for a great text book to use. It may mean Nahuatl, or Otomi, or Tarasco, or "greaser," or Spanish-American, or any one of fifty other things. It is not exact, it is not scholarly—it is not even quite honest—to turn us off with this sort of etymology when we have paid our good hard coin for rightful information.

The same slobber of inaccuracy is customary in Dr. Smith's derivations of aboriginal words in our own national diocese. There are hundreds of "Indian" words—besides the thousands of geographical names—in daily use in our speech; words like skunk, succotash, caucus, sachem, mugwump, hominy.

Now mebbe in the East they are content to be told by the Cinchury Dictionary that a word is "Amer. Ind."—but in the Remote West we'd like to know what kind—whether Micmac, Saleshan, Shoshonean, Yuman, or whatever one of the hundred linguistic exactitudes to which it would be the very first instinct of any scholar to relate the derivation.

From Latin and from Spanish-American history to the common provincialisms of New England is a somewhat Bostonese revision of the gospel of the Carolinas—"a long time between thinks." But even here we find Bro. Smith Still Missing. If there is a boy in New England that never caught a "kivver," he is probably destined to be a lexicographer in New York. But any New England boy, undergraduate or postgraduate, who looks into the 10-volume Do-Funny presided upon by Dr. Smith, A. M., L. H. D., to find out what a real dictionary calls this fish, and perhaps even (if he is a Boston boy) to learn its Latin name, will look in vain. If he can hire a lawyer, he may discover through other sources that this "pumpkin-seed" is a lepomis. But not even a lawyer can help him to find in the Century dictionary any hint of the etymology. The Yankee lad that never coasted "belly-bumper" has missed something—but Dr. Smith has missed it, too.

And alas again! While Bro. Smith has discovered somehow (God knows how) that "pung" is "a rude form of sleigh, consisting of a box-like body placed on runners," he calls its "origin obscure." He might have subsidized someone who could have recorded the Algonkin origin. Micmac ought not to be too hard for the resources at the command of Bro. Smith, with the Century Company ready to

pay his warrants, and the language of record in every library in New York.

Dr. Smith asked publicity. The Lion has given what little he could afford, in the interstices of a life occupied with matters perhaps no more important, but certainly more exigent, than tacking so small a pelt upon the barn door of common English. If the few things that have occurred to me as illustrating Dr. Smith's incompetency to be an oracle of the English language are not sufficient to satisfy Dr. Smith, there is nothing to do but to beg his pardon and ask to be excused. It shall not be taken for a discourtesy if I say that all this attention to a letter which perhaps already regrets itself, is given not for the sake of Dr. Smith, nor even for the sake of his desirable employers; but in behalf of the mother tongue which, next to the food we eat, is the most intimate companion of every man, woman, and child of us. Language is that wherewith we court our sweethearts and soothe our wives and direct our children and stand off our creditors. While we have not always time to recognize the fact, it makes a vital difference to every jack and jenny of us that this tool shall be kept sharp and not allowed to rust.

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There is a class of people who cannot be trusted with a pencil. Whether they are by the calendar three years old or sixty, they are still unweaned in this regard; and their valiant names are found registered throughout the length and breadth of the land in such Halls of Fame as are of their choice and their limit.

In old times, and among those whose heads had ripened, there was no trouble about preserving historic place-names. It is only within a generation that, for instance in New Mexico, there have come up cheap tenderfeet that scratch out the ancient and honorable names of the pioneers, carven with their daggers on Inscription Rock something like three hundred years ago, in order to write the vandals' own Jonesy addresses. There was also a time in this generation when railroads—apparently managed by unreformed section bosses—wiped historic names off the map and replaced them with the cognomens of themselves, some fellow track-layer, or a pet yellow dog.

Perhaps the most hopeless and the most inexcusable vandal was long the Post Office Department, whose incomparable sins against history, education and common sense have been alluded to before in these pages.

Something less than a decade ago, some oatmeal-minded Washington clerk decided to "run together," into one word each, such Western place-names as carried the Spanish article or were like

Lone Pine, Twin Palms etc. They did not, of course, dare to make it "Saintlouis," nor "Sanfrancisco," nor "Losangeles"; for those were all places large enough to defend themselves. But the little post-offices, like Del Mar and La Posta and Dos Palos, and so on, this immaculate idiot made silly hybrids like Delmar and Dospalos, that would make a mule laugh. Some of these little villages have not American spirit or American education to kick over the traces; and are still made the laughing stock of so much of the world as ever hears of them.

But several years ago a reaction set in, and a certain common decency as toward history and literacy took its inning. Possibly the clerk died who was responsible for committing the government of the United States to the former barbarities. If so, it is a pity that the Associated Press did not tell us when he died, and who he was, that those who are not altogether ignorant might have set the date of his funeral aside as a Western holiday. The railroads have also caught the cue from the population of educated people; and are actually helping students in the preservation of historic names. This is not merely sentiment, it is sense and "business." A historic name is a good asset to any Western town or locality. This is being recognized now, even by the soulless corporations; and even railroad hotels are being christened by names that record something of the local history.

Yet, over in the oldest continuously-settled part of the United States, which is New Mexico, and in one of the oldest of its settlements, the fool and his pencil are again active. Jemez has been a historic name in New Mexico for three hundred years. It has figured prominently in anthropology, ethnology and history since before the first English house was built in the New World. It is still Jemez. But a very amiable grocer from Albuquerque, who has a trading-post there among the Indians, is now asking the Post-Office Department to wipe out the last three centuries of New Mexican history, and immortalize him and call this historic spot "Putney." Putney is a good name in Albuquerque, and of credit among wholesale grocers in Chicago. But to substitute it for Jemez is about like changing the name of the State of California for the honorable name of its present governor. If the Post-Office Department is capable of committing this vandalism-no matter what petitions are sent to it by hoodooed paisanos, alleged to live in the neighborhood, and trading with Mr. Putney—why, it is capable of anything. If it got a petition of unverified sheepherders, it would similarly change Santa Fé to "Miggieotero."

Probably the Post-Office Department won't. Probably that de-

partment is more enlightened than it used to was. But former experience leads to this protest in advance.

* *

We are apt to look upon Chicago with a pity which is far from "kin to love," and is rather divorced from gratitude. California owes a great deal to the huge city by the Lake, both in money and in men; but the money is well used here, and the men are glad to have come. Yonder vast bedlam is one of the things almost any sane person would be content to escape.

But it is just as well for even the Most Favored Country to remember certain examples in which the dirty, noisy, windy and curseweathered city is a shining example to us.

For one matter, that dingy metropolis has a magnificent three-million-dollar public library of its own; built not by millionaires, internal or external, but by direct taxation of a city which has a larger foreign population of each of half a dozen nationalities than have the capitals of the countries from which these people came.

But the best thing about Chicago is the spirit of a band of men (mostly well-to-do), generous and intelligent, who are banded to-gether for the betterment of all things that make for good citizenship and a good city.

No city on this Coast has yet matched the splendid zeal and effectiveness of the campaign that is making for better government in Chicago.

And even in our present gratitude we must wince a little that one of the greatest gifts ever made to California is from a young man who is a citizen of Chicago and an expert fighter in the aforesaid campaign for the political and municipal advancement of that city. While a vague and thus far ineffective movement has been for several years buttering over the vain face of California to save some of our giant trees, it is not the citizens of California, nor the millionaires of California, nor the government of California, nor for that matter the government of the United States (thanks to the destructive obstructiveness of Uncle Joe Cannon) that has "made the killing." It is that tall, raw-boned Chicagoan whom his friends lovingly call "Wild Bill Kent," who has given to the nation, for an eternal heritage, 295 acres of the primeval redwood forest on the south slope of Mt. Tamalpais, within an hour across the bay from San Francisco.

Monuments, public buldings, even universities, would have to come sometime in a city like this, even if no one had already given them. But our redwood forests, instead of having to come, seem destined to go—and if they all went we would have to wait a little



matter of two thousand years before they could be replaced. So far as I can recall, this is the most essential and opportune gift ever made to the State of California.

"Here's how," to William Kent. God send us a few more such Californians—via Chicago, if we can't raise 'em here. And God send a little sense of noble shame upon others by his example.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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F THE hopes and plans of the Southwest Society have sometimes perhaps seemed visionary to those who were not on the inside of things, the steady working out of them has not only brought true its dreams but has realized more than anyone really dared to dream. The Southwest Society has been at work rather quietly for a little over four years. It has already acquired the largest membership of thoughtful citizens contained in any scientific society of its kind in America, and counts over four hundred leading men and women under its banner. It has made a large beginning to save, for the present and the future, those records of the past in which the Southwest is so rich and of which it was so rapidly being robbed by foreign museums. More than this, it has taken its serious share in a national reformation of American Science as applied to those matters.

When the Southwest Society was founded, the Archaeological Institute of America was largely confined to Eastern societies and to classical ideals. There was no understanding nor consensus among learned bodies as to the prosecution of such work in Amer-

ica; and the various departments of the Government were, if not hostile, at least obstructive, to American archaeology.

Today the example and the success of the Southwest Society are known, are respected, and are a stimulus in every city in the United States. Spurred by its splendid progress, other Western societies have sprung into life and are now doing excellent work. Largely from its initiative there has grown up an understanding and cooperation between the scientific societies, the universities, and other learned bodies of this country with the departments of the national government. In these four years the leaven of Americanization has "leavened the whole lump." In all the history of scientific endeavor in the United States, there has never before been such a national rally for a given scientific cause as now exists; and the example of the West has been the most potent factor in bringing about this result.

Without going too much into detail of the long campaign, or repeating what has already been recorded as to the work of this Western society, it will be enough to set forth briefly the recent achievements in the long and somewhat tedious campaign for American archaeology.

The Archaeological Institute of America is famous throughout the world, as founder of the classical schools in Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. In this year of Our Lord it has also founded the American School of Archaeology; and has elected as its head one of the foremost American students and managers—a man who is not only an expert in field and in museum, but an organizer and a diplomat—Dr. Edgar L. Hewett. The organic plan of this school is printed beyond. Precisely as the Southwest Society has been confessedly the chief factor in making possible the foundation of this school, so also it will make every effort to arrange that the locus of this school shall be in Los Angeles and in the monumental halls of the Southwest Museum. Athens, Rome, Jerusalem, Los Angeles—that is a pretty good list for the centers of scholarship for the study of the past!

The Southwest Society has laid deep and patient foundations for its housing of the historic and prehistoric. It has secured a magnificent site which is illustrated in the Third Bulletin. There is still \$20,000 hard cash to be paid down to complete this purchase; but \$30,000 has already been paid.

December 31st, 1907, the Secretary of State of California issued a charter to the Southwest Museum, incorporated. Under our new State law, eminently favorable to benevolent incorporations, this foundation has been made on more desirable terms than could have been secured under the laws of any other State in the Union. About

one hundred leading citizens are concerned in the organization; and these have deputed the following persons to act as incorporators and directors:

Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, Maurice H. Newmark, Wm. Lacy, Clara B. Burdette, Mary E. Foy, Joseph Scott, Chas. F. Lummis.

Upon organization of these directors, Lieut. Gen. Chaffee was elected President of the Southwest Museum; Joseph Scott and Mrs. Burdette, Vice-Presidents; Chas. F. Lummis, Secretary. W. C. Patterson, vice-president of the First National Bank, was elected Treasurer; and Dr. F. M. Palmer, Curator.

The present rooms and exhibits are still maintained, 371 Pacific Electric Building, corner Sixth and Main Streets; open daily (except Sunday) from 2 to 4 p. m. The Third Bulletin (sent free on request) gives some idea of this most valuable scientific collection west of Chicago. The beautiful and interesting collections secured for the Southwest Society through its expedition conducted by Dr. Hewett, in the fall of 1907, at the prehistoric ruin of the Pu-yé in New Mexico, are now being added to this exhibit. It is expected to conduct another expedition in New Mexico this summer, under co-operative auspices with the United States government and the foremost learned bodies of the country.

The Institute has suffered a bereavement universally felt in the death of its president, Prof. Thomas Day Seymour, of Yale; one of the foremost Greek scholars of the world, and a man of beautiful character besides his scholarship.

It is the Institute's great good fortune, however, to have secured for president in succession Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan—who is not only a high student but a Doer; one of the best types of aggressive scholarship in the country. It was largely on his initiative that the Southwest Society was founded; and it will be gratifying to all Westerners that Dr. Kelsey is at the head of this nascence of systematic archaeological work in America.

The present Executive Committee of the Southwest Society is as follows:

Charles Cassatt Davis

Joseph Scott

Mary E. Foy

Wm. H. Burnham

John D. Bicknell

James A. Foshay

Burt Estes Howard

J. A. Munk

J. H. Martindale

F. M. Palmer

James Slauson

Chas. F. Lummis.

Of this list, Messrs. Davis, Howard, Munk and Slauson are newly elected.

Since the last report the following new members of the Southwest Society have been received:

Wm. H. Avery, Mrs. Mary H. Banning, F. J. Ganahl, Hugh Gibson, Mrs. Ida Hancock (President Rancho La Brea Oil Co.), Dr. E. G. Howard, W. J. Hunsaker, Fred E. Smith, F. J. Zeehandelaar (Secretary Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association), Los Angeles; W. S. Coriwn, Imperial, Cal.; Daniel Halladay, Santa Ana, Cal.; P. W. Ehlen, D. C. Pixley, Orange, Cal.; Constance Goddard DuBois, Waterbury, Conn.; Robt. Mather (President Rock Island Co.), New York.

PLAN FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCHOOL OF AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

I. The School of American Archaeology is established to conduct the researches of the Institute in the American field and afford opportunities for field work and training to students of archaeology.

II. The School will direct the expeditions of the local Societies in their respective fields, maintain archæological researches in the various culture areas of the American continent, direct the work of Fellows and collaborate with the universities and other scientific organizations, both home and foreign, in the advancement of archaeological research.

III. The school will afford to students opportunities for field expeirence and training. No course will be given which duplicates class instruction offered by the universities. Students will be attached to field parties of the local Societies or to other expeditions under the direction of the School. Classes may be formed to proceed to any point where important archaeological work is in progress for field sessions.

IV. The Committee on American Archaeology, consisting of the president and secretary of the Institute and seven other members elected by the Council, one each year for a term of seven years, shall be the managing committee of the School; and the Director of American Archaeology, appointed by the committee, shall be its executive officer. The committee is authorized to maintain Fellowships, archaeological stations, publications and the various lines of work herein provided for and to raise funds for the support of the same. Its funds shall be held by the treasurer of the Institute and disbursed by him on the order of the chairman of the managing committee, approved by the president of the Institute.

V. For the year 1908, the sum of \$............ is appropriated from the funds of the Institute for the salary, office and traveling expenses of the director, and \$600 for the stipend of the Fellow in Central American archaeology.

THE ARROWHEAD

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

By W. L. VESTAL



AN BERNARDINO, the Gate City of Southern California, and the county seat of San Bernardino county, is situated on a gentle slope about fifteen miles from the mouth of Cajon Pass, "the Gate" in the chain of mountains that separates the valley and the coast from the desert, through which enter the Santa Fé and Salt Lake railroads. The Gate City is on the direct

line of the transcontinental travel over three great systems. Three miles to the south the Southern Pacific, after emerging from the other "Gate," the San Gorgonio Pass, runs through the valley, with a branch connecting this city with the main line at Colton. San Bernardino is sixty miles east of Los Angeles and forty-five miles from the Pacific Ocean and its elevation above the sea level is 1045 feet. The slope upon which the city is situated gradually rises to the foothills four miles to the north, which in turn culminate in a rugged mountain range with an average elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 or 12,000 feet.

Before passing to further description of this beautiful little city it is well to consider for a moment the wonderful valley of San Bernardino, near the center of which is situated the city of San Bernardino. In remote ages, this valley was the basin of a large lake or inland sea. Through unrecorded centuries, by gradual erosion of the mountains, there was laid in the lake sediment upon sediment, stratum upon stratum, of rich soil and coarse gravel, the whole covered with a rich alluvial deposit, the foundation of the luxuriant vegetation of today. Beneath the surface of the valley, immediately surrounding the city, lies an immense body of percolating water, in contact through its entire extent. By means of artesian wells driven into this underground reservoir, the waters within are released, flow-

Illustrations not otherwise credited are from photographs by Jones Bros.



THIRD STREET, SAN BERNARDINO

ing to the surface with an immense pressure and in great volume, thus providing the owners of the surface soil with an abundance of clear, pure and cold water for domestic and agricultural uses.

San Bernardino Valley is nearly encircled by mountains in the form of a gigantic horse-shoe with the open end toward the ocean, thus giving direct access to the cooling breezes of the Pacific. It is more than 1500 square miles in extent, nearly all of which is arable land covered with grain fields, vineyards, orchards, orange and lemon groves. It is a garden spot in a State famed for its perennial loveliness, and, lying beneath the mystic symbol of the Arrowhead, suggests to the imaginative mind that it has been and is destined to become one of the chosen places for the habitation of men.

The founding of the City of San Bernardino dates back to the very earliest history of California, under the American regime. In 1851 a large body of Mormon immigrants founded a colony here which prospered from



A SAN BERNARDINO HOME

the beginning. The first settlers laid out the city with wide regular streets running at right angles, planted numerous shade trees, and on each side of the streets conducted a stream of cool, pure mountain water. San Bernardino remained a Mormon settlement until 1857, when Brigham Young issued the recall to Zion, and the holdings of the Mormon settlers passed into the hands of new Argonauts who came from the East and from other parts of this State.

The growth of the city from this period has been sure and steady. As originally laid out, San Bernardino contained one square mile. Its present area is about seven square miles, with a population of 15,000. It is especially noted for its fine wagon-roads connecting it with all other points in the valley. The experiment of using crude petroleum on the roads was first made in San Bernardino county several years ago, and by repeated trials

and improvement in method the roads leading to San Bernardino have been made models of excellence throughout the county.

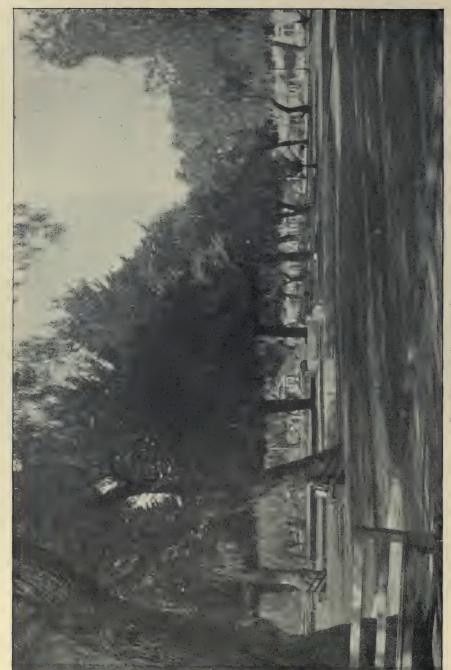
San Bernardino is a commercial city and depends entirely on staple resources for business. The city is surrounded on all sides by a prosperous and growing population of horticulturists, vineyardists and other farmers, owning fine farms and comfortable homes. It is the natural geographical base of supplies for a large section of mining country, with many rich productive mines already in operation and many new ones constantly being added, and with many others still in the prospect stage. The city has broad regular streets, paved with asphalt and macadam, bordered by excellent cement walks and handsome residences set in the midst of green grass spots and luxuriant flower beds. A fine new courthouse adorns one of the principal streets. The material used in the construction of the building is grey



CITY PAVILION

stone and marble, every block of which was quarried within the boundaries of the county.

A beautiful, well-kept public park is situated in the center of the city, and here has been built a pavilion with a seating capacity of 3000 people. A Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument is in process of erection in the City Park, The material will be California granite, and will cost several thousands of dollars. At another point about sixteen acres of land has been secured which furnishes the foundation for a park unique in all its features. A living and fast-flowing stream of water meanders through the grounds, while native trees and an undulating surface form an ideal basis for a pleasure resort. The improvements now in progress, and contemplated will make this park noted for its picturesqueness and beauty. It is located on the electric car lines to Redlands and Highlands. The people in all parts of the city have formed clubs or societies for the furtherance of all civic improve-



CITY PARK, SAN BERNARDINO

ments-notably parks, good streets and sidewalks, and well-kept lawns and ornamental trees.

The business portion of the city is well built up with solid, substantial business blocks, occupied with stores of various kinds. The merchants of this city are wide awake and up to date in business methods and therefore prosperous. They have recently perfected a business and social organization which bodes much good to mercantile life in San Bernardino.

The city is well supplied with retail stores of all kinds. There are four large hotels with first class accommodations at reasonable rates, besides a number of smaller hotels, lodging houses and restaurants and cafes. There are no boom conditions existing in the city of San Bernardino. The growth has ever been sound and healthy. During the past year many fine business blocks were erected and rented before completion. During the past three years more than 400 residences have been built, but notwithstanding this the demand for houses to rent still exceeds the supply. A vacant house within the city limits is an object of curiosity.



A SAN BERNARDINO HOME

Almost the first inquiry that a stranger makes upon arriving in a city is concerning its public schools. To the home-seeker and to the home-maker it is a question of paramount importance. This inquiry can be met and answered by San Bernardino in a most satisfactory manner. It has a complete system of public schools. Its high school ranks among the first in the State. The building which is its home is centrally located, surrounded by beautiful and attractive grounds, a model in architectural skill and simplicity. It cost \$76,000 and will accommodate 400 pupils. The city schools maintain a high standard of excellence and compare favorably with any public school system in the United States. There are ten public school buildings conveniently located in different parts of the city, all of which are models both inside and out of what such buildings should be, and are furnished and finished in accordance with all the late scientific requirements, with perfect sanitation and well supplied with the latest heating and ventilating apparatus.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN BERNARDINO

Besides the public schools there is a parochial school and a private preparatory school. Another institution in which Southern California takes just pride is the San Bernardino Business College. It is managed and owned by home people.

The city has a splendid new public library building, erected through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, at a cost of \$20,000. It is centrally located and contains upon its shelves 20,000 volumes, with sixty periodicals regularly received for the use of its patrons. The average monthly circulation of the books of the library is over 4000.

The problem of obtaining a bountiful supply of pure water for domestic purposes is an important one in every community and in this respect San Bernardino stands pre-eminent, both as to quality and quantity. The city owns its own water system, supplied by water from Lytle creek, a sparkling mountain stream, which comes from the melting snows of Mt. San Antonio, fifteen miles distant, in which stream the city is the absolute owner of 100



A SAN BERNARDINO HOME



PALM GARDEN, SAN BERNARDINO

inches, equivalent to 1,200,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, and from artesian wells bored by the city, on lands owned by the city, adjacent to its limits on the east. The waters from Lytle creek flow by gravity into a reservoir of 2,000,000 gallons capacity, and to this constant supply can be added when needed 450 inches of water from the artesian wells, which are pumped into the mains by a steam pumping plant erected by the city at a cost of \$40,000. The Lytle creek reservoir is situated 350 feet above the level of the city and from it the water is conveyed by twenty-inch pipes to the city mains, thus giving a sufficient pressure for domestic and fire purposes. There are one hundred miles of water mains and laterals which extend into every part of the city, and thus there is delivered to every household an amply supply of as pure and healthful water as it has ever been the good fortune of any city to possess. The gross revenue from the water rental is more than \$40,000 per annum. San Bernardino has a complete sewer system, constructed under the latest and most approved methods.

Up in the mountains immediately north of San Bernardino, the Arrow-head Reservoir and Power Company is building a system of reservoirs that will add immensely to the water supply of the valley. Several millions of dollars will be expended in this work and a vast current of electricity will be sent into the valleys and cities of Southern California.

San Bernardino's fire department is fully equipped with the latest devices and improved fire apparatus, including an electric alarm system extending to all parts of the city. During the past year the city has put in a modern building for the exclusive use of the fire department, containing every possible adjunct required by modern fire fighters.

The city is well supplied with both gas and electricity, for public and private lighting purposes, competition between rival companies insuring reasonable rates.

San Bernardino has two national banks, one State bank, one private bank and one savings bank, all in a prosperous financial condition. Five building and loan associations are doing a thriving business in San Bernardino. The Santa Fé Building and Loan Association is a home company and confines its business to the city. The Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies have offices here. The Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company are represented and give a prompt and efficient service.



Photo by Conaway SQUIRREL INN, SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS

Several manufacturing industries are already established in the city—two planning mills, one flour mill, one grain roller mill, one soda bottling works, one ice plant, two gas companies, two electric companies, a tannery, foundry, machine-shops and several other similar institutions.

Adjacent to the city, at Colton, is the California Portland Cement works, the largest of the kind in Southern California, with a manufacturing capacity of over one million barrels per year.

San Bernardino is the greatest railroad center in Southern California, outside of Los Angeles. Three continental lines of railroad run through the city—the Santa Fé, the Southern Pacific, and the Salt Lake. The Southern Pacific has recently made great improvements in San Bernardino. It has expended about \$120,000 in purchasing property convenient to the center of the city upon which it has constructed both passenger and freight depots, placing San Bernardino on an equal footing with other large growing cities located on the Southern Pacific.

. The Pacific Coast repair shops of the Santa Fé are located in this city and employ nearly 1500 men with a monthly pay-roll amounting to nearly \$100,000, all of which is spent, deposited or invested in the city of San Bernardino. Large additions have recently been made to the shops and several new buildings added to the plant, and further improvements and buildings involving an expenditure of nearly half a million dollars, are now nearing completion.

The San Bernardino Valley Traction Company is operating a system of electric railroads that connect San Bernardino as the hub and center, with all the surrounding towns and villages. One line runs southeast to Redlands, one southwest to Colton, with a projected extension to Riverside, one northeast to Highland and Harlem Springs and the Southern California Hospital for the insane, one south to Urbita Springs and one north to the famous Arrowhead Hot Springs, with a certain extension to the foot of a wonderful and completed incline, 4170 feet in length, with a



Photo by Conaway Souirrel, Inn Grounds, San Bernardino Mounrains

rise of 1718 feet, reaching to the mountain tops, from which an electric road will be built along the mountain crest, thus forming one of the finest scenic routes on the globe. Various other lines run through the important business and residence portions of the city and connect with all the railroad depots. A line is now projected west to Rialto, with an undoubted intention of extending the same westward until it joins with the suburban lines of Los Angeles. A franchise for double-tracking all the electric car lines in the city has been granted by the Common Council. This will be supplemented by franchises from the county for double tracks on public highways, and by the purchase of private rights of way to all neighboring communities, towns and cities—including Los Angeles—until San Bernardino's electric transportation system is perfect and complete.

There are two opera houses, one of which is open the year round, the other only during the theatrical season.



PALMS AND CENTURY PLANT IN SAN BERNARDINO

Urbita and Harlem Hot Springs are popular resorts situated respectively, one and one-fourth and four miles from the city, with trolley connections. Each of these have extensive natural groves, rambling walks, shady nooks, translucent lakes, and natural hot-water baths and swimming pools for health and pleasure seeker. Five miles to the north of San Bernardino, at the point of the famous Arrowhead, are situated a group of hot and cold mineral springs which have become renowned for their health giving properties. The volume of the waters of these springs is twice as great as that of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and the temperature is the hottest known, being 196 degrees. A magnificent hotel and sanatorium has recently been erected and is well patronized by tourists and health seekers.

The mountain ranges lying to the north and connected with the city by a free county road, contain among their valleys and groves many of the most beautiful camping spots to be found in California. Distant only four hours ride, covered with a forest of primeval oaks and pines, dotted with



D STREET, SAN BERNARDINO

springs of clear cold water, and traversed from side to side by sparkling streams and trout brooks, these mountains during the summer are the scene of many happy camping parties, many of the camps being permanent in their nature, containing substantial log cabins, hotels and pleasure grounds.

Every fraternal organization of note is represented by thriving working lodges. The Woman's Club has erected a fine building just north of the city park, and now occupy the elegant rooms. The club is indefatigable in its work for the moral, social and civic improvement of the city.

Two daily newspapers are firmly established and have large circulations. Above and beyond all else the incomparable climate of California is reckoned as her most valuable asset. "The finest climate in the world," is an oft heard expression in California, and it is truly near perfection. But California climate is a law unto itself; it can not be weighed, measured or divided in comparison with any other climate. In the "back East States"

when the thermometer records 110 degrees, it means enervating, depressing, sweltering, killing heat, while in California at 110 degrees, there need be no discomfort. The residents of San Bernardino valley are favored with an "all-the-year-around" climate. That means a climate where one can work or play, or live out of doors in the winter as well as in the summer. But the terms winter and summer are misnomers, for there can be no winter in a land of perpetual bloom. The seasons are two, the wet and the dry season. The wet season is far from being as disagreeable as its name implies, for there is no steady or continuous downpour, except in rare cases. On few occasions during the winter months there comes a light frost, but never sufficient to damage semi-tropical trees. The snow sometimes comes to the foothills, but far up in the Sierras it lies, white and deep, adding a great beauty to the landscape and replenishing the reservoirs of nature to irrigate the orchards during the summer months. Such



URBITA SPRINGS

is winter in San Bernardino Valley. The summer temperature is very rarely oppressive, and even the hottest days are always followed by a cool, invigorating and refreshing night. Sunstroke and diseases from excessive heat are strangers to this climate. There are no cyclones, tornadoes or heavy fogs. The annual rainfall in San Bernardino valley is from thirteen to fifteen inches. The average maximum temperature of winter days is seventy degrees, and of the nights forty degrees. The average summer maximum temperature is ninety-two degrees, but the average minimum temperature is fifty-four. Besides all these blessings, there is perfect freedom from insect life, fleas and mosquitoes.

The steady and continuous growth of the city insures profitable investments and employment to all new-comers—capitalists, tradesmen, professional men, clerks, artisans, mechanics and laborers. This section of San Bernardino county is principally devoted to the raising of citrus and



COURT HOUSE, SAN BERNARDINO

deciduous fruits. Capital invested in these lines yield large returns. Land is worth from \$100 to \$1000 per acre, the price depending entirely upon location, improvement and water rights. Good interest is paid on first-class real estate loans, six to ten per cent. being readily obtained. The development of water for irrigation affords an excellent investment for large amounts of capital. City real estate is a profitable investment, and the erection of cottages for renting purposes has resulted in large returns upon the investment to many. There is great profit in judicious and timely subdivision of tracts for residence purposes, especially in the vicinity of the railroad shops, where the city is steadily building up and where there is a great demand for houses to rent.

The soil and climate of San Bernardino Valley are particularly adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits, of ves and grapes. The orange, lemon and pomelo, or grape fruit, grow to perfection. According to the assessor's returns, this county has the largest number of orange trees of any county in the State. Orchards of deciduous fruits, peach, plum, pear, prunes, apricots and figs are numerous. Apples and cherries grow to perfection in the cañons and lower slopes of the mountains; vineyards thrive on hillsides and

on the sandy plains between this city and the coast, without irrigation. Olives are raised in abundance and English walnuts and almonds in large quantities. Smaller fruits and vegetables are raised during the season and strawberries are in the market the whole year; while watermelons and canteloupes and musk melons may be seen growing on the vines until almost Christmas. Hay and grain are produced in abundance, including alfalfa, a perennial growth yielding six crops per year.

The mining interests of the county are more varied than in any other county in the State. There are several richly productive mines in operation and new discoveries are of common occurrence. Nearly all the minerals are represented, gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, borax, turquoise and saline products, with good indications of petroleum. There are at present at least 10,000 prospects in this county which give promise of rich development, some of which may in the future develop into investments that will give employment to thousands of men and bring untold riches to the county.

For all the vast mining resources of this county, San Bernardino is the headquarters and outfitting point, and furnishes most of the supplies that are used in this great industry.

Forests of pine and spruce grow on the tops and sides of the mountains to the north and northwest of the valley. Several large mills are in operation and the product of these mills are wholly consumed at home, a large portion of the output being used in the manufacture of fruit boxes.

The Board of Trade is an organization of 200 of the business, professional men and other citizens for the purpose of meeting and discussing all questions pertaining to the welfare of the city, and to take an active interest in all affairs coming within the province of such an organization. One of its several purposes is to supply information and to answer correspondence relative to the city of San Bernardino and the productive features of this section of the county. Address: Secretary Board of Trade, San Bernardino, California.



Photo by Conaway

IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS



Out West Magazine Company

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, President C. A. MOODY, Vice-President and General Manager W. S. DINSMORE, Treasurer A. E. KEMP, Secretary

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ALAMEDA The City Beautiful

Situated on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay, directly east of San Francisco. It is free of high winds and fogs. Alameda with its population of thirty thousand, is rapidly becoming a commercial center. It is famous throughout the Pacific Coast as the most desirable residential section of California, enjoying an enviable reputation on account of its excellent streets, its generously maintained schools, its artistic homes, and semi-tropical vegetation. A pure water supply and automatically flushed sewer system in conjunction with geographical and climatic conditions has given Alameda the lowest per cent of death rate of any city in the United States.

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A complete trolley system with two lines running into Oakland with five cent fare, and two modern ferry systems to San Francisco, the fare one way ten cents, monthly commutation ticket, three dollars, affords all the advantages of a metropolitan life.

On the south side of the city lies a natural bathing beach with many resorts where this enjoyment is indulged in the year around, and on the north is a deep water harbor where can be found the merchantmen of the world plying their trade. Along this shore and in the extreme western end are found several large factories, the largest of which is maintained by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, where the product of the world-famed deposits of Death Valley is refined and prepared for the market. Among other large industries are the Clark Pottery Works, ship building plants and engineering plants. Some of the finest ferry boats in San Francisco Bay and some of the Pacific trade-fleet had their keels laid on the Alameda shore of this harbor. In all there are about fifty manufacturing plants.

The assessed valuation is \$15,000,000, and in 1906 there was expended \$550,000 in new buildings. There are on deposit in the banks over \$1,400,000. The city owns its own electric light plant which supplies current to private consumers at the nominal figures of seven cents per thousand watts. The cost of gas is ninety cents per thousand feet. Living expenses are less than in San Francisco. Rent is much lower than in any other Bay city, and labor conditions are normal.

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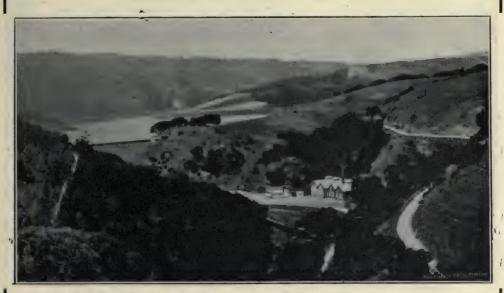


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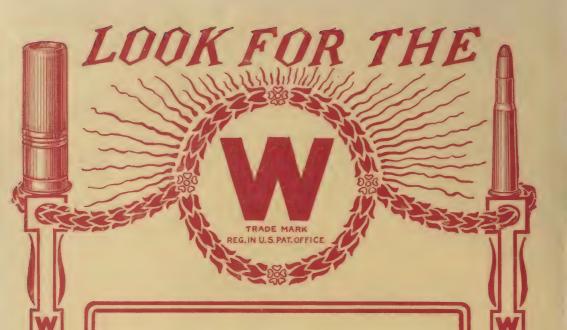




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Vol. XXVIII No. 4

APRIL, 1908

THE SONG OF THE COLORADO

By SHARLOT M. HALL

HER P

ROM the heart of the mighty mountains strong-souled for my fate I came,

My far-drawn track to a nameless sea through a land without a name;

And the earth rose up to hold me, to bid me linger and

And the brawn and bone of my mother's race were set to bar my way.

Yet I stayed not, I could not linger; my soul was tense to the call The wet winds sing when the long waves leap and beat on the far sea wall.

I stayed not, I could not linger; patient, resistless, alone,

I hewed the trail of my destiny deep in the hindering stone.

How narrow that first dim pathway—yet deepening hour by hour! Years, ages, eons spent and forgot, while I gathered me might and power

To answer the call that led, to carve my road to the sea,

Till my flood swept out with that greater tide, as tireless and tameless and free.

From the far, wild land that bore me, I drew my blood as wild—
I, born of the glacier's glory, born of the uplands piled
Like stairs to the door of heaven, that the Maker of All might go
Down from His place with honor, to look on the world and know

That the sun and the wind and the waters, and the white ice cold and still.

Were moving aright in the plan He had made, shaping His wish and will.

When the spirit of worship was on me, turning alone, apart, I stayed and carved me temples deep in the mountain's heart.

"TEMPLES, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN'S HEART"

Photo by Putnam & Valentine.

Wide-domed and vast and silent, meet for the God I knew; With shrines that were shadowed and solemn, and altars of richest hue;

And out of my ceaseless striving I wrought a victor's hymn, Flung up to the stars in greeting from my far track deep and dim.

For the earth was put behind me; I reckoned no more with them That come or go at her bidding, and cling to her garment's hem. Apart in my rock-hewn pathway, where the great cliffs shut me in, The storm-swept clouds were my brethren, and the stars were my kind and kin.

Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went as one who goes
On some high and strong adventure that only his own heart knows.
Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went in my chosen road—
I trafficked with no man's burden—I bent me to no man's load.

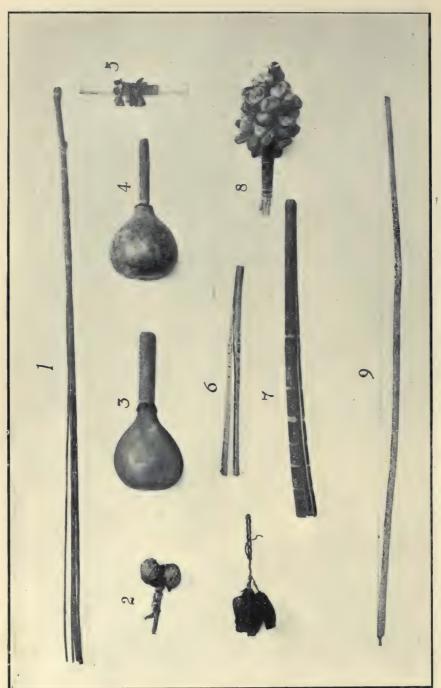
On my tawny, sinuous shoulders no salt-gray ships swung in; I washed no feet of cities, like a slave whipped out and in; My will was the law of my moving in the land that my strife had made—

As a man in the house he has builded, master and unafraid.

O ye that would hedge and bind me—remembering whence I came! I, that was, and was mighty, ere your race had breath or name! Play with your dreams in the sunshine—delve and toil and plot—Yet I keep the way of my will to the sea, when ye and your race are not!

Dewey, Arizona.





1 Hupa split stick rattle.—2 Pomo silk cocoon rattle.—3 Mojave gourd rattle.—4 Cahuilla gourd rattle (San Bernardino Co.).—5 Hupa deerbook rattle.—6 Split stick rattle (Yokut, Tulare Lake).—7 Pomo split stick rattle (Lake County).—8 Pomo silk cocoon rattle.—9 Yokut single stringed "guitar" (Tulare Lake). PLATE I-A GROUP OF RATTLES-TYPICAL CALIFORNIA INSTRUMENTS

NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND SOME OTHERS

By THOMAS WATERMAN.



NSTRUMENTAL music, along with the world's art, literature, and forms of civil government, must evidently be a development. Music, however, and most particularly all instrumental music, as a question of sources and origins, may be dealt with at first hand,

not only because primitive systems of music are now existing in the world along with certain primitive arts and social organizations, but also, and chiefly, because the study of the subject in the abstract is so intimately concerned with the study of instruments themselves, in the concrete. Many museums, therefore, especially those connected with ethnology, give us in more or less complete outline the entire history of progressive musical development as reflected in various sorts of instruments preserved. We shall not attempt more in this paper than a bare outline of certain early developments in the musical line and the more radical changes which representative types have since undergone. The illustrations are entirely due to the courtesy of the Golden Gate Park Museum and of the Museum of Anthropology of the University of California.

An absolutely primitive stage of instrumental music is nowhere more clearly in evidence than among the aboriginal cultures of the State of California. In fact, many of the specimens which scientists have collected in the Central Pacific Coast region may hardly be called musical instruments at all.

One widely spread type (illustrated in Plate I) we find in the rattles of various forms, all intended to produce merely rhythmical noise. "Rhythm," however, as psychologists tell us, constitutes inherently a field of musical consciousness. These California rattles therefore are quite properly to be considered musical instruments. The most cursory examination, for that matter, of a modern military band, or in no less degree, of a full and exquisitely balanced symphony orchestra, representing instrumental music on perhaps its highest plane, will reveal a number of devices in the same nature—the drums or cymbals and kettles, to name a few. Our California rattles, however, are important only as they illustrate certain phases of the rise of the musical nature in man. By their very simplicity and crudeness they indicate in what manner the musical consciousness of mankind took its origin.

In spite of the wide distribution and universal employment in California of such dissonant contrivances as rattles, pleasingness of sound was not a quality totally foreign to the native music. A musical bow from the region of Tulare Lake (the last specimen shown in the cut) represents a distinct attempt at agreeable, in

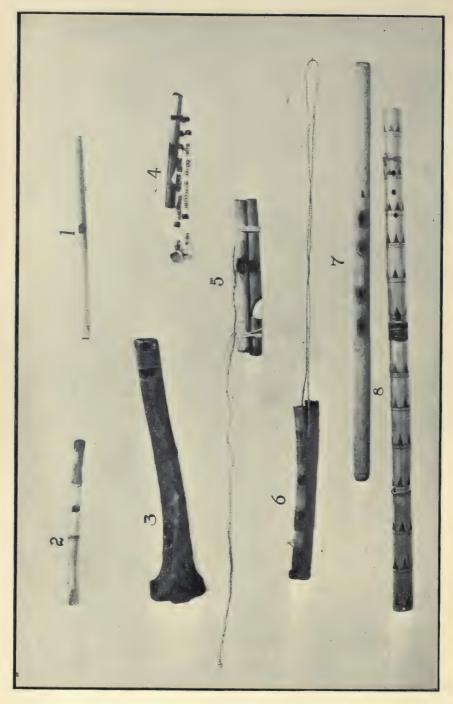


PLATE II -- "NATIVE CALIFORNIAN WHISTLES AND FLUTES"

1 Yuki reed whistle (Northern Lake County).—2 Whistle of bird bone (Humboldt).—3 Whistle made from a human tibia (Santa Catalina).—4 Small beaded whistle.—5 Chimed wooden whistle.—6 Chimed bone whistle.—7 Wooden "flute" from Tulare Lake.—8 Mojave "cane futte."

place of purely rhythmical, sound. The wooden part of this device is to be taken firmly in the performer's teeth and the string twanged, producing a pleasant stimulus in the auditory nerves. The arrangement was in plain terms, therefore, a magnified jew's-harp, and, with the jew's-harp, each player was his own audience. The sound was quite inaudible except as carried through the teeth to the ear-drums of the performer himself. The only instrument of cruder conception developed by mortal man seems to be the musical string of the pygmies, described by travelers to equatorial Africa. This latter device is stretched between the performer's mouth and great to, and twanged with the finger.

Wind instruments are of rather more wide distribution in the State than are the "stringed" type. Plate II shows two, or possibly three, distinct varieties. Plain whistles constitute one class, represented by the specimens at the top of the illustration. Such whistles as these, found all over California, were made from various materials, ranging from small reeds (Figure 1) to a human thighbone, by the vanished natives of Santa Catalina Island (Figure 3). The second variety (Figures 5 and 6) represents rather a notable advance over the first in that it is composed of two chiming elements. This principle of joining two composing parts in a single instrument, when carried to its logical conclusion, results in the well-known "syrinx" type of instrument, which is found among all cultures, even those of comparatively high development, and apparently the world over. At least such instruments, carefully made in pottery and wood, occur among the relics of the ancient Inca civilization of Peru, are also found at the present day in China and Japan, and were in familiar use among the classic Greeks, from whom the name has come down to us. Nor have its possibilities been exhausted even to our own day.

A different type of musical device is represented by the so-called "flutes" (Figs. 7 and 8), as wide in distribution over California as were the rattles and whistles. In these flute-like instruments, the sound is produced primarily by the vibration of the performer's lips, and not in the tube itself. As in the case of our own horns, the tube itself adds to the tone merely by acting as a resonance chamber. Variation in the size of the chamber, inside the wooden shaft, procured by closing one or more of the holes or "stops" with the fingers, produces a certain range of tones. A bizarre quality is added to the music of such California flutes (which is at times sweet, nevertheless) by the fact that the stops are not symmetrically arranged. In the upper flute in the illustration (Fig. 7), for instance, two groups can be seen, of two stops each. Similarly in the second flute (Fig. 8) we have one group of three, followed at some interval by a single stop. In each case, therefore, the per-

former aimed only at variation and not at a regular sequence of tone. As a matter of fact, the distance between the stops was not governed by musical considerations at all, but in most cases by the length of the first joint of the performer's thumb, which a wide-spread custom decreed as the measure for the purpose. There is evidence that the native users of flutes carried in their heads certain mechanical arrangements of sound, but the production of an air, as a sequence of tones bearing real, definite relations to each other, was, of course, an impossible feat. As in the case of the rattles, we can only say that the native flutes (and we might add the whistles) are important as musical instruments chiefly in the fact that they give us the first stages in what was destined to be an evolution vastly important in the history of culture.

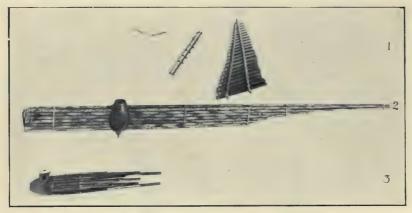


PLATE III—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE WHISTLE
1 Plain syrinx.—2 "Great Japanese" Syrinx.—3 The Chinese "pot" a small development of the syrinx type.

Hegel says that the morality of a people may be rightly judged by the state of their conception of deity. The state of any people's aesthetic development may perhaps be similarly reached by studying the state of development shown in their musical instruments. Certainly the more effort a people apply to their music, the better and more beautifully and ingeniously made will their musical implements become. Thus we see these primitive devices in a new light. As the unformed musical impulses in a brain of a certain primitive type, for instance, are properly expressed by the rattle of a dried gourd, such as that pictured on a previous page, and cannot be naturally expressed by any other instrument, so the higher musical taste of a more complete culture will inevitably reflect itself in more fitting and more highly polished instruments.

Look at the developments in the whistle type, for instance. We have already followed the process as far as the production of the

"syrinx" type. Plate III suggests an interesting comparison of certain higher types. On the left is shown a syrinx itself—a Japanese specimen, by the way—and on the right (Fig. 3) the Chinese "pot," the highest differentiation of the syrinx type which the Flowery Kingdom has achieved up to date. In the center is reproduced the "Japanese Syrinx," an instrument in conception similar to the "pot," but of vastly superior design. The latter, according to accounts, is capable of producing pure, sweet tones, and covers a range of an octave and a half. In other words, it is about in a class with our flutes and piccolos. While the Japanese achievement may be taken as the embodiment of syrinx possibilities, the Chinese specimen, of not more than one-fourth its size, is hardly more than a squeaky toy. Which, on the whole is what we would

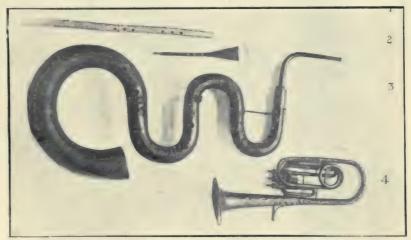


PLATE IV—THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRASS HORN

1 Japanese Cane Flute.—2 Mediaeval "Serpent" of Hardened Leather.

3 Old German Altohorn.

expect from China, although the Chinese were probably the first to light on the improved variety.

The ascending series of "flutes" and their hundred forms produced by various culture shows unmistakably the progressive elaboration of a simple idea. We have noticed already that the California specimens showed a peculiar grouping of the stops, absolutely defective to our ears. This defect is surmounted in a cane flute produced in Japan, in all other respects resembling the Mojave flute (Fig. 1, Plate IV) to a remarkable degree. The Turkish flageolet pictured beside the Japanese flute (Fig. 2) is the crudest instrument in the world, apparently, to exhibit "bell" as a device to enhance the volume of tone. A glance further will show the striking similarity in principle between the Japanese "flute" and the kind of instrument represented by the picturesque leather

"serpent," formerly much used in military bands (Fig. 2). If the "serpent" were forcibly straightened out and the "belling" eliminated, we would see in it merely a large edition of the flute. The leather of the serpent is hardened in some way in the making, however, lending it, together with the smoothing curves in its outline, a resonance lacking in the smaller instrument. In the old German "alto," pictured last in the plate (Fig. 3), we see merely a "twisting up" of the serpent type, the added curves and the beautiful



PLATE V-THE LUTE OR GUITAR IN ITS RUDER FORMS

1 Tseng from Central Asia.—2 Tseng-Koto (Northern China).—3 Koto (Southern China).—4 Chinese Tei-Kin or "banjo."—5 Bina (Hindustan). 6 Italian Lute.

belling of the horn combining to produce a clear, resonant tone. The same system or arrangement of stops appears in all three instruments, each "piston" or key of the alto providing two tones, which with "all open" and "all closed" complete the octave alike in all three instruments. Quite as noticeable as the developing intricacy of form in the series is the steady improvement in the material used—from ordinary cane to hardened leather, and from leather to ringing brass.

Stringed instruments, however, give even a finer example of

the concrete reflection of musical ideals. An instrument only the first step above a plain musical stick is shown by the thirteen-stringed specimen from Central Asia, known as the "Tseng." (Plate V, Fig. 2). It does not reflect such absorbing individualism as does the Yokut guitar, since the strings are stretched over a box which acts as a resonance chamber, thus making the music audible. The multiplicity of strings in itself adds but little to the complexity of the instrument, as there no means of tuning them is provided. The Central Asians, then, who produced such instruments, cared as little for "tunes" as did the Yokut auletes who played his tuneless flute in the San Joaquin valley. Nor is the next higher type

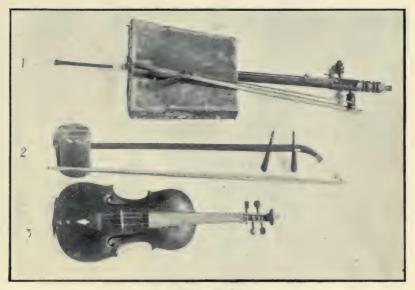


PLATE VI 1 Violin.—2 Afghan box fiddle.—3 Two-stringed fiddle.

much better. The Chinese, with the misdirected energy usual to them, have taken this tseng in hand and immortalized its imperfections in the large "Tseng-Koto" of the northern Celestial provinces. As the cut shows, it is undifferentiated as the Tseng itself (Fig. 2). The sunny southern regions, however, metamorphosed this apparently hopeless mediocrity by introducing wonderful moveable wooden bridges, producing the "Koto" (Fig. 3). Real music is possible from this modified form, since the bridges can be adjusted to produce definite tones. Along with the added power of the instrument, we find an external beautification, as we would expect. A people who cared enough about it to improve its musical possibilities, would appreciate fine inlay and external beauty.

The Koto even at its best, however, is a very limited contrivance.

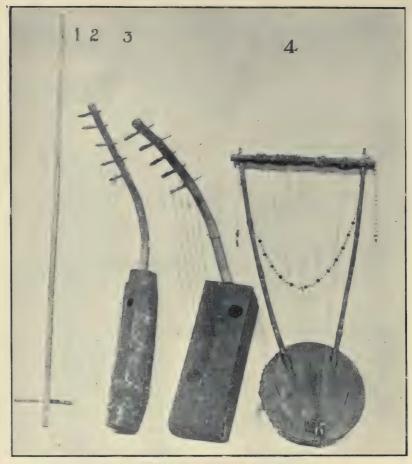


PLATE VII—STICK, HARP AND LYRE
1 Yokut musical stick.—2 and 3 Crude Harps (Abyssinia).—4 Rude Lyre.

Not the most indulgent Muse would wait for bridges to be shifted after every note. The "tei-Kin," or Chinese banjo (Fig. 4), surmounts some of the failings so noticeable in the Koto. It has a finger-board, for instance, with the added versatility which that imparts. The renonance chamber, however, has been clumsily sacrificed, and the tei-kin's utmost effort produces only a melancholy pank. In Burma, however, the finger board and resonance chamber have been combined in what is known as the Bina. The illustration (Fig. 5) shows its long hollow shaft and resonance chamber (made of a large gourd) inspiring in its proportions. The general outlines of the Bina are rather strikingly followed by the fine Italian lute represented beside it, though the latter in its compact beauty reflects a vastly broader culture.



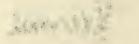
ITALIAN HARP

Violins seem to be the product of man's higher genius. At least the lowest form of fiddle we are acquainted with is not such a crude affair as the Yokut bow, but shows, whatever its faults, at least a conception of the importance of the sounding box, and an appreciation of the advantages of a keyboard. The Chinese specimen which illustrates the type is rather naive, since, as the cut shows, the position of its two strings does not permit of fingering. It could therefore produce only two different sounds. Altogether, such instruments as those shown would seem to indicate that the fiddle or violin is primarily a specialization from the banjo type and not a primitive development.

Just as the placing of strings side by side over a sounding box produces in time the guitar, so an arrangement perpendicular to the sounding box results in the harp type. Primitive instruments of the sort may be seen in the Abyssinian specimens illustrated in the next picture. The basis of the instrument is, as the picture shows, a crooked stick, with a sounding box of rawhide stretched beneath. The type harp or lyre seems to have been common to western Asiatic cultures for ages. The ancient Egyptian rock-sculptures show an instrument of similar appearance, and it is undoubtedly a Semitic development of the same with we find mentioned in the Bible as the "instrument of ten strings." The classic Greek "lyre" may have borrowed from this Asiatic form, especially from the type shown in figure three, which is quite of the lyre shape. Orpheus himself may have figured in the Greek imagination as drawing soul-ravishing strains from a like instrument.

The most poetic and satisfying instrument we know, the great harp, offers a curious likeness to some of these crude instruments. The illustration (plate 8) shows a magnificent specimen. In spite of the fine, strong, graceful lines of it, the nobleness of it, the exquisite workmanship in its perfected carving and inlay, in spite of the fine, strong, sweet, mellow voice of it, it is a cousin of the same stock as the crude lyres, and is not further removed from them than they themselves are from the simple stick which went before. And the "really-truly" history of the harp must begin with an account of the plain, unassuming musical stick.

San Francisco.



A CUP OF GOLD

By F. E. HAWSON



OPA DE ORO—cup of gold—no fitter name than this one given by the poetical Spanish-Californians, could have been found for the golden poppy, whose lustrous petals truly rival in hue the precious metal dug so freely from our Californian soil. A royal flower, dauntlessly

gazing into the eye of the sun as it courts his warmest caresses, and abounding with vitality and life, the California poppy was well chosen as the emblem of a State noted for the aggressive activity of her sons and the beauty of her daughters.

It is a most beautiful sight in spring and early summer to see whole hillsides aflame with this lovely flower, looking as though a carpet of gold had been spread on the earth. But it is not only in the spring that the Eschscholtzia blossoms—there is scarcely a month in the year when gold cups may not be found springing up from its spreading bunch of pale-green, finely-dissected leaves.

Many artists have essayed to paint this wondrous blossom, but few have done it justice, and the photographer's difficulties are even greater than those of the man of pigment and brush, for though he may faithfully reproduce its beautiful form, he cannot hope to render its gorgeous coloring.

Its charms have also inspired the pens of poets, and one of the most delightful of these lyrics, as well as the most perfect description ever penned of this glorious flower, is Miss Ina Coolbrith's exquisite word painting in verse:

"Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment for her kings!
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Regathered from the long forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.
For thou art nurtured from the treasure veins
Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun,
Her golden glory thou! On hills and plains,
Lifting exultant every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun!"

Though the large red-gold cup is the most widely distributed throughout the State and may be considered as the California poppy, there are several other varieties of the Eschscholtzia, varying from the deepest orange to a yellow so pale as to be only a shade removed from white.



THE LARGE, ORANGE-GOLD POPPY



THE LARGE, PALE-YELLOW POPPY OF THE DUNES



THE "WHITE" POPPY



THE SMALL, OCEAN-LOVING POPPY

The large orange poppy flourishes well on the foothills and inland slopes, but is rarely to be found near the sea. Just above the University at Berkeley, the writer has gathered some extremely handsome blossoms. Unlike its smaller sisters, the whole flower is of one tone—petals, pistil, and the velvet covered stamens—rich, deep red-gold.

On the sand overlooking the ocean, a charming but small species grows. Its pale-yellow crinkled petals deepen to orange at the center, and the stamens are covered with a rich gold dust which spills at the lightest touch. In sheltered hollows among the sand-hills at a little distance from the beach, one finds a handsome variety similar to the one just described, but very much larger. The petals of this poppy are deeply corrugated and are generally four in number, though specimens have been found by the writer with



THE SMALL, INLAND POPPY

five golden leaves, one of which is shown in the accompanying photograph.

Right in the heart of San Francisco, vacant lots and waste pieces of ground at certain seasons are covered with the blossoms of a pale yellow variety. At midday, when the flowers, whose petals have been tightly folded at night, open fully to the kisses of their god, the sun, they are a pretty and refreshing sight to the urban dweller.

The rarest of all the varieties is the one popularly known as the white poppy. In reality, however, it is not white, but a very pale lemon color. The plant is of a more spreading habit than its hardier sisters, and so delicate and fragile are its ethereal blossoms that they remind one of the wood anemone.

The California poppy takes kindly to cultivation. Given a sandy

soil and plenty of sunshine, it thrives well in gardens. Perhaps it never quite attains in cultivation to its beauty in a natural state, but the writer has raised some fine specimens in the back yard of a city home.

The Eschscholtzia is useful as well as beautiful. In the olden days its leaves were used by the Indians as a vegetable. A mild drug is extracted from it which is valued as a remedy in certain disorders. The Spanish-Californians make a preparation from the copa de oro in conjunction with oil, which they esteem highly as a dressing for hair, whose growth it is said to promote, making it glossy and luxuriant. Certain it is that the señoras and señoritas usually have magnificent tresses.

Merced, Cal.



THE POPPY ASLEEP



LOVERS' LANE

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

IV.

PETER'S LUCKY DAY.



OLLY rang the elevator bell with vigor.

The boy failing to respond, she rang again; then, with a nod and a smile at the apologetic administrador, who would have explained at length why the elevator was not in running order, she crossed the patio and

ascended the stairs.

The administrador gazed after her, admiration written in every line of his lean brown face. The señorita was good to look at, but—was it the custom of her country for young ladies to go and come unattended by a dueña? In Mexico it was not so. Shaking his head doubtfully, the administrador returned to his desk.

"So you're here at last, are you?" said Aunt Zenia, emerging, flushed and breathless, from the depths of an immense trunk into which she had plunged a half hour before.

Polly threw her hat on a chair; the red parasol followed, and she herself collapsed into another chair.

"So tired—gave all my change to some beggar-children," came disjointedly from the recreant Polly. "Had to return flowerless from the flower-market. I'll help you pack presently."

"You shouldn't encourage begging," said the professor, severely.

"Who was it that bought out a lame dulce merchant, the other day? Who gave these same beggar-children the treat of their little lives?" queried Polly, saucily.

The professor hastened to turn the conversational stream into other channels.

"The service here isn't what it should be, not at all what it should be," he grumbled.

"You told Doctor Bolton, last night, that you liked this hotel much better than the other," Aunt Zenia reminded him.

"That was last night," was the testy rejoinder. "We didn't have anything fit to eat at the Corncordia; here, we have things that eat us—"

"There are mosquitoes in Kalamazoo," said Polly, in a still, small voice.

"No order—nothing ever in its proper place," he continued, disregarding the interruption. "I shall complain to the *administrador*, Where is my skull-cap, Zenia?"

"On the wardrobe door, John, where you hung it this morning."

"I have induced—" the professor's words issued, half-muffled, from the depths of the wardrobe—"the doctor to take twenty shares

in the Lost City Syndicate. Where do you say the cap is? Ah, yes, to be sure! 'Right in plain sight.' Um!"

He set the cap rakishly askew upon his bald pate, and, moving the chairs from his path, peered vaguely to left and right.

"What are you looking for now?" asked his sister.

"My slippers are missing again!" He sank resignedly into a chair,

Polly hastened to bring the slippers (which he had packed, in a fit of absent-mindedness, with a lot of scientific pamphlets), and, bending, straightened the skull-cap with a deft touch.

"Someone is knocking, Niece Polly. See who it is," said the pro-



A WAYSIDE FONDA

fessor, taking up a sheaf of papers and a pen, to show the caller how busy he was.

Peter had "dropped in" to inquire if they would like a voyage on the Viga, to some floating gardens that didn't float. Or, perhaps a visit to the tower of the great cathedral would prove interesting. There was a very good view of the city from the tower. In case Polly approved of the cathedral, Peter would undertake to negotiate for it. It was a little late for the Thieves' Marnet; but even so, there might be a "find" among the leavings.

"I've wasted too much time in idle pleasuring already," the professor cut in, "entirely too much."

"The Thieves' Market is a temptation," said Polly, "but I really must help Aunt Zenia pack that trunk for storage."

The party had been a week in their new quarters. It proved an eventful week for Aunt Zenia and Polly, and one long to be remembred by the professor, who unwillingly suffered himself to be dragged from one place of interest to another.

There were, also, excursions into by-ways remote from the beaten track of sight-seers; but it was always Lowell who arranged these jaunts; he had, apparently, abandoned all other pursuits for the pursuit of a certain red parasol. The professor was glad to escape on plea of business, and was often closeted with Doctor Bolton. So the four, travelers well-met, loitered in green lanes beloved of lovers;



A HOLIDAY CROWD IN THE ALAMEDA

supped in wayside fondas, followed the crowd—a "concert-day" crowd, in holiday humor and attire—to the Alameda, where the band played such ravishing music as only Mexican musicians can play; watched with lively curiosity the never-ending procession of brown, unfamiliar faces that passed and repassed in the streets of the city; spent delightful hours in the market-squares, with Polly, flushed and eager, chaffering over some trumpery that had taken her fancy; and tarried with the worshippers in dim, old churches, redolent of the incense of many yesterdays.

Polly, moreover, had turned explorer on her own account; there was not a shop on San Francisco street nor a nook in the Thieves'



"DIM OLD CHURCHES"

Market that she did not know by heart, and their rooms took on the appearance of a bazaar.

"I don't object to the water bottles and *pulque* jugs and brass candlesticks that I stumble over every time I turn around," said Aunt Zenia to Peter, who was searching the corners of his mind for some excuse that would enable him to linger in Polly's presence. "The drawn-work is pretty, of course, and so is the carved leather; but she bought that *sarape* right off a Mexican's back, and he may have had small-pox, for all she knew."

Peter's brooding eyes brightened. He had an idea. Just as he would have given tongue to it, however, Doctor Bolton's card and the doctor himself entered together.

"I c-came r-r-right up," he explained. "We d-didn't settle the d-details of—"

He stopped; the professor had shot him a warning glance—a glance that left Peter in outer darkness. Whereupon the doctor began to descant volubly on the weather, which in his opinion was everything weather should not be.



"REDOLENT OF INCENSE"

"Let's look in on Lowell," Peter suggested, when the doctor had subsided. "He'll give us a cup of tea—regular mollycoddle for tea, old Lowell."

The professor seemed to be taken with the idea.

"But if your cousin should be especially occupied—" in the act of discarding his skull-cap the professor paused—"especially occupied," he repeated with peculiar emphasis, "we should be intruding."

Peter thought there was nothing so very especial about the numbering and listing of photographs.

"He's got some corkers of the Central American ruins," he mentioned. "You ought to see them."

"Is your cousin interested in—Guatemala?" the professor asked, suddenly, with a furtively cunning glance at the unconscious Peter.

"Not that I know of," Peter replied. "Fine place, Guatemala. They have a revolution there every twenty-four hours, and two on Sunday for good measure." Lifting up his voice he chanted, unmusically:

"There has never been a moment in that agitated land

When some seven kinds of trouble were not constantly on hand.".

"A revolution wouldn't stop me," the professor declared. "When I set my hand to the plough, I never turn back." Which valiant assertion, had he but realized it, he was later to have the opportunity of proving.

As Lowell opened the door of his apartment, and, bewildered, confronted the unexpected visitors, Peter let it be understood, in loud and jovial tones:

"I got 'em, Lowell! You told me to bring 'em in to tea, and here they are."

"Nice place you have, Weston," remarked the professor. He was taking in the room in detail, wondering where, in that abode of mystery, the information which he sought was to be found.

There was a writing table, piled with books and papers. A square of thick white paper, held down by thumb-tacks, bore tracings of some sort. The professor, in as casual a manner as he could assume, was sauntering in that direction, when Aunt Zenia's brisk voice recalled him.

"I see that Mr. Weston has the photographs ready for our inspection. Professor, you must acknowledge that the face in this piece of carving is distinctly Egyptian in character. Note the hair-cases, if you please."

The professor cast a despairing glance at the writing table. Oh, for one peep—just one! Not that the professor was a man ordinarily given to the practice of dishonorable methods—far from it. But with him, all was fair in war and the pursuit of archæological knowledge.

"You can't deny that the hair-cases are Egyptian," Aunt Zenia insisted. She folded her plump arms across her plump person, and challenged her brother with a look.

The professor abandoned his quest, and, bristling argumentatively, was about to enter the arena, when a movement from Lowell arrested his attention.

Lowell had set about the task of clearing the table of its litter; and the professor, with a pang of disappointment, watched the transference of the tracing, together with the books and other papers, to an adjoining closet.

"Why don't you help your cousin," Polly asked, reprovingly, of Peter, who was lounging on the divan.



THE MARKET SQUARE

"I can't work between meals," said Peter plaintively. "It doesn't agree with me."

Polly sprang to her feet.

"I'll help," she volunteered.

"Yes, we'll set forth the feast," Peter supplemented, abandoning his rôle of gentleman of leisure. "You leave it to Polly and me, Lowell."

But Polly would have none of him.

"Go back and make yourself comfortable, Peter," she advised. "Mr. Weston and I can get along very nicely without you."

"Down and out!" groaned Peter, as he sank back among the cushions.

The professor advanced another step along the path of investigation.

"There's a certain region you may have heard about," he insinuated, drawing Lowell aside. "It is the country southwest of Yucatan,—the portion of Guatemala lying west of the British colony of Belizo, south of Campeche, and east of Chiapas and Tabasco. Ever made a study of that territory?"

"Why, no, professor. Sorry I can't give you any information as to Guatemala. What, in particular, did you wish to know?"

"Whether you had made a study of that territory," was the professor's bland reply. "I'll take another lump of sugar in my tea."

The doctor, who had engaged Aunt Zenia in conversation, was heard to deplore the American tendency to over-indulgence in sweets.

Having made sure that everyone was served, Lowell told the professor of a trip which he biniself had taken to ruins two days' journey, by train and on horseback, from the City of Mexico.

"You would find the ruins of Zochicalco interesting, professor," he said, in conclusion.

"Ah, no doubt, no doubt!" returned the professor, absently.

"There is a little Indian settlement two or three miles away—cane huts, mostly—where you could put up for the night," Lowell went on.

One never gets anything fit to eat in a place like that," said the professor. "What with the Mexican messes I've already swallowed, my digestion's in a state, I can tell you. Oh, by the way, Weston—" he regarded Lowell speculatively—"my co-worker and I would like to hear extracts from your reports to the Archæological Society, if it is permitted."

There was a chance, a bare chance, that some mention of the lost city would be embodied in the reports.

Aunt Zenia, who seldom had the pleasure of hearing herself referred to as the professor's "co-worker," swelled with pride.

"Yes, do favor us, Mr. Weston," she urged.

Peter made a grimace—behind his hand—at Polly.

"Come into the patio," he whispered.

They arose and slipped out by a side entrance. Lowell's wistful glance followed them. What a wonderful thing it was to be young! How gladly would he exchange his wealth for Peter's heritage of youth, the zest in mere existence that was his! And even as these longings were born, there came to him, with a shock of surprise, the thought that he was but nine years older than his cousin.

The carefully kept patio of the Hotel del Jardin occupied a quadrangle several hundred feet in extent; all the apartments in the building, above and below, opened on this garden. It was a mosaic of

tropical gloom, and tall trees spread a canopy overhead. Peter conducted Polly to a vine-screened retreat, and, with a deep sigh, seated himself by her side.

"Say, this is the thirteenth, isn't it?" he began, without preamble. "I believe so," Polly answered. "Why?"

"And Friday, too! Well, Friday's my lucky day, anyway. This is the fifth time of asking—and I warn you, I'll make it fifty. Pauline, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Peter—Peter Pan! The boy that never did, never will, grow up! You're so young, Peter—"

"Is it my youth, or your dratted money? Tell me. I will know."



"REMOTE FROM THE BEATEN TRACK"

He had seized her slender hands, and was holding them in a viselike grip.

Polly was disturbed. She had never seen him thus.

"Peter, it was all settled, long, long ago-"

"Do you think I am a graven image," he demanded, in a husky undertone, "to go on like this, day after day? Polly, I love you! I love you, I tell you!"

"Peter, hush! Some one will hear-"

"Is there anyone else? Has that mummy, Lowell, anything to do with it? I may be a boy, all right, but I have red blood in my veins. His veins run milk, and skim-milk at that. Could he kiss you so—and so—and so—"



OTHILLS FAC

He dropped her hands, dismayed at the look in her eyes.

"Oh, Pollywog!" he groaned. "I'm a brute and a cad; but won't you marry me? Won't you?"

Polly relented at sight of his distress. After all, he was a boy, a mere babe-in-arms; and the baby must be pacified.

"There's no one else—" She paused, considering how best to temporize. Peter, taking everything for granted, rushed in with:

"Polly, you will? You will, Polly!"

And then Fate, in the guise of Doctor Bolton, took a hand in the game, and the opportunity for explanations was past. He burst upon them unceremoniously, his red face purling perspiration as he found himself in the midst of a tête-à-tête.

"The m-man at the desk t-t-told me y-you were here," he stammered. "We are t-t-t-talking of m-making up a p-party f-f-for the Viga t-t-tomorrow."

(To be continued.)

BUILDING THE ROAD

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

O "DREAMS are foam," yet dreams come true, though dreams are mist and moonlight pale,

This dream in heat of noon I dreamed beside the ancient canon trail.

Along this trail, in bygone days, the sandaled foot of Padre trod; Where cavaliers of Spain sought gold, he sought for souls to render God.

Along this trail Geronimo his naked braves in war-paint led;

Apache here and Navajo in savage tribal warfare bled.

Along this trail once Fremont rode—from yonder peak a banner flung,

Whose stripes were white and red of dawn, whose stars, the heav'nly lights among,

Were morning stars for this dark land. Along this trail the pioneer, With patient burro, picked his way, and tapped the rocks for riches here—

And found! Of all the prints of foot, that o'er this trail wove warp and woof,

The print that outlined Fate's design was that of unshod burro-hoof. The cowboys reined their "broncs" to laugh at him who delved with toil-bent spine,

Nor heard the doom of their free life in his glad cry, "A mine! A mine!"

From older lands of work and wealth there trickled a reluctant stream

Of gold to wash this new gold out; and many a toiler's gilded dream Of ease from toil, and misers' dreams of streams of gold that never fail,

And exiled miners' dreams of home ran riot on the ancient trail.

"Make wide a way whereon our dreams to us on speedy wheels may roll!"

Ah, dreams come true, but "dreams are foam," and dreams there be that blight the soul.

Today, along the cañon trail, the drills clink clink, the smoke rolls white,

From age-long rest the rocks leap out at thund'rous call of dynamite. The cliffs that shrilled back Indian yell, today roar back the white man's roar;

Stone sentinels that barred the way are shattered to their granite core. Then pick and shovel clear the muck and drillers smite the ringing steel,

The lad who reined his "brone" to laugh, now crooks his spine—Make way! THE WHEEL!

The Wheel, with urge resistless, rolls o'er savage spot, o'er frail Romance;

O'er freedom that no purpose knows, it rolls in ruthless dominance,

And graves in living rock the sign that Man has conquered Wilderness;

With hand of steel has bound the Wild beneath his Wheel, to curse and bless;

Tomorrow through this gorge 'twill bring the silk and spice of far Cathay,

"T will bring this untaught land the lore of thousand-year-old Yesterday.

Yes, from its furrowed track will spring a city fair with spire and dome;

Where dusky squaw her tepee pitched, will fair-haired queen reign o'er the home.

From this grim gorge will roll The Wheel and bear all 'round the earth its gold,

To work its weal and woe with Man and sway his fate till time be old.

Ah, dreams come true and "dreams are foam" and twilight phantoms, still and pale—

This dream 'mid roar and smoke today, I dreamed along the cañon trail.

Los Angeles,

THE FIRST WHEEL-TRACK ACROSS THE DESERT

By EDMUND G. KINYON.



THE thousands who have crossed the great southwest desert, from the Rio Grande to the Colorado and beyond to the coast, how few have known the conditions of peril and hardship which surrounded the first journey with a wheeled vehicle.

Time has rumbled on, even here upon the wild frontier. Nearly sixty years have elapsed since that first wheel left its divergent and wavering track upon the shifting sands—sands which, in seeming jealousy, quickly sprang upon and obliterated the scar which is everywhere counted a sign of approaching civilization.

Yet that uncertain track sank deeper into the earth than the men who made it realized. Unconsciously those men marked the way of a great transcontinental thoroughfare, along which many have traveled and from which a few have stopped off, here and there, to people and subdue and reclaim the desert. Before the stel rails were laid (and that, in comparison, is an event of recent date) the ox- and mule-wagons groaned and creaked over the dusty, illimitable length of the California trail—the trail which, like the rainbow, was thought to conceal a pot of gold at the distant end. And thousands there were who crawled along its perilous course with the flame of fortune-hunting in their eyes.

Of many things in the Southwest, in Arizona and in California, that track was the beginning. Not because the expedition was one of any great importance—its very existence is almost unknown—but because it chanced to be the advance rivulet of a vast tide of travel—it was the first to demonstrate the navigability of the desert.

Since the beginning of time, doubtless, cavalcades have traversed those stretching miles of wildness; but until the year 1846 no wagon or foot expedition had ventured far from the river upon the east, or from the ocean upon the west. During the autumn of that year and the early part of the year following, Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, of the regular army, led the remnant of a regiment of infantry from Santa Fé to San Diego, taking along supply wagons and ambulances.

Aside from the higher officers, the regiment was composed entirely of Mormons, having been recruited, at the request of President Polk, from among the people of that faith in Illinois and Missouri. It was designed for service in the war with Mexico, then in progress, and was known officially as the Mormon Battalion.

The regiment was outfitted at Fort Leavenworth with arms and accourrements discarded by the regular soldiers, the guns being the

old-fashioned flint-locks. It is hard to picture United States soldiers going to war in this western country with flint-lock guns, but such are the facts. During the summer the regiment was ordered to march from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé, and did so, arriving there a few weeks after that ancient Spanish capital had fallen before the approach of General Kearney and his soldiers.

At Santa Fé, Cooke was placed in command and ordered to march the regiment on to the coast, 1150 miles across the trackless mountains and desert plains of New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. He found the men in a deplorable condition for such an undertaking. They had been upon the march for months, many having walked all of the way from the Mississippi River. The majority were past middle age, wearied and broken in health by hardship and exposure.

Cooke, however, possessed great determination. He selected the best of the men, to the number of about 350, reorganized his officers, and instituted strict military drill and discipline. The best stock he could secure were broken-down horses and mules, and he was obliged to leave Santa Fé with a scant sixty days' rations in his wagons.

On October 20, 1846, this sorry, nondescript battalion took up the line of march from Santa Fé down the Rio Grande River. The country into which they were about to venture was considered extremely hostile, both by reason of the savage Indians and the yet unconquered Mexicans. The undertaking was considered most unwise, and even foolhardy, by the military men at Santa Fé. But the orders from Washington to proceed were imperative.

The commander allowed the battalion to continue down the Rio Grande for several days. The course was southward, and even bearing to the east. There seemed, indeed, no chance of turning to the west on account of the wild, rough country. Scouts, sent ahead, returned with the report that it was impossible to find a practicable western wagon route for the battalion. Those who know the character of the country will not question the good judgment of the scouts.

But Cooke was inexorable, and impatient of any delay or change in his plans. One morning, when the march was resumed, the trail turned sharply to the east. With an oath the commander ordered a halt. Rising in his stirrups, he addressed the regiment:

"Men, I was ordered to march this regiment to California, and, by the eternal God! I am going to march this regiment to California, or die in the attempt, and every man will die with me."

Turning to the bugler, he gave a sharp order:

"Blow the right!"

The battalion turned squarely to the west, out upon the rough table-lands, and the task of making a wagon-track across the desert had commenced.

For weeks the men struggled desperately, hand to hand with the wild elements of Nature. West to the Rocky Mountain ridge they fought their way, dragging those heavy wagons through cañon and over precipice and across plains gullied by summer torrents. For long stretches of distance it was necessary to cut a way through the dense mesquite brush. The draft animals were often unable to pull the wagons through the sand, and men were detailed to assist by pulling upon long ropes.

Once across the Rocky Mountain divide, the course led down the Gila River, then the dividing line between the two countries. Cooke's orders were to keep north of the river, and he endeavored to do so for a time. By the time he reached the vicinity of the present town of Clifton, Arizona, however, he was forced to abandon that route by reason of the mountainous character of the country, and, striking the old Tucson trail, followed it boldly southwest into Sonora.

This action brought Cooke into conflict with the military Governor at Tucson. That functionary ordered the American to quit Sonora forthwith, and threatened immediate attack unless he complied. Cooke ignored the order and prepared for the attack. But no battle took place. As the battalion approached Tucson, the Mexicans fled and the Americans marched through in peace, not neglecting to raise the Stars and Stripes upon the walls of the garrison.

From Tucson the battalion struggled back to the Gila. Except when following that stream, the lack of water was a great hardship and danger. On several occasions the entire command very nearly perished of thirst.

From the present site of Maricopa Junction to the Colorado, the battalion encountered the greatest hardship and suffering. In order to lighten the loads, an attempt was made to float the wagon boxes and contents down the river. The result was that the remaining rations and all of the supplies were lost in the quicksands. The men now lived entirely upon the emaciated carcasses of the draft animals which fell along the way.

Long before reaching the river the condition of the men became desperate. Cooke, who had heretofore taken little notice of the suffering and danger, discussed the situation with his officers, and stated that only heroic efforts would prevent every man of the command from perishing. But his determination and courage never faltered. His constant orders were to march, and down the sandy valley the soldiers toiled and fought their way. All attempts at

military order were now abandoned and the men straggled for miles, the advance finally reaching the Colorado, January 9, 1847.

Still on across Southern California the men crawled, suffering terribly because of the lack of food and water. Often it was necessary to sink wells at each camp in order to secure a supply of the latter. The stock being nearly all dead or lost, food was even more difficult to obtain. The men were sick, half-naked and miserable.

If it was a sorry expedition which left Santa Fé in October, it was certainly a pitiable one which skirted Los Angeles near the end of January, and finally found refuge at San Diego.

The march of 1150 miles had occupied about one hundred days During the whole of it not a single hostile shot had been fired, either against Mexicans or Indians. The warfare and struggle had been entirely with Nature.

A glance at the map will show that the devious line of march, made without thought or intent, corresponds very closely to the route of the railway line which now crosses this desert region. The battalion left the Rio Grande near the present site of Rincon Junction, passed a few miles north of Lordsburg and Bowie Station, touched Tucson, Maricopa, Yuma and Los Angeles.

Thus was the desert first scarred by the mark of a wheel. Solomonsville, Arizona.

DOOLS

By R. C. PITZER.

AVE you rested h know w a dool, a

AVE you ever fit a dool?" Beasom asked me, as he rested his elbow on the bar. "No? Maybe you don't know what them is, exactly? Now, a fist-fight ain't a dool, and it ain't a dool when you shoot up a town; it ain't a dool even when me an' you gets scrappy, an'

I puts a hole in your stomach. No, sir, dools is strange things, and serious, and they've just got to be done according to Hoyle. I ain't never participated in no dools but wunst. I'm thinkin' about aellin' you regardin' it.—Why, yes, seeing it's chilly. Make it a whiskey sour, barkeeper.

"It were over in Thirty-Mile, back in the seventies. That were a pritty fast camp f'r a while. When the boom commenced, tenderfeet come hiking in fr'm as far away as Australia an' other domains, and the tin-horn sports was sure on deck. They elected Soapy Slim mayor, and they run the town. There was a good many shootin' scrapes of one sort an' another, some few lynchings and quite several rough-houses, but if a man weren't huntin' trouble he never got hurt none. Hunt trouble an' you'll sure find it, in Thirty-Mile

'r civilization. I remember I wunst hunted trouble in a ho-tel in Noo York, and by glory—oh, yes, dools. Make it a highball this time, pardner.

"They was two furriners, an' they had a scrap, an' they asked us if dools was the cheese in this district, and we said 'Sure!' So they had a dool, me bein' seconds to one, an' Fanciful Chine bein' seconds to t'other one.

"I were in Legge's dance hall one night, knockin' the mud off'n my boots, when I first seen these two men-Dutch they was. They came in arm in arm, thick as thieves, an' most affectionate, both tenderfeet, o' course dressed in slap-up band-box style shiny shoes, an' hats a feller couldn't help shootin' off, though nobody done so, f'r a wonder. I don't know what the mix-up was about, but them two men stood by the bar, jabberin' their lingo feroshus, an' all of a sudden one of 'em up and slapped t'other in the face, like a girl might 'a done. We all broke f'r the doors an' windows to get out o' the way of the bullets, but somehow they didn't shoot. As I was along in the tail of the stampede, I looked back over my shoulder, wonderin' if they'd got to work with knives. Say, I stopped dead. Chuck Gird, the barkeeper, were peekin' out over the bar, an' Sam Legge were stickin' his nose around a door-jamb. The floor was pritty vacant, exceptin' f'r wearing apparel and them Dutchmen, what stood there ca'm as possible, liftin' their hats, bowin', smilin', an' handin' kyards to each other.

"'Here, boys an' girls,' I calls to the bunch; 'there ain't goin' to be no doin's. Come back to the dance.'

"'You ain't got no breedin', Beasom,' says Fanciful Chine, what was at my elbow. 'These is nobilities, and they got to be cerymonious about sich things. Likely they're arrangin' a dool.'

"An' sure enough, them two turns their backs on each other, an' one of them, a fat gazabo, with a acre of white shirt and a scrawny beard comin' to a p'int, waggles his finger at me.

"'Sir,' says he—(he talked most side-splittin' English, what I can't begin to imitate but it'd 'a made you bust to hear him, an' him thinkin' he knew it all)—'Sir,' he says, 'I'd like t' confabulate with you regardin' this here onpleasantness.'

"'Sure,' I says, 'whiskey f'r me.' He looks surprised, but takes me to the bar, an' over at the other end I seen Fanciful Chine hobnobbing with Dutchy number two. Chine gives me a private scowl, an' I hunches my shoulders. Him an' me weren't on good terms, nohow, on account of a girl named Rosie.

"'First off,' says my furriner, 'let me interjuce to you Fintcents Noohorse'—that ain't exactly as he got it off, but it's near enough. Vincenz Neuhaus? Say, that does sound more like it. Fintcents means five cents, don't it? 'Fintcents Noohorse,' he says.

"'And my handle is mainly Diogenes Beasom,' I reciprocates.

"'Mr. Beasom,' says he, 'are dools permissable in this here free land o' your'n, 'r will we have to cross the border? Seems to me I heard of a dool here t'other day atween two gents named Nold an' Guyer,' he says.

"'Oh, you mean a scrap,' I answers. 'Sure, that were a hell of a dool. Guyer clean chewed off one o' Nold's ears afore they stopped him.'

"Noohorse sort o' gags, but he braces up. 'Savage,' says he.

"'Yes,' I says, 'I know you must be. I seen you slap him.' But I were sarcastic, of course.

"'Point one,' he muses, 'dools 'r' allowable. Point two, who kin I get f'r me second?'

"'I'll loan you my watch,' I says, puzzled.

"'For me friend,' he explains. 'In dools the principals have each got to have a friend t' make all preliminary arrangements, set the time o' meetin', pace the distance, an' choose the weapons. I'm a stranger here,' he says, 'but if I may venture, Mr. Beasom, I'll throw myself on your mercy.'

"'Hell!' I says; 'I ain't got no scrap with you. But I'd be middlin' pleased to be your friend. Especial so,' I continues, 'as I see Chine confabulatin' with your antagonist. Chine an' me'll be agreeable to disagree hard,' I says.

"'That's it,' he cries, wringin' my hand. And he fell on my neck.
"I shakes him off and goes over t' confabulate with Fanciful Chine. Chine were as important as the devil.

"'Hello, Chine,' 1 says; 'you're actin' as seconds f'r the slim Dutch galoot over yonder?'

"Fanciful draws himself up an' puts a hand in his shirt-front. 'Mr. Beasom,' says he, 'I represent m' friend Air'—er—call him Vonski; these Dutch names beat my time—'Air Vonski,' says Chine. 'Y'r principal, Air Noohorse, threw his bunch o' fives in my friend's eye, an' my friend demands satisfaction.'

"'Sure, I'm agreeable,' I chips in. 'Let's waltz outside where we won't pot no ladies.'

"Chine give a disgusted sort of a grunt. 'Your eddication was neglected, Beasom,' he says. 'Now, I'm instructed by my principal an' friend for to say right here that he ain't goin' to stand f'r gettin' slugged, an' he wants your principal to apologize instanter. Them's his sentiments.'

"'I reckon the principal whose pupil I am,' I says, slingin' off the doolin' lingo like I was born to it, 'ain't a-goin' to make many apologies, to a long-legged son-of-a-gun with a bum eye. Rats with your apologies,' I says. 'Y're gettin' pritty gay, Chine, to spring a thing like that on me. Why,' I says, growin' warm, 'what sort o' milk

an' water gazabos are you an' your Dutch friend? We gives you a black eye an' you says to us, "Apologize." Why, if y' gave me a black eye, I'd shoot you plumb full o' holes. I'm disappointed in you, Chine, an' I'm sure inclined to tell you what I think.'

"Fanciful, he swore. 'These is preliminaries,' he says, 'necessary for to lead up to the dool. Don't exceed your instructions, Beasom. An' sub Rosie,' he says, 'you bow-legged dwarf, if you touch my eye, I'll clean up this here hall with you.'

"'Rosie ain't nothin' to me,' I retorts, 'but you blame well know you ain't got no strings on her,' I says, takin' off my coat sudden.

"Chine sort o' groaned. 'Lord,' he says, 'put on your coat an' come back to doolin'. What I want to know is, will your friend apologize f'r hittin' my friend in the eye?'

"'Sure not,' says I, positive, 'n'r f'r nothin' else he's likely to do to your Dutch Slim-Jim. Come on ahead with the regylations, pardner. I'm told for to make preliminaries, which same is now done, and for to get the bunch of us together with guns of some sort. "Choose the weapons," says Fivecents to me. Likely neither of 'em has any, so you loan Vonski one o' your shooters,' I says, 'an' I'll pass over this here forty-four to Fivecents. That'll leave you an' me with five shots apiece and our pocket knives,' says I.

"'Oh, the world, the flesh, an' the devil,' says Fanciful, 'r words to that effect. 'Don't get so rapid. This is got to be done accordin' to law! There is law in this proposition, Beasom, an' the moves is as regular as chess. First I'll say to you, "If your friend won't apologize, sir, it becomes my painful dooty as a friend o' Air Vonski t' present Vonski's compliments an' demand a meetin'."—Now hold on! he yells, seein' I were about to butt in. 'When I say that,' says Fanciful, 'it's up to you, Beasom, to say somethin' like this which I read in a novel wunst. "Fanciful,' you'll say to me, "we of course accepts your deadly challenge most proudly, and we, bein' the challenged parties, has the choice o' weapons, the date o' pullin' off the performance, an' the place o' meetin'." Sabe?' he says.

"Well, f'r a wonder, I does catch on. 'There ain't no time like the present time, Fanciful,' I says, 'and there's a block of empty ground behind this here hall where we won't be likely to pot no strangers. Moreover,' I says, 'there's a beautshus moon, an' a feller can't miss. Now, f'r weapons,' says I, 'me havin' the choice, and thank you kindly, Fivecents an' me,' I says, 'chooses shotguns.'

"'Right you are,' says Fanciful. That's your privilege, Mr. Beasom.' And doggone me if he didn't life his battered old sombrero like we seen them Dutchmen do. I weren't to be outdid in politeness, so I takes off my hat an' scrapes my left foot like as if he was a lady. So we parts.

"'It's all arranged,' I says to Fivecents Noohorse. 'Just hang over this bottle till I chase to my shack f'r the weapons.' And I seen Fanciful hiking after his arsenal. Him an' me met up together back o' the dance hall. I had my two shotguns; one were a double-barreled ten-bore, an' one were a magazine repeater, shootin' six times; an' I sure had 'em both loaded with buckshot, and a heap of shells in my pockets.

"'What you got there?' I says to Fanciful. 'That ain't no shot-

gun. And why ain't you got two?'

"'This,' he says, 'is a repeatin' rifle, doggone you,' says he, 'and I didn't have but one. But I got this,' an' he exhibits a stick o' giant-powder. 'Now, my idee,' he says, 'is thus. When we gets ready to begin shootin', one of us havin' nothin' but his revolvers, it won't be fair to him, so we equalizes things by him heavin' this here stick o' powder.'

"'Hold on,' says I; 'I thought I was to choose the weapons.'

"'And hain't you had first choice?' asks Fanciful. 'It's all fair an' regular. You could a' taken my rifle an' powder, but you'd rayther have shotguns. An' then it's up to me to find the best that you left, ain't it?'

"'Yes,' I agreed. 'That's reasonable, all right. Now, I'll choose the distance, like what is my privilege. Me and Fivecents,' I says, 'will stand here behind this big rock, and you and Air Vonski kin git in ambush out there in the middle o' the road.'

"'Hell, no!' says Fanciful. 'Why, we couldn't see you a tall, an' the moon 'u'd make us look as big as mountains. And you with shotguns!"

"'But them's the rules,' I argues. 'I chooses the distance, accordin' to law. It's got to be did regular, Chine; you said so yourself.'

"Chine got mightly pensive. 'I 'reckon you're right,' he says, 'though it don't seem fair, somehow. But,' he continues, brightenin' some, 'I got another stick o' powder in my pocket, an' I reckon I'll heave 'em both together. I were goin' to save one f'r the second shot. Them two ought to do somethin' f'r their country.'

"I were plumb mad at Diogenes Beasom f'r not thinkin' o' powder and choosin' that. I says to myself: 'It's about good-bye, Beasom. You an' Dutchy an' that rock 'll land over in the next county.' But then I reflects that maybe I kin pot Chine afore he throws the stuff, an' in that case his powder 'u'd mainly blow up him an' Air Vonski. So I gets cheered.

"Chine pokes his head in the back door an' signals to his man, so's none o' the gang 'u'd suspect what were happenin', and I done likewise to Fivecents.

DOOLS.

"'You have arranged the prelims?' says Noohorse to me, takin' me by the arm an' leadin' me to one side. Him an' Vonski scowled

fearful savage at each other.

"'Sure!' I says, steerin' him to the rock. 'Squat down here behind this spur.' Then I took up the shotguns and handed him the repeater. I wanted that double-barreled one to let off in a bunch, hopin' to get Chine an' the powder. But my friend kind of got yellow in the gills.

"What's this?' says he, handlin' the shotgun. 'We ain't goin' to use these things? Ain't you got no rawpeers? I were dependin'

on you to select rawpeers. I'm fancy with the rawpeers.'

"I savvied he meant swoords. 'Naw,' I says, 'there ain't none in the country. We mostly uses these or revolvers. We got both this time, an' there's a better chance f'r us with the shotguns, pard-

"He looked kind-a puzzled, and he sat down in a revelry. By-mbye, 'All right,' he says 'I'm game. If it's the custom o' the country, cannons goes.'

"'Bully f'r you, Fivecents,' I says, slappin' him on the shoulder.

"'Now place us,' says he.

"'We're placed,' I explains; 'and I see Fanciful Chine and Air Vonski out in the road, argifying, so I reckon the ball kin be opened. Hey!' I shouts to Chine. 'Y' all ready?' And I scrunches up ag'in the rock an' gets a bead on him.

"'Hold on!' he hollers. 'No, we ain't! My pardner says it ain't the rules f'r him to be out in the road an' Noohorse behind a rock. He says everybody's got to be seen fair an' square. He says we

got to toss up f'r the positions.'

"'Oh, that's all settled,' I says, airy. I weren't goin' to stand up atop o' that there rock, or down in the road, and let Chine heave chunks o' giant powder at me. Not by a blame sight.

"'But what's this?' says Fivecents. 'Come on out, Mr. Beasom,

and get us placed.'

"I turned to explain matters, sayin' that these was the spots I'd picked out accordin' to my jedgement, me havin' the rights an' law to agree with myself on the positions of the combaytants. But afore I c'u'd explain much, we heard a yawp fr'm the road, an' there were Air Vonski hikin' down the dust like as if a bear were after him.

"' 'Anarchists!' yells Vonski. 'He's got dynamite!'
"'He's contracted cold feet,' Chine hollers in explanation. 'He's afraid o' these here weapons o' mine. But havin' made all arrangements, gents, I'm here to fulfill my part o' the dool.' An' afore I c'u'd get a bead on him ag'in he heaved them there sticks o' giant powder."

"He-he heaved-he-heaved them?" I stuttered.

"Sure.—Well, I reckon I'll be goin' home. Mrs. Beasom 'll be wonderin' what's keepin' me.-Dools is serious affairs, pardner. This is the only dool I was ever in, but it come pritty near cleanin' out the town o' Thirty-Mile. I were picked up amongst the ruins o' the dance hall, sound o' limb, but not quite so brainy as afore that disastrous night. Them Dutchmen I never did hear of ag'in, but Fanciful Chine married Rosie aforementioned and got a big reputation as a doolist. Yes, dools is strange things."

Denver, Colo.

(By Request.)

JIM

CLIMBIN' the Mesa Grande,
And the broncos fit to drap,
With the sand hub-high, and the white-het sky
Like the breath o' hell! Git ap!

Nary a pasagéro—
Jes' me and the stage; and in't
Thet Fargo box from the Point of Rocks
With dust for the Frisco mint.

Ten Thousand cool, I reckon,
Ten thousand ef ther's a nick—
And me on the drive at sixty-five,
And the po'r old wife gone sick—

Yo' Bill Green! Wot yo' thinkin'?

Be yo' locoed, or wot? I 'llow

Et's a purty bust, ef the Line cain't trust

Ol' Bill for a white man now!

Trust me? Bet yo' que sí, now!
We're po'r ez the ribs o' grief,
But the Boy and Sue—'twould kill the two,
If Dad wuz to turn to thief!

If Jim wuz only yer, now,
For to sorter ease the road
With his han'some phiz, an' thet laff o' his—
And to help to guard the load!

Po'r Jim! Et gallds him awful,
This rustle for daily bread—
With his mammy down, an' no work in town,
And nuthin' to hope ahead.

He says to me this mornin'—
Thet quiet an' despert-like—
"Dad, I'm a-goin' to the Cabezon,
And I'll die but I'll make a strike!

"I cain't stan' this no longer,
For 'tain't nuther jest nor right!"
And out he lit—Jim's wild, a bit,
But yo' bet his heart is white!

A PUBLIC NUISANCE



Ef only—whoa, yo' devils!
A holdup, ez shore ez chalk!
"Throw up my han's?" Why, for shore! A man's
A fool to despute sech talk!

Whoop! Then I ketched yo' nappin'!
Thet box is a leetle more'n
A load for one an' not drap his gun—
Now sposen' you' throw up yo'rn!

Don't tech thet gun! Yo' ijjit!

That thet! Hed to tumble him!

Deader'n a rat! Why—thet's my ol' hat—

An' the mask—h-h-h-! Christ! My Jim!

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1890.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE

By FORRESTINE C. HOOKER



OU may call it what you like, but I say it is obtaining money under false pretenses." Mrs. Lindsay stared angrily from the wide veranda at the three-room cottage separating her bungalow from Mrs. Wirt's.

"The agent has tried every way possible to buy it, but the woman has sentimental reasons for not selling," replied Mrs. Wirt, glancing up from a piece of lace-work.

"We certainly would not have bought these bungalows had we not understood we could get that lot for our tennis court. Every time we look out of our windows we see that shanty; and we had planned such a pretty view, with trees, rustic seats and a fountain:" Mrs. Lindsay's blue eyes filled with tears of anger, and her voice quivered.

"I don't see what can be done," said Mrs. Wirt, more philosophically. "We have offered more than the place is worth, but it is not a question of money. One would think an old woman would be glad to sell and live in town, instead of perpetually milking a cow, feeding chickens and digging in a yard. But some children prefer an old rag-doll to an imported one."

She rose and looked down the road. "There come the men!" Both women waved gay greeting as a large touring-car turned into the drive-way, and Mr. Lindsay and Doctor Wirt got out.

Seating themselves in comfortable wicker chairs, the men lit cigars, and drew deep breaths of enjoyment.

"Seems pretty good to get here after being in town," said Lindsay, blowing rings of smoke into the air. "Nothing like the Simple Life—ch, Doctor?"

Dr. Wirt sauntered over to the hammock and stretched out lazily. "Yes; one especially enjoys the odor of orange-blossoms and roses, realizing that our friends in New York are shivering in snow-storms. The life here is ideal from an artistic as well as a sanitary point of view. Everything is lovely— Hang that organ!"

The wailing notes of "The Last Rose of Summer" floated dolorously on the air, and both men started up with scowls, while their

wives glanced significantly at each other.

"Paradise lost!" exclaimed Lindsay, more in earnest than jest.

"Paradise had only a serpent; one could stand that," retorted Dr. Wirt. "I'll bet if there had been an organ, Adam and Eve would have emigrated long before the apple-crop was ripe."

"Arthur! I never heard you speak flippantly on a sacred subject before."

Dr. Wirt tugged at his mustache and smiled. "Have you ever known of my having such provocation before, my dear?"

"John swore last night!" interrupted Mrs. Lindsay. "That organ is ruining our morals. There ought to be a Society for the Protection of the Helpless People, so that such things as this could be suppressed. It is a public nuisance!"

"Well, Jennie, don't worry. I will see Jones to-morrow and tell him if he can not bring Mrs. Dane to terms this week, we will turn our bungalows over to Skinnem & Duem for sale."

The chime of a Chinese dinner-gong came to their ears, and they went into the dining-room laughing at Mrs. Lindsay's plaintive remark, "I do hope she will play something lively, like 'Coronation,' or 'Pull for the Shore,' so we can get through dinner in reasonable time, for Amelia wants to go to town to-night, and I really keep time masticating my food."

"Yesterday at breakfast we ate our omelet to the tune of 'No One to Love,' and I was late getting to the office. Last night our desesrt was flavored with 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Made me feel like a cannibal," grinned Lindsay. "Hello! "The Campbells are Coming,' so I guess Amelia will get off in good time."

Their peals of laughter drowned the notes of the music, and when the mirth had subsided the organ was silent.

A few days later Mrs. Lindsay rushed into Mrs. Wirt's bungalow. "Alice! Did you see it?"

Mrs. Wirt, lying on a pillow-laden couch, threw her magazine aside and sat up, regarding her friend with alarm.

"My dear Jenny! What has happened? Have you acquired another incubator?"

"The organ has been taken away!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, in tones of delight, forgetting to resent the allusion to her historic failures in a pet ambition. Seizing Alice by the waist, she whirled her about the room until they sank breathlessly on the couch.

"I wonder if I have breath enough left to be intelligible?" laughed Jenny, going to the telephone. "Please give me Main double one six three, Central."

"Hello, is that you, John?"

"No; nothing is wrong, but I want to tell you the organ has been taken away."

"Honestly! 'I, said the fly, with my little eye, I saw it go.' Call Arthur and tell him."

"What? Oh, that is too good to be true! 'Don't count my chickens'—That's mean to remind me of that nasty incubator, for it wasn't my fault the lamp got so high. Well, good-bye."

Her eyes sparkled as she hung up the receiver, "John says Jones told him he thinks Mrs. Dane will sell before long. She asked for a loan yesterday, and Jones refused unless she mortgaged the place to him. He says she has a horror of mortgaging, so he thinks we will only have to wait a short time."

Then the two women began resurrecting plans to beautify the patch of land so long an eye-sore.

That evening no disturbing chords marred the perfect peace, and at ten o'clock, as good-nights were being said, they all looked with proprietary eyes at the place that had caused them so much annoyance.

The windows were dark, but the house shone white in the moon-light. The low porch was covered with a Gold of Ophir rose, prim callas stood like tiny white sentinels guarding the narrow gravel path from the steps to the gate, and stiff little flower beds of violets, pansies and verbenas, edged with sweet-alyssum formed a border to the green lawn. A couple of fragrant orange-trees shaded each side of the house, and a mocking-bird, perched in one of the boughs, trilled as though his little heart were bursting with ecstacy.

"I wonder if she does enjoy it?" said Jenny as they entered their home. "Sometimes I feel we are a little selfish and unreasonable, but that organ has made me desperate. You men do not get the full effect of it as we do."

"My dear child, tuck your conscience up to sleep again. Wirt and I talked this matter over many times before you or Alice even mentioned it. We can't stand it."

The clock had just chimed three when a sudden ring of the bell roused Dr. Wirt, and on answering the summons he found an eight-year-old boy at the door, who begged him to come at once as his father was sick.

Dr. Wirt dressed, and started with the child. Questions revealed him to be the son of people who lived in a shack a mile from the bungalows.

"Father thought he would be able to get work here," said the boy,

as they trudged along in the moon-light. He had a way of speaking sedately that was hard to reconcile with his years.

"Father was a carpenter back home, and everyone said California would cure his cough, and besides wages were better out here. Mother has spent all the money we had for medicines and our food, and one day we didn't have anything but crackers. We told Father that we had lots of things left, so he didn't know. Mother said God wouldn't count that as a bad lie. That was the day Mrs. Dane came to see us, and she went home and brought us eggs and milk. Ever since then she has brought us things, and to-day she brought Mother twenty dollars, and said we were to get things with it. She's awful good, isn't she? She sat up with Father last night, so Mother could rest; and just now, when Father had a bad turn, she told me to come for you because you were a doctor."

Arthur Wirt felt as though the boy's small hand had struck him in the face; and the memory of the thin, bent form of the old woman moving about her garden rose before him. Poor old soul! Her only pleasure had been her home and her organ. She had asked so little in life, and they had begrudged her even that.

"She used to have a sister who had weak lungs like Father," went on the childish voice, as Dr. Wirt paused a moment, reaching down impulsively and taking the boy's hand in his own.

"She didn't have any other folks, you know; and when her sister died Mrs. Dane stayed there. She took me and Ella to her house one day. Ella's my baby sister; and Mrs. Dane let us play with her cat, and hunt eggs, and gave us cookies to eat; and she played the organ too, for us.

"She told Mother her sister loved music, and played fine; and they sold eggs and butter till they got enough to buy the organ. Mrs. Dane said she never had a chance to learn music for she always had to look after the house. There were three of them, and when her brother died she and her sister came out here. All her family had weak lungs, you see. She's awful smart, for she learned music out of a book, without any teacher, you know.

"Here we are. You'll have to be careful of that bottom step. Mrs. Dane and me fixed it, but it ain't very strong."

The two-room house was old beyond repair, but everything was scrupulously clean. The mother sat holding her husband's thin hand, and turned eagerly at the opening of the door. Mrs. Dane, in a wooden rocker which had been a porch chair, was hushing baby Ella to sleep. A glance told Dr. Wirt the end was near. In the three hours that followed, Mrs. Dane soothed the dying man, quieted the boy, comforted the wife, and attended to many little details with unobtrusive sympathy.

As day broke, Dr. Wirt left the house, telling Mrs. Dane he would

see to everything necessary. His last glance rested on the homely old face, aglow with faith and love, as she whispered words of consolation to the sobbing widow. Across his memory drifted the long-forgotten words, "And the greatest of these is Charity."

A short stop, a few words to John Lindsay who was busy among his loved roses, and the story was told. Then Dr. Wirt went home, passing the little frame house with eyes that were not quite so clear as usual.

The next day the salesman in Bartram's music store came forward to wait on two very pretty women whose clothes spelled money. He expected to expatiate on the glories of a baby-grand, and could scarcely conceal his amazement when they explained they wanted to buy a second-hand organ which they understood had been sold by Mrs. Dane a few days previous. The organ seemed to realize its insignificance among the superb instruments, and looked more shabby by contrast.

"Are you sure this is the one?" asked Mrs. Lindsay. "We must not make any mistake, you know. We must find the right one if we have to ask every music-store in Los Angeles, but we understood that your firm had bought it."

The salesman smiled. "This is the one, beyond doubt, madam. We do not as a rule purchase this class of instrument. Mr. Bartram really took it because the old lady said she was in urgent need of the money—twenty dollars."

He turned interrogatively towards a fellow salesman who beckoned from the front of the store.

"Excuse me a moment," and he hurried forward.

When he returned he spoke in embarrassment: "I'm afraid I cannot sell the instrument to you, ladies. It had already been sold, but was not yet tagged."

The two women glanced at each other in dismay. "Oh! we must have it!" they exclaimed in unison. "No other organ will do."

The clerk, evidently moved at their disappointment, suggested they speak to the gentleman who had bought it, as he was then in the store giving instructions about delivery.

"Please bring him here!" begged Mrs. Wirt. "I am sure he will let us buy it when we tell him why we must have it."

The clerk rushed away, and returned with two men whose expressions of grim determination boded ill for the success of the women.

"There is no use!" protested one of the men to the clerk. "I am sorry not to oblige the ladies, but we must have that particular organ. We have hunted every music-store in Los Angeles trying to locate it."

A turn in the aisle brought the four claimants face to face.

"John!" "Arthur!" and the mystified clerk saw the women rush forward, laughing and engaging in eager conversation, the result being an order for the organ to be delivered at ten o'clock the next morning to Mrs. Dane, Hollywood—special stress being laid upon the hour, as Mrs. Dane would not be at home. Then the four conspirators climbed into the touring car and dashed away, stopping to pick up Ella and her brother and take them on to the bungalows, while the mother and Mrs. Dane remained to collect the few possessions.

Mrs. Dane stood beside the automobile, and the sun beat down on the faded gingham dress and sun-bonnet, the wrinkled face and toil-worn hands, but the kindly old eyes held no trace of envy as they rested on the fresh faces and handsome gowns of her two neighbors.

"Mrs. Brown and the children are coming over to stay with me. She's a real good seamstress, and Jimmy can take care of the chickens, and sell the butter and eggs for me, and save me lots of time and tramping; and I guess we can worry along comfortably enough," she said cheerfully. "Mrs. Brown's afraid they will be a burden, but I showed her how much they can help me. Besides, I won't have call to be lonesome any more with the children running around."

Mr. Lindsay had an inspiration, for which he was rewarded by approving glances from four bright eyes.

"Jimmy can help care for our lawns, too; and why couldn't Mrs. Brown lend a helping hand to Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Wirt in her spare hours? The butter and eggs? Why the two bungalows could use all Mrs. Dane could supply—it would be so nice to know they were fresh. The chickens—they were all so partial to chickens, especially Mrs. Lindsay, but she had such poor luck raising them—and Mrs. Dane's always looked so healthy that he had been a chickenthief in his thoughts more than once."

Mrs. Dane looked up gratefully. "I'm sorry I misjudged you folks," she said simply.

Four months later the Lindsays and Wirst sat on the porch of the Lindsay bungalow. As the full moon peered inquisitively over the top of a big pepper-tree, the triumphant chords of an organ floated on the quiet air, and a childish voice piped shrilly, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." And then the moon saw two sentimental wives shamelessly reach out their hands to two sentimental husbands.

Fresno, Cal.

AN INFUSION OF SAVAGERY

By EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL



HEN you think it impossible that you could marry leaving your love for me out of the question, or, rather, imagining that you had never yet loved. You think you could never love or marry a man with what is called 'savage' blood in his veins."

"I am sure I could not. Of course, Robert, it is difficult for me to imagine whom or what I might have loved had I never met you, but I am quite positive that a man with even a trace of wild blood in him could never inspire me with any emotion, save, perhaps, that of fear or repulsion."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I would always be expecting him to do some horrible, blood-curdling thing, you know."

"Humph! A modern full-fledged 'savage' is quite a peaceable member of society, more's the pity. For with the stilling of his war-like instincts, his noble traits of character—his very love of nature—were lost. But you also said repulsion. Why that?"

"Ugh! I would never be able to forget what his father—well, maybe not his father, but his grandfathers had done. The tortures they had inflicted, the scalps they had torn from bleeding heads, the—oh, I can't even think of those awful things without shuddering."

"I don't wonder at that, Estelle, yet give the Indian his due. He knew no better. He had not been taught the refined tortures devised and inflicted by civilized peoples—the killing of the mind, the heart, the soul, through mental agonies far worse than any bodily pain that could be imagined. The Indian was what he had been created, or, rather, what the racial conditions of centuries had made him, and he objected to being reconstructed in a hurry."

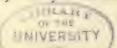
"Let us not talk of it any more, Robert. Really, I don't know how the conversation began. You, at least, are a type of the true American, both physically and mentally."

Robert passed his slim, sinewy hand over his brow and shuddered slightly.

"Why, dear," she continued, lightly, "that is one reason I fell in love with you. Then, of course, I was proud of your attainments; so few college men excel in athletics and, at the same time, graduate with honors, particularly when, like you, they have fortune enough for two men."

Robert walked the length of the room clenching his hands until the nails cut deep into the palms, then he straightened them out with a little motion as though he was shaking something from them, and came and stood directly in front of her.

"Estelle, look at me closely. Do you see nothing in my face, my



figure, to indicate that somewhere in the not very remote past there might be a commingling of races in me?"

Estelle surveyed the tall ,muscular man with amusement bubbling in her big blue eyes. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his well-knit frame, while his every movement gave evidence of a strength and endurance far beyond the ordinary.

"Your training at polo, golf and foot-ball have given you the physique of an Indian," she said; "but you have a face Gibson might have used for a model of an American gentleman. Your skin is tanned and your features, though regular, are somewhat sharp and prominent because of the untiring energy which will not allow time or opportunity to cultivate either rotundity or a mustache."

"The time has come when I must break a promise made to a dying father. I cannot marry you without making this confession because ever before me would stand the fear that you might discover my secret and then feel for me the same fear and repulsion with which any other savage would inspire you."

"Robert, Robert, what do you mean? Why do you say such terrible things?"

"Because it never before occurred to me that you might object to a—well, then, a half-breed. I have never thought of myself in that light, you see."

"Oh, Robert, this is too serious a matter for joking."

"That is why I must tell you that while my father was the noblest man that ever lived, and my mother was a good, pure woman, yet she. my mother, was an Apache Indian."

"Impossible!"

"No, true! My father was wounded in a skirmish with her tribe while passing through Arizona in the troublous times of long ago, and she begged his life and nursed him back to health and strength. It was months before he was well enough to travel; in that time he had learned that all Indians are not savages, and that no Indian is entirely savage. He married my mother and lived with her until she died when I was eight years old. Then he took me to his people and I have been reared and educated as befitted my position as the son of a wealthy and influential citizen. On his death-bed he made me promise two things: Never to betray the fact that in my veins ran the blood of the Apaches, and never to return to my mother's people."

He paused and stood before her, waiting. She looked into his stern eyes, tears filling her own, and then she said, plaintively:

"Oh, Robert, why did you tell me? No, wait! Give me time to reconcile myself to the—to what you have told me. I have loved you so much that, after a while, when I have reasoned with myself,

I will see how foolish I have been and I-oh, Robert, why, why did you tell me?"

"An Indian is always true to himself. He fears only the intangible, and after our conversation on this subject I would always be aware of your real feeling for such as I know myself to be. Hard as it is, we must part. Estelle, we must be true to ourselves. Goodbye."

"Oh, no, Robert, not that! Oh, not that!" She extended her hands beseechingly, while the tears ran from her beautiful eyes. He caught her hands in his, held them a moment, and then loosed them gently and passed hastily but silently from her presence.

* * * * * * * * *

It was just after mid-day in an Arizona railroad town, and the sun glared down on the parched earth from which his rays had burned every trace of vegetation save the discouraged-looking shrubbery and the straggly poplar trees which only the constant attention of those to whom the sight of greenery was a necessity kept alive. It was not an attractive scene, but that day it was a lively one.

From far and near people had thronged into the place, and a train of eastern excursionists was to lay over until evening, because of the most important event of the year—the tests of strength, skill and endurance between three of the great Indian tribes near the Colorado river, the Yumas, Wolapais and the Apaches.

The upper and lower verandas of the depot hotel were crowded with on-lookers and every available bit of shape was occupied. The Indians, themselves, seemed to prefer the sunshine and stood in groups idly discussing the coming games, or lolled beside the freighthouse, apparently indifferent to everything that was happening. There was nothing by which the uninitiated could distinguish one tribes-man from another, save that each tribe kept largely to itself.

They all wore, prior to the beginning of the games, ordinary blue overalls and jumpers or sweaters, and their hair hung in long, straggling, mud-plastered locks. A few proudly twined bright blankets around themselves, but this form of adornment was, for that day at least, left to the squaws.

At a signal each man shed his clothing, caring nothing that he was in the open and that upon him were fixed the eyes of strange women and children. All except one; he retired behind the freighthouse to reappear clad like his fellows, only in breech-cloth and G-string—a long, fluttering string which was pendant from the back of the waist-band.

He was like them, and yet different. It was not so much that his hair was shorter and left to wave back in a somewhat bushy style of its own, but that his skin was lighter and more satiny in texture, and his features finer and of a different mould. "Who is he? Who is he?" gasped a daintily-clad young matron, one of the excursionists, who sat beside the railing of the upper veranda, a sweet-two-year-old daughter beside her.

The arm she grasped in her intensity was that of an old resident who was a member of the committee of arrangements. He was pleased that the beautiful woman should have selected him from whom to ask information, for he knew better than anyone else who Chaska was.

"That's Chaska, ma'am.'

"Tell me about him, please." There was a singular entreaty in the big blue eyes and a little shuddery trembling of the lips that affected the old man strangely and made him tell the tale with more earnestness than he had ever put into it before.

"Certainly, ma'am. It is rather interesting, leastways to those that know him. His father was wounded by Apaches years ago, and one of the Chief's daughters nursed him and fell in love with him. Regular dime-novel story, hey? He was a mighty fine man, but I think he'd had some kind of a disappointment—love affair, most likely—back where he came from, for he didn't seem to care whether he went anywhere else or not. I knew him well in those days, for I was a scout and happened to be on good terms with the tribe he was with. He never said anything to me about his past, but I couldn't help imagining, you know.

"Well, he married the girl and took up a ranch. She was prettier and brighter than the majority of Indian girls, and they were as happy as they could be under the circumstances, for she worshipped him and he was good to her—he would have been good to anything—until she died and left him with little Robert."

"Robert?" The woman's voice was hoarse but interrogative. The man was busy with reminiscences and did not notice, except to call her attention to the object of his story, who had just won the great race between the tribes.

"He always wins, no matter what it is—running, shinny, or Indian polo. They wanted to bar him out, but the committee wouldn't have it, for it's worth going miles just to see him run."

"Yes, yes, but you were saying-"

"Oh, about his mother. She died and then his father took Chaska, or, as his father always called him, Robert, away to his own people. He had made a big fortune, and so he educated his boy and travelled with him, and did everything to make him forget that he was of his mother's race. He made a will leaving him all his wealth on one condition."

"What was it?" The question was eager.

Neither had noticed that the baby had wandered away from its mother's side and was toddling down the steps alone. The rest of the spectators were too busily engaged in watching the Indians mounting for polo to be aware of what was going on in the immediate vicinity.

"The condition was this: That he would never revisit his mother's people; that he would never even pass through this part of the

country."

"But he-did?"

"Yes, about four years ago he stepped from the train one day, and, without a word of greeting to anyone but me, he went out to the reservation and has been there ever since. Sometimes he disappears for weeks at a time, but the agent knows he is all right and pays no attention."

"Where does he go?"

"Who knows? I suppose the longing for the old wild life, the cry of the blood that was in him for the things and the ways of the untamed creature of nature, made him give up the fortune and the world of civilization when one of the spells was on him. It's the old story of the mess of pottage. Now he can't go back, but I think the desire for his birthright overpowers him sometimes in the same way, and he just goes off and fights it out by himself. Then he returns and gets up a big race, or a big game, wins without any trouble, and takes up the routine of life again."

The riding was superb and the spectators were fascinated; suddenly, above the murmurs of admiration, was heard the shrill screech of an approaching train. This was followed by a series of short, sharp toots, a rustle of apprehension agitated the people, and then—the baby was missed. The mother's glance, roving wildly in every direction, alighted on an object far up the track, and she screamed in a frenzy of impotent fear, "Robert, Robert, save my baby."

The Indian called Chaska pulled his pony up short and looked toward the veranda, then up the track where the frantic mother, her eyes on him, was pointing. He saw what the others, paralyzed with the horror of it, saw—the engineer of a heavy freight-train trying to stop his engine on the down grade before it came to the spot where a white-clad baby sat in the middle of the road-bed and gleefully waved its hands to the approaching monster.

The Indian flung the pole from him and dug his heels into his pony's flank and raced with the iron horse. He did not pause, though the sobbing engine's breath scorched him when he reached

down to grasp the child as he flashed across the rails.

His training stood him in good stead. He caught the baby, raising himself upright as he did so. But the pony was not as well trained as his master, and he snorted in a panic of fear, and half-stumbled. Though he recovered almost immediately the recoil was enough to throw the burdened rider backward and just under the slowly revolving wheels of the engine.

As he fell he made a great effort and tossed the child from him. It was caught by arms outstretched to receive it, but he—when they motioned the engineer to back a little, and lifted him tenderly from where the drivers had stopped—he had solved the mystery of his

birthright.

Portland, Oregon.

IN THE HOUR OF HAPPINESS

By AVERY ABBOTT



HE night was much like this, May and bright moonlight, but colder. All the spring had been cold, with many dark days of dripping rain, but Alice and I had scarce given a thought to the late chill and the dull sky, for we were happy—happier than we had been in all the

eight years of our married life; yet those had been blessed years.

And this was the night that marked the consummation of all our dreams, for I was sitting by the bedside where Alice lay asleep, with our son in the hollow of her arm.

She slept so gently that every now and then a great fear came pounding up into my chest and I bent down with my ear close to her lips to catch the faint sound of her breathing. It was hardly stronger than the quick respiration of the little new life at her side. But they both breathed; I had them both, my wife and my son.

She was like a Madonna, resting there among the snowy pillows, the curves of her face clear and exquisite between the two heavy braids of fair hair that lay along over the crisp ruffles of her night-dress. The flossy ends were loose upon the blue coverlet, and very carefully I took one in my hand. It shone gold even in the dim light that came from the shaded lamp—and how soft it was.

It was only eleven o'clock but the house was in perfect quiet. The servants had gone to bed and the nurse, too, was asleep in her room at the front. I was to call her in two hours, or if mother or child should wake.

The stillness was palpable in this great chamber in the back wing. We had chosen it for the old-fashioned fireplace and because it would be more quiet; besides it was to be the nursery. I had wanted to refurnish it. I had in mind the low play-table and the little chairs, and just the paper that should hang the walls. I never got much farther in my planning, for Alice had said, "I think, Arnold, I'd rather wait a little," and I did not speak of it again. I recalled the words now in the dim firelit hush, with a sense of happy security.

The red embers, which tempered the evening chill, were filming over with white ashes, but they still crackled occasionally and sent up starry sparks, or settled together with little cozy noises, while a subtle spice of wood-smoke crept out into the air—that odor which for centuries has meant the hearth-fire, and home, and love.

Through the open window came all-pervasive waves of sweetness from the blossoming fruit-trees in the yard below. One old appletree lifted its white drifts of bloom almost against the window-casing.

The child moved slightly, and the wrappings raised a little as the arms struggled to be free. Very carefully I slipped a finger under

first one layer, then another, of the delicate swathings that covered my son until I found a wee hand that closed upon mine with a clasp unbelievably clinging. Why should I think of trouble and sin and death when joy was so warm and real?

A drowsy twitter came from the window; that was the robin hushing her nestlings. The nest was in the apple-boughs, so near to the window that Alice and I could look directly into it. We had been watching the blue eggs and the brooding mother for some time. Day before yesterday we had looked out, and, in place of the brilliant blue, had seen scraps of white-lined shell and four fuzzy brown nestlings. The little mother came back while we watched, cast one questioning eye up at us, then slipped upon her nest and covered her babies out of sight. Alice turned suddenly, and hid her face against my shoulder. When I lifted it with my hand, her eyes were full of tears.

The two in the great blue-and-white bed breathed sweetly and evenly. I could see a slight rising and falling of the ruffles across my wife's breast and the wee thing upon her arm moved too, but more quickly. That little life had far to go, it pulsed swifter. What years of growth before it would reach manhood! My wife and my son! My wife and my son! The words sung themselves over and over—a hymn of thanksgiving—a prayer of humility.

And why was it that I must be thinking now of another white-faced woman whose inky hair had straggled over pillows all awry! Her face had been beautiful, too, but with what a different beauty! Eyes like gray storm-cloud under the high black brows, and in her cheeks a glowing pink that flickered with every impulse of the undisciplined will. Poor Kate Creehan! In some wayward, boyish fashion I suppose I had cared for her. Not loved her—no, not that. I loved my wife, with a depth and reverence that even after these years of marriage was only half articulate. Again I put my lips to one of those soft braids, but I knew that had she been awake I could have said nothing and nothing would have been needed; that is what makes the blessedness of such a marriage.

But Kate Creehan! Boy as I was, I should have done better. It was horrible to have to see it all again, now. To have to hear again the clumsy tread of Mother Creehan down the hall of the students' lodging-house—a tread that held my ear at once, as something malign, even before she flung my door wide.

"It's you I'm wantin', Arnold Barringer," and her voice was hoarse, but not with drink this time. "It's for you that my poor girl is cryin' an' scramin', an' the acid—divil's fire that it is—is atin' her life out. You'll come with me—you'll come!—an' whin you see what you've done, whin you see an' hear!"

She turned and clattered back along the corridor, without even a

glance over her shoulder. I was choking with apprehension and horror, but I hated the very gaslight that showed me her coarse figure and rough, uncovered head, as I followed—followed all the way to the dim room, reeking with carbolic acid and half-filled with scared, frowsy women. The boyish doctor was just picking up his black case to leave.

"I was called too late," he said to the mother. "There's nothing to be done now. I'll send the coroner." Then his heels clicked briskly down the stairs.

On the bed with its tossed covers, Kate lay half-dressed, her pink waist torn away from her soft neck, her round arms flung above her on the pillows and all tangled over with her long, black hair. Her face kept its beauty, except for the stare of the gray eyes, and an ugly white trail, like a scar, down her cheek where the acid had eaten its way. Mother Creehan looked for a moment at the distorted figure; then she began to moan and mumble, twisting her hands together with a rasping of the roughened skin:

"Kitty, Kitty, ye pore little girl I niver mint to be hard with ye. An' you that hansome! the purtiest baby I iver had! Small wonder ye wanted finer ways nor yer old mother's. You was allus the born lady—the born lady. But for thim that brought ye to this—" Her voice dropped to a hoarse menace, and she turned upon me, one arm raised in a wild loose-fingered gesture, as though she sowed the vengeance of heaven upon my head. "The divil's curse be on ye, Arnold Barringer! In the hour whin yer heart milts within ye for very happiness, ye'll know what ye've done this day. An' the blight shall be on yer joy, an' yer light shall die out—shall die out—oh, Mary, Mother, as mine has died! As mine has died!" She flung herself across the foot of the bed and broke into weird wailing, and I went away. Perhaps I should not have left them—God knows I was sorry enough—perhaps I should have tried—but what could I do? The girl was dead. And now—it was long ago.

The charring embers in the fireplace settled again. A green spurt of flame shot up and died. I drew my finger slowly free from the baby's clasp and looked at my watch; it was half after midnight. Mother and child breathed evenly on. I fancied they slept too profoundly. The air of the room seemed heavy. Very softly I got up and crossed to the window, drawing back the muslin curtains that every breath of the night freshness might enter. Then, still moving with the greatest caution, I put a small stick of wood upon the dying brands and sat down again by the bed. Tiny orange tongues darted up about the fresh fuel; the damp breath of the apple-blossoms poured into the room. How sickening sweet they were! And there mingled with them another odor—it was like—nonsense, that was impossible. It was some whiff of the medicines on the stand.

All that was long ago, and I had not been entirely at fault. I had as good a right to my happiness as other men; as good a right to my wife and my son.

I fixed my eyes determinedly on Alice's face, but a mist seemed to waver between us. I saw the bluish pallor of that other face in its snarl of black hair, and the still whiter trail across one cheek like frozen milk. I heard that croaking wail, "An' the blight shall be on yer joy!" The room seemed darkening. I looked at the lamp, the blaze was dying down. In the fireplace the little points of flame turned to blue and flickered fitfully, the fresh wood did not catch, the embers were black. The lamp was going out. The air was dense with a stifling smell. Then, in the corridor, I heard a step—another—a weighty tread that made the boards crack. It was coming slowly nearer, measured, heavy. I threw my arm across the two upon the bed, and Alice's eyes opened instantly.

"Arnold, what is it? What is it, Arnold?" she whispered.

As she spoke the lamp-flame leaped and went out; the room was dark. My son, on his mother's arm, gave a strangling cry. There was a sound as though a heavy hand struck the door—and the latch burst open.

A glare of white and crimson, and then—a familiar outline, the nurse's cap above her composed face. In her hands was a red-globed night lamp. Alice slowly turned her head.

"Just awake?" asked the nurse, evenly. "Did your lamp go out?" She crossed the room, setting down her own lamp and lifting the other. "The oil is gone." She smiled, and the smile irritated me.

"Why did you make so much noise?" I asked.

"I didn't," her tone was serene; she gave me a steady look. "Sounds are sometimes strangely loud at night. I think every board in that hall creaks. I will stay the rest of the night."

She began stirring something in a blue cup. The baby was nestling about, uttering odd, small sounds. I bent over my wife and put my lips to her forehead.

"There was nothing the matter, Arnold?" she whispered.

"Nothing in this world," I answered.

Then I went down the stairs and out of doors into the beneficent tenderness of the moonlight.

Omaha, Neb.

BARNEY'S CAPTOR

By JOHN C. CHRISMAN.



HE day was still young enough in the east for Old Sol to cast his rays under the spreading arms of the twisted and gnarled cottonwood and cause the rocks carefully heaped and imbedded in the soft earth of a new-made mound to sparkle and radiate.

The stalwart, unkempt man stood for a moment holding the hand and looking steadily with a puzzled expression on his grizzled and begrimed face into the tremulous, tear-stained and equally begrimed face of the child at his side.

The face of the man softened as he said, "Come on, little one, we can't do no more for him now." So, with one more look at the little heap of stones and earth, she turned and walked to the cabin with him, holding on to his rough, hairy hand with both her softer sun-burned ones.

Still holding his hand, she lay on the hard bunk, while he talked soothingly of her need of rest and saving her strength. "You didn't sleep a whole lot last night, you know, and you hain't had no breakfast either this morning, and that's a powerful long ride down to Deer Valley." While he talked slowly and tenderly in this strain, the muffled convulsive sobs grew less frequent, till finally she slept—not the peaceful slumber of a child, but the troubled heavy-breathing slumber of the exhausted.

Carefully he arose from his seat and began preparing a meal; then, while the coffee was coming to a boil, he went out, saddled two horses, and started to make a pack for a third. While thus engaged his thoughts ran riot.

Barney Dailey was a stranger to himself this morning. He tried to recognize himself as the same man who had ridden up to the cabin at sundown the night before, hunted and hard pressed; with an open challenge to all mankind, he had regard for neither friend nor foe. His eyes narrowed down to a glint, as a face with its dissolute uncanny expression floated before them. And once again he experienced the emotions of disgust, hatred and utter disregard for consequences that had resulted in his being within the demand of the law. Then the panorama of his musings changed, and he went over the preceding night's death-bed scene—the wan and wasted figure of an old man past seventy, with the death rattle already in his throat—the heart-broken, terrified child kneeling by the bedside with her brown head buried in the pillow. He recalled with a pang the indescribable relief and resignation depicted on the old man's face as Barney stepped uninvited within the door. He had just been able to catch the last faltering words, afterwards interpreted and made clear by the litle granddaughter: "Take Milly—Simpsons—Deer Valley—cousin of mine."

Now, for a ten-year-old mite of humanity, he was going to go back on his trail, and in all probability face his pursuers and certain capture.

The coffee boiled and rattled the lid of the pot and was set back on the rickety stove. Still he was loath to awaken the child. He had gathered together, and piled outside the door, everything but the bedding and a few table articles, when she awoke with a startled cry that brought Barney in on the run.

The meal of coffee, bread and some warmed-over beans had an invigorating effect upon both the man and child, and a start was made without delay; but the day, partly gone, was none too long to cover the distance to Deer Valley. A very short stop was made about noon in a cool shaded cañon where they watered their tired horses and refreshed themselves with a snack of bread and canned meat. Then they were again on the trail, Barney ahead leading the pack horse, and Milly following, rocking and swaying in the big Mexican saddle, her feet tucked in the stirrup leathers and the stirrups dangling loosely.

Their progress was marked by the changing landscape, the gigantic architecture of the higher Sierras with their dense vegetation being replaced by the scattered growth of scrub oak, chaparral and mesquite, interspersed with barren sun-burned patches of the less imposing lower ranges.

As Barney rounded a shoulder at the top of a ridge, he stopped—just for a second—then urged his pony to make the descent. Coming down the cañon he had seen, through the mesquite, three men. He knew their errand by the rifle that each man carried loosely in the hollow of his arm. The little party slipped and slid carelessly down the steep descent, and when the two parties met in the open of the cañon, there was but one man where there had been three.

The two men eyed each other closely as they came near; Barney with a perplexed expression, the stranger with a watchful, uncertain appearance.

"How do, stranger," greeted Barney.

"Howde do. We seem to be takin' the same trail different ways," was the reply.

"Yep. Goin' to Deer Valley with the young un here. Gran'dad passed in."

"That so? Who's she?"

"Howard's. Up on 16."

"That so? Say, you ain't seen anything of Barney Dailey, have

you?" eagerly asked the stranger. "He must a hit that part of the country some'ers."

"Oh, you're the new sheriff, are you? I thought I seen more'n one of you as I come down the hill, and I couldn't make it out. No, I ain't seen nothin' of Barney. What's he been up to now? I don't know him, nohow."

"He got Doc White's Bob in the lung. Young fellow, 'bout your build, little longer in the reach, maybe, brown full beard, ridin' a white-stockin' bay horse."

If Barney winced inside, he did not show it outside, and the young sheriff never guessed that the man he was talking to was sitting in his saddle with an unusual stoop and that he had that morning, with a pair of scissors and a broken piece of mirror, cut and trimmed his soft brown beard down to the appearance of a two or three weeks' stubble.

"No," he answered, apparently thinking, "I ain't seen nobody for two-three days, and no one to fill that bill. Maybe," he suggested, "he took the trail over by the old Money Back. It's pretty rough, but nearer the State line."

"Maybe so," drawled the sheriff, a new problem presenting itself. "Well, we're losing time. Come on, boys," to the other two, who had ridden up from their concealment. "Hope you don't have no bad luck in delivering the girl," he added politely. "So long, little one." And tipping his hat, he moved on up the trail.

Barney started his little party, but for some reason his thoughts were strangely jumbled.

He was known and feared for his bravery and recklessness; he was resourceful, too, but this perverted diplomacy, or bald-faced trickery, was entirely out of his line and would never have been attempted, or even thought of, if it had not ben forced upon him. He began to wonder what kind of a hold this girl had upon him. At intervals he would turn in his saddle and look back at her, and whenever he caught her eye her mouth would lose its droop and curl into a sad, pitiful smile that seemed to affect him strangely internally.

At times, when the trail would permit it, they rode side by side. He talked volubly in an endeavor to break the gloom, and as he had a pure Irish wit, she was undoubtedly cheered and strengthened by these bits of conversation.

But, as Barney had feared, night found them hardly out of the foothills. Neither had any idea of how far or in what direction they would have to go to find the relatives of the girl.

They stopped at the nearest ranch-house, which proved to be occupied by an aged and lonely couple, and were allowed to put up for the night. Milly was put to bed right after supper, with

much mothering and fussing. The old man and his guest sat out

on the doorstep, and smoked and talked long after.

Barney got the desired directions for finding the Simpson home, together with a long account of their poverty and general run of hard luck. The old man did most of the talking, giving with much relish, in full and exaggerated details, all the personal and criminal history of one Barney Dailey, and dwelling with delight upon the recent action of the Board of Supervisors in offering a reward of one thousand five hundred dollars for the dead body of said Barney Dailey, or two thousand five hundred dollars for his delivery alive.

The young sheriff of Santa Anita county was just getting acquainted with the requirements and duties of his office, and had found many phases to it that he had not looked for. The amount of red tape was astonishing—sheriff's sales, subpœnas and entries of various things, to say nothing of letter-writing and reports.

He had just returned from a three days' unsuccessful man-hunt in the hills, to find on his desk a stack of letters and other accumulated work. His two deputies were now out looking up jurymen

and he was alone in the office wrestling with the accounts.

"I didn't know I'd have to be a bookkeeper," he muttered savagely to himself, after he had added a long column of figures three times, getting a different result each time. He was so much engrossed that he did not hear the soft tread of a man entering the office till the man had reached the little counter-like railing which separated the desk from the entrance.

"Mornin', sheriff."

The sheriff wheeled in his chair to gaze into the barrel of a healthy-looking gun, then raised his eyes to the face of the intruder.

"Oh, you needn't expect anything, if you only take time to listen

about a minute. First I'll introduce myself."

"You don't need to," snapped the sheriff. "You are Barney Dailey."

"Well, now you know me, that makes it easier. You remember

seein' me that day in the hills, do you?"

This was preposterous. The idea of a sheriff being held up in his own office and compelled to answer questions by an outlaw! But that little round eye, with its shining rim staring unwaveringly into his eyes, was not to be belittled, nor, evidently, was the man behind it.

"Yes," was the short reply.

"You remember the girl with me, too, don't you?"

"Yes," again answered the dazed official.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," confided the outlaw. "There's twenty-five hundred offered for me alive. You just write out a little note to the Hon. Board of Supervisors to the effect that Miss Howard has captured and delivered into your hands the notorious desperado, Barney Dailey, and that the reward of twenty-five hundred dollars should be paid to said Miss Howard. After which I'll donate this Smith & Wesson to your little collection of miscellaneous deadly weapons and turn myself over to your charge."

"I'll go you, Barney," was the rejoinder, after a moment's puz-

zled thinking. "What's the name again?"

"Milly Howard. Be quick about it. I don't want anyone to break into this little private session. It might mix things up."

The sheriff was quick, and snapped the carbon copy from the original as he wheeled in his chair. Then, as he held the paper in his hand, a gleam lighted his eyes and he quizzically said:

"Let's swap."

So, each looking the other in the eye, the trade was made, Barney

holding on to his gun till his fingers lightly grasped the paper.

"Now I'll tell you something," volunteered the sheriff, as he led his captive away. "Doc White's son ain't hurt none to speak of, and besides, lately several of his little blackleg doin's have leaked out; and if I'm any judge of talk, and if I have any influence at all, I don't think you'll have to board long on the public after the trial is over."

Stockton, Cal

MY HAPPY HOME

By EDNA HEALD McCOY.

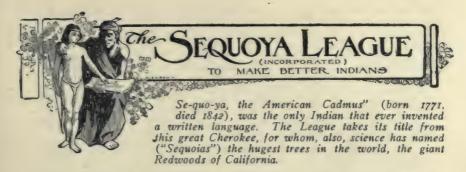
In hearing of some wind-bent tree,
In mountain view, or strip of sea,
Build there my happy home for me.
Rich, in that all I have is there;
That things familiar welcome me,
Seeming to take me by the hand,
As some dear friends who understand.
Where well-loved book, half open lies
And some loved face looks out at me
With following, pictured eyes, that seem to see,
And love, and trust, and council me.

Always to know that friendliness is there In trouble, that which makes me hope again; As spring the flowers, after the season's heat is done, Though dried they are, and baked by lurid sun—Once come the long still winter rain, They raise their heads from dust And live again!
And voices! Oh the voices of that home! Though they be gone long time Each once frequented room
Will ring for me forever with their melody! The child's gay laugh, long changed by years, Will fill dimmed eyes with happy tears, And happy make the heart whose ending nears!

Youthful ambitions live or perish there—
A holy place—a house of prayer—
Where Love out-stayeth every care,
And welcoming is everywhere!

In God's sunshine— In hearing of some wind-bent tree, In mountain view, or strip of sea, Build there my happy home for me!

Elsinore, Cal.



Chiefly through the generous public spirit of Frank A. Miller of Riverside, and the interest of President David Starr Jordan of Stanford, there has been called a conference of the Sequoya League and all friends of the Indians, to be held at Riverside, Cal., April 27, 28 and 29, 1908. Delegates to this conference will be guests of the beautiful Glenwood Mission Inn. It is expected that a number of representative Indians will also be present.

Delegates intending to be present at this conference should notify Mr. Miller not later than April 10. It is expected that a substantial reduction in fares will be made by the railroads. It ought to be possible at such a gathering to do some good for a cause which interests so many thousands of good Americans, but about which

so few are really well informed.

The good news is received from Washington that Senator Frank P. Flint, who has been indefatigable in his work for this cause, has secured an additional appropriation of \$50,000 by Congress to purchase land for the Mission Indians. This is in addition to the \$100,000 appropriation already secured by him for this purpose. Like his predecessor, Senator Bard, Senator Flint made personal and painstaking investigation of the matter in the field, visiting the reservations and acquainting himself with the facts. The League owes much to the public spirit and the official capacity of Senator Flint. He has been in real earnest, has shown himself eminently sane in a matter which is apt to swing to one extreme or the other of indifference or "slopping over," has tempered philanthropy with business sense, and by the tact and knowledge of his subject which have made him of solid influence in Washington, has succeeded in "getting results."

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THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

By OTIS B. TOUT.



HE IMPERIAL VALLEY! These three words have been uttered so many times recently that there is reason to believe that the entire southwest, middle west, and a goodly portion of the States beyond are discussing this section. They have been on the tongue of the public at various intervals during the past ten years, and for many different reasons.

When the first dream of the promoters of the Imperial irrigation project was told there were few Josephs to advise the Pharaohs of finance that it would be well to invest. The people talked of the daring of the plan, the intrepid quality of the American engineers who would even dream of harnessing the untamed Rio Colorado and make it pile up wealth as the Hindoos command the elephants of the Ganges to pile their lumber. The Imperial irrigation project ten years ago was much discussed, but existed only on paper; and those who had faith were only an indomitable few. When, two years later, actual construction of the Imperial canal was commenced, the public again turned its eyes to the head lines, and in consequence another, but larger, coterie of adventurers made their way from Flowing Wells, on the main line of the Southern Pacific, and became the first of perhaps three thousand dust-begrimed believers in the future. They made their way by wagon and stage, circling hummocks and sand dunes, treasuring their water supply, braving the dangers of thirst on the sun-baked and wind-swept waste that held the realization of their hopes. And then, for three years after 1901, the experimenting went on. A fragmentary report of the wonders of the region reached the outside world, but the great mass of people dismissed them with the belief that they were sent out by promoters who wished to sell worthless stock in some impossible scheme. All along, however, the few who came were convincing friends, and there was a gradual increase in population. The brigade of believers came to number perhaps ten thousand.

The mass of newspaper readers came to accept the fact that "the Imperial Valley" was a district of wondrous possibilities, but at the same time felt



ON THE CANAL, IMPERIAL VALLEY



a real sense of pity for those who could find no other place to live. Life was too short, they argued, to spend on a "desert." In course of time more and more capital became interested. Public utility corporations planned to lay a network of live wires to furnish settlements with light and power; the Southern Pacific Railroad Company was begged to extend a line of steel from the main line, and when that corporation was convinced of the need by the actual commencement of construction of a road by residents of the valley, took over the existing company and finished the road of forty-one miles through the heart of the valley. Magnificent successes were being scored in every district by indefatigable farmers; shipments of hogs, cattle, hay and melons commenced; the famous butter of the Imperial Valley commanded a higher price tha nany other in the populous market places; new lands were being brought under the wonderful scepter of King Water;



IRRIGATING

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

everything pointed to the realization of the dream-and then the flood waters came.

Because of the rapid increase in the acreage of cultivated lands the demand for water became greater. The plans of the engineers were defective, and the intakes near Hanlon Headings silted up. Crops were in danger, and the entire valley clamored for the life-giving fluid. The California Development Company, then, in October of 1904, cut through the mesa from the main canal to the Colorado river and released a new flow of water into the main canal. The old Colorado, like a lion escaped through a weakened bar, raced on its wild flight to the Salton Sink and piled its muddy waters nearer and nearer the cultivated farms of the valley, tearing its way through ranches, washing away settlements and filling the inhabitants with depression. Then followed the "dark days" in the history of the project.

The public again was belabored with news dispatches; the mass of people



ALFALFA IN IMPERIAL VALLEY

who had read before and had been skeptical, patted themselves on the back for their good judgment in remaining away from such a country. The Development Company made six different attempts to beguile the old Colorado back to the path of righteousness, but, like a wild youth first tasting the intoxication of freedom, the river laughed at its beguilers and refused to come to the penitent bench. The people of the valley had water enough, goodness knows. The great majority stayed with their dreams, while a



STACKING ALFALFA HAY IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

few sold out quickly and have ever since regretted the act. The Development Company appealed to the Southern Pacific, and that corporation undertook the task of saving its own property and that of the people of the Valley.

To cover a period of two years of wrestling, fighting, studying and intriguing against the obdurate river, we may say that the railroad, backed by the president of the United States, succeeded. The river was converted, and has since been leading an exemplary life, although it is still being constantly watched and studied in order to keep it from a relapse to viciousness.

The people who were interested, but who remained aloof, watched the Valley as with a glass from afar for months after the last closure, and then decided that they had been foolish in their disdain, and by the hundreds began to buy tickets for the Imperial Valley. In the fall of 1907 this



AN IMPERIAL VALLEY APRICOT ORCHARD

inrush of converts began, and has been increasing daily. Since the first of December, 1907, it is estimated that the population has more than doubled, and that there are now upward of 25,000 people who call this fertile section their home and are proud of it. For months the railroad has carried in an excess of 90 people more than it carried out—daily.

What are these newcomers doing here?

A few days ago I was on my way to Holtville, one of the most promising towns of the Valley. It has about 800 residents, and lies eleven miles east of El Centro, where connection is made with the Southern Pacific valley branch by means of the Holton Interurban Railroad. This railroad is fully equipped for passenger service, and has installed a gasoline motor car in addition to the steam service. It was this motor car that was carrying me to Holtville. By my side sat a commercial traveler—one of a class, by the way, which has done the Valley an immense amount of good. We found that we had made the same trip together just a year before. At that time



a wheezy little motor-car, which groaned under a load of ten people, coughed and sputtered its way across the sand-dunes—that is, when the wind was favorable. We recalled our conversation of the previous trip.

"Those sand-hummocks look bad," he had said to me. "It will be a number of years before they are leveled and water put upon the land."

And they did look insurmountable obstacles in the path of the mules and Fresno scrapers. They towered, some of them, thirty feet to the crest, and stood so closely together that a wagon could make its way only with difficulty. They frowned, mile after mile, between El Centro and Holtville, defying the sun-burned conquerors of the wastes.

But on this trip it was different. The entire distance had been absolutely leveled, and for mile after mile there smiled the green things of spring-time. Alfalfa fields had given up their green to the enticing rays



COTTON IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

of the sun, and vineyards were gracing the stretches of loam brought from the hummock tops of a year before. The ever-impatient cantaloupe vines were pushing coyly to the sunlight, while on every quarter section there was a new home—crude, perhaps, but housing a family of land-loving folk, the strength of the empire. The district has been brought under the finest cultivation in one year. It has been the making of Holtville.

That's what a part of these newcomers are doing.

I also had occasion to visit Brawley a few days ago. Brawley lays claim to the distinction of being the home of the first intensive farmers of the Valley. They naively tell you there that the land is too rich to farm with stock. The are not satisfied with a net profit of \$100 per acre annually—not these brown-skinned men and women of America. No, they plant gardenstuff, and their "leader" is the famous cantaloupe.



BROOD MARES ON AN IMPERIAL VALLEY RANGH I hoto by Eunnell

In Brawley they show you the picture of the town as it was four years ago. They have it on a post-card, all colored—and, of course, with green predominant. It pictures one tent-house, which was the store, and—that is all. By the time this reaches the reader Brawley will be a "city of the sixth class," as designated by law, but in spirit it gives first place to none other. They do grow cantaloupes in that section. The name of Brawley has become synonymous with the cantaloupe. At present the population is busy with the care of the new crop. These fields near Brawley consist of a total of 3000 acres. Do you know what three thousand acres of melons mean? Ask your assessor how many acres of cultivated land lies in your home county, and get some idea what a garden of three thousand acres looks like. In

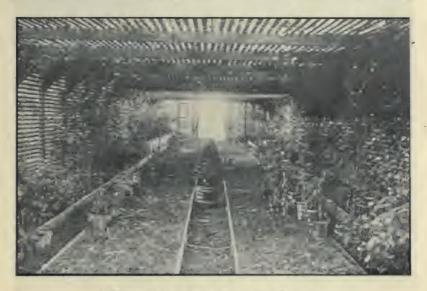


AN IMPERIAL VALLEY DAIRY FARM

Photo by Bunnell

the neighborhood of 8000 acres are planted to cantaloupes this year in Imperial Valley, and the Brawley neighborhood has 38 per cent of these. The two shipping sheds at Brawley are the largest in the United States devoted to cantaloupe packing. When the melons are ready for the rush toward the east, entire train-loads of Imperial Valley melons will be shipped daily. June 1st is the date set for the first shipment of cantaloupes. Upward of 500 car loads of the luscious melon were shipped out of the Valley last year, and this year the number will be trebled.

What do they make? All the way from "coming out even" to \$300 clear per acre. The results from cantaloupe raising are to be obtained like the results of any other business. A man may sell out a flourishing store and his successor may make a failure of it. One man will make \$50 per acre from his field and across the ditch a neighbor will clear \$75. A great deal depends upon the condition of the ground, attention paid to planting, irrigating,



A SHADE-ARBOR IS A PLACE OF DELIGHT

harvesting, packing and shipping. But the people are learning by the simple yet effective method of actual experience.

You may imagine what the cantaloupe is to the Imperial Valley when you know that plans are being laid to institute an annual "cantaloupe day" and making the occasion worth the while of special excursion trains from Los Angeles and the entire southern section.

This is what some more of these newcomers are doing.

Again: I was riding from Calexico to El Centro on one of these machines that the public knows by the name of motorcycle, but which should be named something altogether different. The chain broke. I looked about for a house, and across the ditch the smoke from a pipe curled invitingly and I went over. The man of the house came out, followed by his wife. A young lady stood in the door, and sitting at the table inside were three young men and three smaller children. I asked if I could hire one of the boys to take me back home, and the old gentleman mused: "Well, Joe an' Alec an' Jim are irrigatin', and Sam went to Calexico while ago. Ain't none of these three brats big enough, I guess. Got three daughters at school, so they



40 ACRES IN TABLE GRAPES
At three years old, this vineyard netted \$350 per acre

can't do it." So Annie, who stood in the doorway, drove me to town. Here was an honest rancher with eleven children. They owned three desertland claims amongst them—960 acres in all. And they were newcomers within the last three months. Bought assignments to the land, of course.

That's what more of the newcomers are doing.

Another: A newcomer (one of the ninety for one day) got out of his buggy one day, asked Fritz Kloke, three miles from Calexico, what he would take for his ranch. Kloke told him \$24,000 for 160 acres. The man walked out into an alfalfa patch, back into the house, and took Kloke's breath away by announcing that he had made a sale. The deal was cash, too. This same man crossed a ditch and bought another piece, consisting of 200 acres,



A BRAWLEY CANTELOUPE RANCH

for \$22,500 cash, and now he owns two of the best cultivated ranches in the county.

That is what another newcomer has done. The incident might be multiplied indefinitely.

More: One can get on the train that brings people from Los Angeles daily and ask people where they are bound for. Imperial Valley, 90 per cent of them. The train empties at Imperial Junction, and on the valley branch each town gets its share. At El Centro, the county seat, the largest crowd, at the train to meet their families. Friends greet friends who have come to look or to locate. Business men have arrived to locate their new establishments; clerks have come to take positions in the new buildings. One looks about to see what causes the bustle. Two hacks with lusty "spielers" cry their free busses to two hotels. The hacks are loaded, and the balance of the crowd walks down town. They note brick buildings on every hand. An opera house! and none of your frontier-town shacks, with barn-like interiors—not for Spotlesstown! A real play-house that would be a credit to San



JUST HOGS

Diego, and which much resembles the Burbank in Los Angeles. A whole row of brick store-fronts, too. And more on the other corners, while in the distance a two-story building of hollow tile looms up, and the townsman informs you it is the new court house.

It takes labor to build these things. And there will be labor used for the same purpose in every town for years to come, for building operations are just commencing their transition from the frontier shack constructions to the finished product of metropolitan existence.

In each town it is the same. Imperial is growing apace. Contracts for new buildings have been let and other structures are in the course of erection. Imperial is the oldest town in the Valley, and always will be one of the chief centers of industry. The town has recently put in a new water system, and its streets are graded and bordered with cement walks. The population has increased in the same ratio with the rest of the towns. The Board of Trade employs a secretary on a salary to devote his entire time to promoting the interests of Imperial. Live stock, dairying, melon raising

and all the other varied industries of the Valley are represented in the freight sent out from this point.

Newcomers always drift down to Calexico, too. The town is located on the boundary line, and it is but a stone's throw from the chief hotel to foreign lands—Mexico. The vicinity of Calexico is said to be the best culitvated section of the Valley. Ranchers here have paid more attention to beautifying their properties than in most cases. Some of the illustrations in these pages are of places about Calexico. The stretches of flat country without trees always depress a newcomer, who sees only the present, and not the future. For him the sight of the trees on the ranches about Calexico are a heart rest. Calexico is destined, without a doubt, to be the railroad center of this section. The Southern Pacific will have completed within a month or two the "Yuma link," an extension of the valley branch eastward to Yuma. It is said that this line will, without a doubt, become the main line for at least the passenger trains going and coming from the east. Calexicó has already



A NEW CANAL

been called the "El Paso of Southern California," and with the addition of the San Diego & Arizona, being built by the Spreckles interests from San Diego to Yuma, there is in sight actual realization of the ambition. The general impression is that the San Diego & Arizona will join the Southern Pacific at Calexico, and one track will be used for the traffic to Yuma, even if the S. D. & A. is not an S. P. concern. There is a possibility of this place becoming a division end, with railroad round-houses and the repair shops that help a town so much. Calexico is not lacking in tributary territory of agricultural nature. To the east as far as the sand hills, ten miles away, stretches the same rich country; while west, as far as Signal Mountain, the sentinel of the coast range, twelve miles in the distance, the rancher tills the soil and looks to Calexico as his home town. In addition the country south of the boundary line is rapidly being developed by both Americans and Mexicans, all the population contributory to the prosperity of Calexico and Mexicala, the sister town "across the line."

Calexico is also the supply center for the many mining camps in Mexico,

and one of the leading companies, the Uncle Sam Mining & Milling Company, has its head offices in Calexico. The mountains about the valley are rich in metal, and experts predict a development of mines on a large scale in the near future.

All these things help to keep the newcomer busy.

The editor asks me to tell about things just as they are today. Conditions change so rapidly at the present time that what is true today is ancient history tomorrow. People are incredulous nowadays. A merchant told me once that he never answered the questions that people wrote him from the East. In his words, his reasons were: "If I told them the truth, they would not believe me; so I just tell 'em to come and see for themselves."

The United States government recently displayed this same sense of incredulity. An engineer was sent down here to report actual conditions, and, after spending months in scientific research and in securing valuable



ONE OF THE OLDER IRRIGATION CANALS Photo by Bunnell

facts and figures for the government, every one of which was substantiated, the Agricultural Department gave it out that the report would not be published—for it did not believe that any country existed where such wonders in a farming way could happen! And it was with considerable effort that out congressmen induced the department to print a part of the report.

The man interested in the Imperial Valley wishes to know at least some of the following facts:

Imperial County was formed by a special election August 6th, 1907, out of the western half of San Diego County.

El Centro is the county seat.

It has a full complement of county officers, elected at the same time that the county was formed.

Imperial County has an estimated population of 25,000.

There is no more government land that can be filed upon, excepting here

and there a quarter-section cut with washes or having other physical disadvantages.

Assignments may be purchased at prices varying from \$40 to \$150 per acre, including water stock.

Raw land, without water stock, may be had for as little as \$10 per acre.

Improved farms range from \$65 to \$200 per acre, with prices going up on every hand.

Water stock alone ranges in price from \$15 to \$25.

As soon as patents are issued under the new survey being made by the government to correct descriptions of property proved, there will be a great move toward subdivision, and the smaller farms, consisting of from 10 to 40 acres, will be the backbone of the Valley. Near Calexico there are several patented tracts already, and subdivisions are already announced. The price



AN IMPERIAL VALLEY FARM HOUSE Photo by Bunnell
The bed on the porch is a summer night luxury

of these lands are from \$100 to \$200 per acre, according to accessibility and advantages.

Town lots in all the towns are held at quite high prices, but not out of proportion to the prices in the farming districts. Business lots in every town have raised appreciably within the past month; \$500 for a 25-foot lot in the business section is a rare bargain. All the towns have growing futures.

Calexico, Brawley and El Centro will be incorporated as towns of the sixth class at a special election called April 6th, 1908.

Imperial has been an incorporated town for two years.

All the towns of the Valley are supplied with incandescent lights and power by the Holton Power Company from its power-plant at Holtville, Holtville, El Centro, Brawley and Calexico are lighted with arc lamps as well.

A large ice plant at El Centro supplies the Valley with ice, a commodity that cannot be dispensed with in summer time.

The temperature, according to records kept by the government at Imperial and Calexico, reached a maximum of 116 at Imperial and 112 at Calexico last year. Occasionally a thermometer near some heat-attracting material will climb beyond these figures, but a correct reading of a thermometer hanging in the open will show the temperature in this Valley to be no warmer than in the neighborhood of Fresno at times. No serious results have ever attended high temperatures. Sunstroke is unknown, and humidity in the air is not present.

A stirring breeze on the hottest days makes things more comfortable. Wild reports about discomforts are generally sent out by people coming into the Valley when it is really warm and writing letters before they have shed the clothing that made them comfortable at the beach.



Some Houses of this Kind are Going Up in the Imperial Valley

The nights in summer are entirely comfortable, and sleeping out of doors is one of the rare pleasures of the valley.

A newcomer does not need to bear the expense of erecting a "winterproof" house the first thing when purchasing land. A tent-house meets all needs until the land pays, and then comfortable farm houses, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, are built.

Calexico, El Centro, Brawley and Holtville have weekly newspapers, while Imperial supports a daily.

Each of these towns also has a bank, with an additional one for Imperial Every district has a good school service, with competent teachers.

All denominations, practically, are represented among the churches.

There are at present upward of 400,000 acres under possible irrigation. This is an area larger than all the irrigated land in the Riverside, Redlands,

San Bernardino, San Gabriel, Covina and Monrovia districts of Southern California, with the bean lands of Ventura County thrown in, and adding the greater part of fertile Orange County for good measure.

Water for all domestic purposes is taken from the ditches. It is filtered,

and becomes as clear as crystal. Typhoid is practically unknown.

The out-of-door life is conducive to good health.

Alfalfa is cut from six to nine times each year, yielding as many tons per year. Hay this year reached the price of \$25 per ton, caused by the shortage of feed in other portions of Southern California.

Hay-cutting commences the middle of March.

Barley fields are headed out in early March. Garden truck of all kinds comes in from a month to two months earlier than in other sections.

Oranges ripen here two months before the Riverside district.

And, Mr. Editor, I might go on with facts. I might tell you about two young men who had saved a hundred dollars each and came to this Valley a year ago, rented a piece of land, seeded it, worked it and cleaned uphow much did I say? It was more than you would believe, for they WORKED. I might also tell you of a preacher who has some good friends who loaned him \$35,000, and he has purchased a ranch, with the intention of paying back the \$35,000 in one year. He'll do it, too, and have money in the bank. I might tell you of another man who borrowed \$50,000, bought a piece of land, improved it for a year and sold half of it for \$50,000. He has the other half for nothing. The tramp with a shirt and a pair of pants, who loafed in here five years ago, may be able to write his check for \$20,000it is an actual fact. The man with at least \$1500 or \$2000 has unbounded opportunities in this Valley.

There are as many tales of prosperity in this Valley as there ever were in a mining camp. People braved the terrors of a cold country like Alaska for the gold and they have endured the frontier conditions of the Imperial

Valley for results that make the Yukon mines dim in comparison.

The Imperial Valley is the richest section of land in the United States, and if a richer section has been found in the world none of these thousands

of newcomers can tell you where it is located.

The future of the Valley is assured. The water questions and irrigation problems, however serious they might be, have been or must all be settled to the advantage of the people of the Valley. We have an abiding faith in the future, a love for our adopted home, and a determination to make an empire that will stand as a monument forever glorifying the power of water—King Water.



ICE PLANT AT EL CENTRO

Photo by Bunnell

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¶ Otis B. Tout, the writer of the article on the Imperial Valley in this issue, is the the editor of the Calexico Chronicle.

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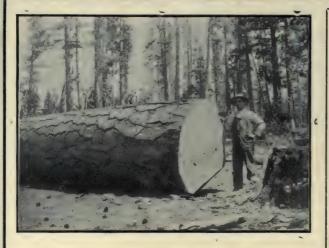
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ALAMEDA The City Beautiful

Situated on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay, directly east of San Francisco. It is free of high winds and fogs. Alameda with its population of thirty thousand, is rapidly becoming a commercial center. It is famous throughout the Pacific Coast as the most desirable residential section of California, enjoying an enviable reputation on account of its excellent streets, its generously maintained schools, its artistic homes, and semi-tropical vegetation. A pure water supply and automatically flushed sewer system in conjunction with geographical and climatic conditions has given Alameda the lowest per cent of death rate of any city in the United States.

The social life of Alameda is very agreeable, and a great number of the residents are families of San Francisco and Oakland business men.

A complete trolley system with two lines running into Oakland with five cent fare, and two modern ferry systems to San Francisco, the fare one way ten cents, monthly commutation ticket, three dollars, affords all the advantages of a metropolitan life.

On the south side of the city lies a natural bathing beach with many resorts where this enjoyment is indulged in the year around, and on the north is a deep water harbor where can be found the merchantmen of the world plying their trade. Along this shore and in the extreme western end are found several large factories, the largest of which is maintained by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, where the product of the world-famed deposits of Death Valley is refined and prepared for the market. Among other large industries are the Clark Pottery Works, ship building plants and engineering plants. Some of the finest ferry boats in San Francisco Bay and some of the Pacific trade-fleet had their keels laid on the Alameda shore of this harbor. In all there are about fifty manufacturing plants.

The assessed valuation is \$15,000,000, and in 1906 there was expended \$550,000 in new buildings. There are on deposit in the banks over \$1,400,000. The city owns its own electric light plant which supplies current to private consumers at the nominal figures of seven cents per thousand watts. The cost of gas is ninety cents per thousand feet. Living expenses are less than in San Francisco. Rent is much lower than in any other Bay city, and labor conditions are normal.

The price of real estate is low considering the population, which is due to the fact that Alameda has made a healthy growth.

The Southern Pacific Company, which operates the trans-bay system, is preparing to expend \$3,000,000 in installing electricity to take the place of the present steam lines.

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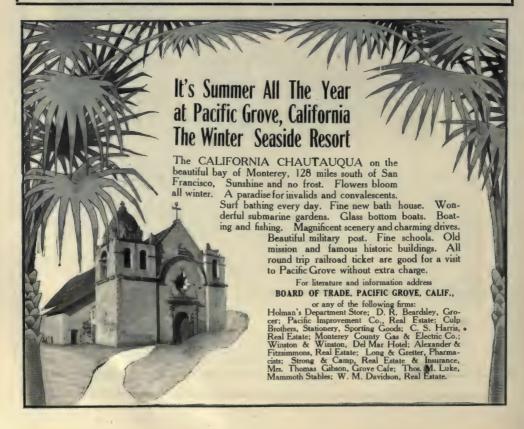
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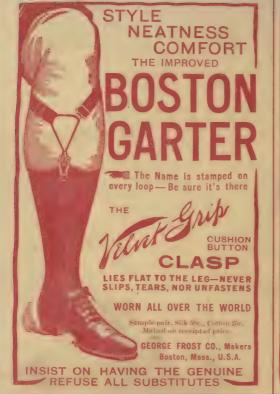
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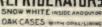
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Vol. XXVIII No. 5

MAY, 1908

THE DEATH OF THE OLD HUNTER

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

UT! Carry me out! I choke in these cabin walls!

Lay me down on the earth under the wide night sky;

Straight on the strong, clean earth—no idle blanket between;

Cheek to cheek with the dust I will watch my last lean hour go by.

Farther! Push back that bough till I face the stars;
North star—Dipper—Pointer that still sets true;
Many a night ye have led—through storm and wind-whipped cloud;
Lead still, old guides—I line my last long course by you.

Hark! The night wind sweeps through the crackling grass,
Nosing the thin, sere weeds that hide in the prairie swale;
Rattling the hunted reeds that shiver and shrink in the marsh,
With a whimper and snarl and whine like a hound that bays on the
trail.

Lift me up! My soul hunts with you tonight,
Old mate of a hundred trails—speed on the lagging pack!
There was never a road ye knew too wild for my feet to take—
Tonight they will keep the way when even ye turn back.

Lift me up—to my feet! A hand-clasp each!

May your trail be long as mine—knife keen—and powder dry—
Eye true to the bead! Now go—quick—while I keep my feet!

I die as I lived—alone with the wind and the stars and the sky.

Dewey. Arizona.



CATTLEYA SKINNERII, AT DEL MONTE An Orchid Found Growing on Branches of Trees in Mexico

PLANT IMMIGRANTS AT DEL MONTE

By WILLIAM AUSTIN CANNON, Ph. D.



S IS well known to all observing travellers in California, there are several centers which are of much interest because of the novelty and cosmopolitan character of the trees and shrubs which are under cultivation Among such places, frequently or at least easily vis-

ited, there may be cited at random, without pretense of giving a complete list or necessarily the most important places, the grounds of Prof. Pierce at Santa Ana, those of Dr. Franceschi at Santa Barbara, the Del Monte Park at Monterey, the Flood place and others at Menlo Park, and the Luther Burbank experimental grounds at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol. These places have each its especial reason for attracting our interest, but they all are interesting, because here are gathered from nearly every land under the sun plant immigrants which are taking their first lessons in the art of becoming plant citizens of these United States.

If the immigrants could speak they could tell a fascinating story of mountain heights, of table lands, steppes and prairies, of desert sands and desert sun, as well as of arctic cold and snows. The story would include the early history of our race with its cloud of myths and superstitions; it would tell of Jewish and of strange gods, of Jewish and heathen temples. It would tell of all peoples in all quarters of the globe. Would that some person learned in anthropological lore and acquainted with plants would dip his pen in the past and translate some of these tales!

But we have a much more prosaic task: it is merely to call attention to a very few of the introduced plants which are to be found growing without protection in one of the plant centers above referred to, namely, at Del Monte, and especially to suggest possible reasons why plants from the most diverse types of habitats imaginable can grow and thrive in this spot by the sea.

The park at Del Monte is too well known to tourists— and who is not a tourist these days?—to need description in this place. It will suffice to say that it lies within sound of the breakers of Monterey Bay, to which it really extends, and from which the park proper is separated only by low sand dunes. It comprises dozens of acres of finely-kept lawns, which stretch away under the large native pines and oaks; drives that wind like ribbons through yellow sunlight and purple shade; beds of ornamentals of every kind and of all shapes that occupy every coign of vantage; and foreign-looking trees and shrubs which are to be seen everywhere.

No more beautiful tree grows that the Cedar of Lebanon (Cedrus Lebani) and its cousins, Cedrus atlantica and C. deodara, and they



The tall pines in the middle ground are Pinus insignis, found wild only at Monterey. The pyramidal drooping tree in the middle foreground is Cupressus Lawsonia, a native of Oregon. In the right foreground is Araucaria imbricata, the "monkey puzzle tree" of Chile. IN THE PARK, MONTEREY

are among the most attractive at Del Monte. The Cedar of Lebanon has been called the glory of plant creation. It occurs native in the Lebanon mountains, east and north of Sidon in Palestine. This is the tree which, tradition says, was transported to Jerusalem and was used for the building of King Solomon's temple. Of it also the temple of Diana at Ephesus was constructed. In its native mountains it attains a height of 120 feet and a circumference of 33 feet. Cedrus deodara is from the Himalayas, where it grows at an altitude as great as 12,000 feet above the sea; Cedrus atlantica is found wild in the Atlas mountains of northwest Africa. Odd that relatives so widely separated when at home should find a common and congenial meeting place in a land so far away!

By the side of the Cedar of Lebanon a pine (Pinus sylvestris) from Lapland, whose northern range is north of the Arctic Circle. but the tree is luxurious in its new and milder home. Here also are junipers from China and Japan, the "Big Tree" from the high Sierras of California, yews from Ireland and from Italy, and firs and spruces from the eastern United States and Canada. ()f the other cone-bearing trees, of which there are many, none are more curious than the maiden-hair tree (Ginkgo biloba) of Japan, or the monkey-puzzle tree (Araucaria imbricata) of South America; and none more interesting than the Japanese cedar (Cryptomeria japonica). The maiden-hair tree, so called from a remote resemblance of the leaves to the familiar maiden-hair fern, is found native in China and Japan. It forms a tree about 100 feet high and 12 feet in diameter, and is very largely planted in China about temples. The maiden-hair tree is largely of interest to botanists because of the recent discovery of motile bodies in the pollen-grain such as are characteristic of the ferns and other lower groups of plants. The discovery in Ginkgo, and in the Cycads, is regarded by botanists of great importance, in that it throws light on the relation of the ferns to the conifers and gives some hint as to the probable origin of the latter. The possession of these motile bodies is regarded as an indication of a primitive condition. In the ferns, they are essential to the survival of the race; in Ginkgo they, or the motile element, is a left-over, or vestigial, condition now no longer necessary to the plant. How fortunate that plants, as well as animals, carry with them through life bits of the path by which they have come. that we may gain occasional glimpses of he very beginnings of life!

Perhaps the oddest tree at Del Monte is the Monkey-puzzle. This tree has numerous whorls of long branches which are completely covered with short and stout leaves, much the shape and size, as well as grace, of a pen-knife blade. The tips of the leaves are very hard and very sharp. The arrangement and character of the leaves lend to the tree a bristling appearance and must be indeed puzzling

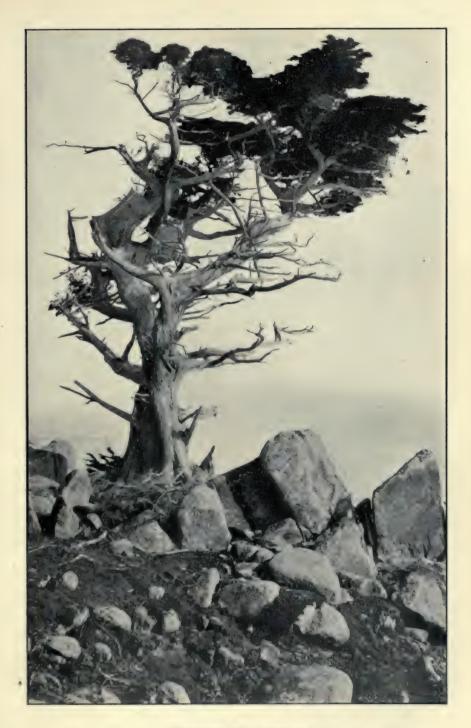
even for monkeys to climb. It is native in southern Chili, where it forms large forests. Another species of the same genus comes from the mountains of middle and southern Brazil, two others from eastern Australia, and one from Norfolk Island of Australasia. Thus the Australian species are, in nature, growing on almost exactly the opposite side of the world from the place where the entire genus happily meets at Del Monte.

The Japanese cedar is native in the mountains of China and Japan. It attains a height of about 120 feet; it is largely planted about temples. Those who have seen the small cone-fruit of this tree will remember the short scale which is attached to the back of each segment of the cone. In the Douglas spruce (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*), a plant familiar to all lovers of trees on the Coast, this scale is quite free from each segment of the cone, while in any pine-cone it is attached to each segment throughout its entire length, and only the tip projects as a sharp point. The Japanese species of conifer, therefore, occupies in this regard an intermediate position.

We must now turn from the cone-bearing plants to consider for a moment other kinds of trees and shrubs. Of these there are so many (at least 325 species) that no more than a glimpse at a very few can be taken. There are Eucalypts, Acacias, and the beautiful *Callistemon* from Oceanica, heather from Europe, laurel from Italy, holly from Europe, and familiar, as well as strange, maples, oaks, haws, ashes, plane-trees, willows, and elms from a great variety of native and foreign parts.

Associated with such plants as above listed, and with the fine native pine (*Pinus macrocarpa*) and live oaks, are sub-tropical palms, of various kinds from the oases of North Africa as well as from our own deserts, and yuccas, agave and many kinds of cactus from the Sonoran, Colorado and Mojavan deserts of America. There also are to be seen groups of the graceful bamboos and bananas from sub-tropical lands.

Among the cacti, perhaps the most interesting is the well-of-the-desert or barrel cactus (*Echinocactus wislizeni*) which grows native in Arizona and Sonora. This plant usually grows to be about two feet high. It is provided with longitudinal ridges and furrows; on the ridges prominent re-curved spines are borne which gives to the plant another common name, that of fish-hook cactus. Determinations of the water content of this cactus have shown it to contain about 93% water, only a portion of which, however, is available. Many a desert wanderer has found refreshment and possibly life by drinking at this vegetable "well." The Yaqui Indians of Sonora are said to rely exclusively on this cactus for water when on long marches.



CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA

This tree occurs in nature in two places only, and near Del Monte. The species is now in wide cultivation in mild climates throughout the world. This specimen is estimated to be 2,000 years old.

Of the other cacti perhaps the giant cactus (Cereus giganteus) is the most striking cactus at Del Monte. This plant has the same range as the barrel cactus. In its native habitat it grows to be 50 feet or more high and occurs in driest situations only. As is well known to travellers across the desert, the giant cactus is, when young, merely a column of green which stands like a post and is devoid of leaves or branches; when mature there are several large and awkward branches which leave the main shoot at about the center and turn sharply upward. The plant has a fluted appearance, quite as the barrel cactus, which is of great service to the plant, as the following will indicate. Where this plant is most abundant the rains are mainly torrential and occur in one season; during the remainder of the year the rains do not fall. In order to endure the long dry time, the cactus has to gather, whenever opportunity offers, a large amount of water. This water is stored in the large upright column. By the taking up of the water the plant increases very markedly in size; by its gradual loss the plant decreases in size correspondingly. It is in the variation in volume that the fluting of the stem serves the plant a good purpose. The flutings are pulled apart and pushed together, like an accordian bellows, when the plant becomes fat with water, or poor for the loss of it. Without this arrangement the great fluctuation in watercontent of the large stem would inevitably tear its tissues, and the plant would be speedily ruined.

To appreciate the beautiful Del Monte grounds with over 464 species of introduced trees, 298 species of herbaceous plants, 60 species of bulbous plants and 57 species of vines, together with a large collection of more delicate forms in the extensive ranges of greenhouses, repeated visits to this famous hostelry would be necessary. However interesting so large a collection of strange plants is of itself, we are for the moment even more interested in the probable reasons why plants which grow native under so diverse conditions as these do—conditions, too, for the most part quite unlike those which obtain at Del Monte—can live and even flourish in the park by the sea.

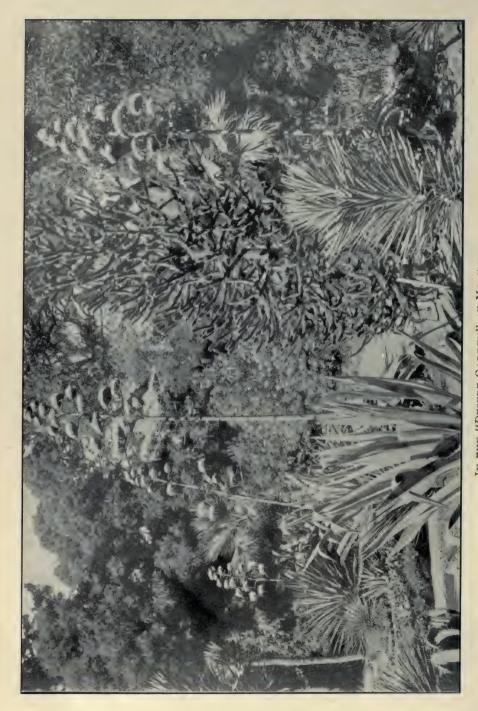
There are two classes of factors which have to be taken into account in the successful introduction of plants. These are, first, the range of variability which a plant can undergo in relation to a change in environment, and, second, the character of the native environmental conditions as well as that at the proposed place of introduction.

Regarding the first class, it need only be said here that probably the range of adaptability of plants from environments that are severe is greater than the range in plants from mild surroundings. So that it is easier to remove successfully a plant from a habitat where the



FOURCRYA BELDINGHAUSII, OF MEXICO

This species of the Amaryllis family was planted at IDel Monte twenty-five years ago, and in 1907, when this picture was made, was in bloom for the first time. It is between 35 and 40 feet high, and its growth is quite as luxuriant as in its native habitat.



Century plants, or Agave, in flower, with Yuccas, Washington Palm, and Prickly Pear Cactus. IN THE "DESERT GARDEN" AT MONTEREY

conditions are severe to one where they are less so, than it is to make the removal of plants in the opposite direction. Coupled with this circumstance may be noted the additional fact that the ability which many plants possess of going into a resting condition, as forming seeds, bulbs, etc., makes them able to avoid much of the most extreme climatic conditions. It must also be remembered that because a plant is at present found in any given locality, it does not argue in the least that it grows best there; it may mean merely a survival. But the remote ancestors of plants whose habitats are severe, as for instance those of our deserts, were almost surely subject to milder conditions than are now to be found, for example, in the desert regions. The heat was less intense and the climate was more humid than at present. Therefore, for such plants a removal to a less severe environment is for them a return to primitive ancestral conditions. Is it to be marvelled at, then, that these same plants luxuriate in so mild and equable a climate as that of Del Monte?

However much we may credit the plant with power to adapt itself to strange surroundings, or with ability to dodge the climatic question, the fact remains that the natural habitats of the introduced plants at Del Monte are the most diverse possible, and that many of them are also very different from the climate at Del Monte itself. The following few illustrations will show the extremes in habitatic conditions.

Pinus sylvestris occurs in Europe as far north as latitude 68°. At latitude 67° 34', Verkhyansk, Siberia, the yearly extremes of temperature are from -79.6° F. in winter to 86° F. in summer. This is an annual range in temperature of 165.6° F. Probably the opposite extreme is to be found in the habitats of plants of the deserts, as, for instance, that of the date palm, or that of the Washington palm. One station of the former is at Biskra in the Sahara. where the winter temperature goes to 43° F. and the summer temperature reaches 105° F. The Washington palm is native in the Coronado desert of our own country, where the annual extremes in temperature are from 43° F. to 112° F. The annual extremes in temperature at Del Monte are not available, but those at San Francisco, 100 miles distant, are from 39° F. in winter to 98° F. in summer. The variation in the annual rainfall of the habitats represented is quite as striking. It ranges from 2.97 inches in the Colorado desert to 92.58 inches in the Puget Sound region; and probably the precipitation in the Himalayas, the home of Cedrus deodara, is even greater. The annual rainfall at Del Monte is given at 14 inches, but the proximity of the ocean so reduces natural evaporation that this small amount is probably the equivalent of a much greater precipitation farther inland.

In the cases of most of the introduced plants growing in the open at Del Monte, it is probably true that the native environments lie well within the extremes given for the palms and the pine in the pre-

ceding paragraph.

Should we analyze the relation of the activity of these plants in their native habitats to the changes in climatic conditions of the habitats, we would expect to find that the period of greatest growth, or of flowering, would coincide with the most favoring portion of the year. During the least favorable seasons the plants would probably all be in a dormant condition. And we should expect to find that, on the average, the yearly conditions at Del Monte would not be very far removed from these same most favoring seasons. Without entering further into the subject in this place, therefore, we may conclude that at least a leading reason, aside from the inherent variability of the plants, why so great a variety of plants from so extreme types of natural habitats can be grown successfully out-ofdoors at Del Monte, as well as other places on the Coast, lies chiefly in the fact that the average plant conditions are very much like the most favorable conditions in the habitats from which the introduced plants were taken.

Desert Botanical Laboratory, Tucson, Arizona.

TO A GOLD-OF-OPHIR ROSE

By NEETA MARQUIS.

OU come one only time
Into the heart of each young, singing year
Like Love florescent, radiantly dear,
Tinged with the glory of some golden clime.

Your loose-hung petals glow Like bits of sunset clustered on a stem; Such splendrous light streams from the heart of them Would warm the paleness from a flower of snow.

My eager glances seek
Your color, as sick lips a cordial rare—
Clear, flame-soft yellow of a goddess' hair
Commingled with the carmine of her cheek.

Your strange, brief stay
Is madd'ning sweet—so sweet my senses ache
Those frail, bright blooms within my hands to take
And crush them—tear them—blot them from the day!

Gone, rose?—So swiftly gone!
Spring loiters yet and mocks with careless grace.—
Ay, me! So Youth still lingers; but Love's face,
Like to the fair, flushed flower, has been withdrawn.
Los Angeles.

MASKS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES

By R. I. GEARE.



N ALL countries where religion is polytheistic, masks have played, and in some instances still play, an important part. In ancient times, Greece and Rome were noted for the use of masks in their religious ceremonies. Sometimes the masks represented the heads of

beasts; sometimes of deities or monsters of various kinds.

Among the Greeks the principal idea was to give heroic splendor to their characters, and the players would have been humiliated by wearing masks which did not endow them with the grandeur of a god. In dramatic performances, and especially in connection with ceremonies attending the orgies of Dionysius, masks were liberally employed.

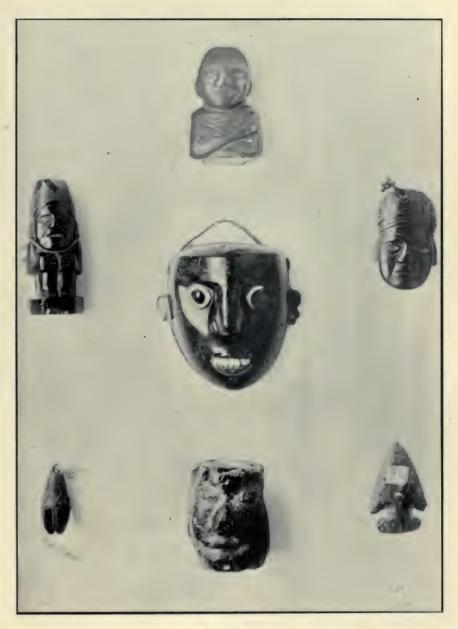
Masks with different features were worn by the same actor to represent his changing moods or emotions. Comic masks were supplied with a grotesque countenance, while tragic masks had a more dignified appearance, although some of them were hideous. There were also special masks for the satyrs and other kinds of dancers.



Mask, or Raven Costume, Worn by British Columbian Indians. The costume covers the figure of a priest, while performing his sacred ceremonies.



EGYPTAIN STUCCO AND WOOD MASKS
From Mummy-cases, with Coarse Matting of Dhoom Palm



Obsidian Masks and Masked Figures
Used in Mexico, previous to the Conquest, as fetishes, for bestowing power upon the wearer.



LODAK MASK, TIBET

They usually had large, open mouths, within which were metallic bars or other resonant bodies to strengthen the voice.

Some years ago face-masks of solid gold, bronze, and terra-cotta were found while making excavations in Greece and Asia Minor. In Greece masks were also made of painted wood, bark, or linen.

The head-masks used in dramatic performances rested on the shoulders, but as the increased size of the head dwarfed the rest of the actor's figure, he wore buskins with very thick soles, in order to increase his height and add a stately appearance to his gait. His robes were also padded out so as to preserve a fitting proportion throughout. Sometimes the eyeballs of the mask were painted

white, the pupils being left open, to serve as peepholes. The mouth was usually left open in either a square or a trumpet shape.

Other countries in which masks have played, and still occupy an important feature in religious ceremonies, are Japan, China, Tibet, India, Ceylon, Siam. They were also popular among the old Mexicans and Peruvians, the North American Indians, Eskimos, Milanesians, and African negroes.

In Japan masks serve a loftier purpose than in many of the other countries mentioned. They were freely used as types of mythological characters in the religious-historical procession called "No." The dances on those occasions were performed by the higher classes, and are quite distinct from the ordinary theatrical entertainments, which latter are of comparatively recent date. In these the master of ceremonies is known as the "Samba." His mask has puffs on the forehead and cheeks. Other masks worn in Japan are the Karas-Tengu, or Crow demon, which has a beak like a bird's. A great favorite is the fox mask, and also those representing demons with horns and a third eye in the middle of the forehead, as well as satyrs with horns and the muzzle of a goat.

The Indians of the northwest coast of America and British Columbia indulge in a rich assortment of masks, many of which are very artistically carved. Some of them have human faces, with hair and eyebrows, while others represent the heads of eagles, wolves, stags, dolphins, etc. Animal masks and figures made of plaited bast are often worn, and the explorer Cooke stated that when at Nootka he saw the presiding official in a state ceremony wear a leathern cloak trimmed in straight lines with deer's feet, each hanging by a thong sewn all over with quills, with a mask over his face, and brandishing a rattle.

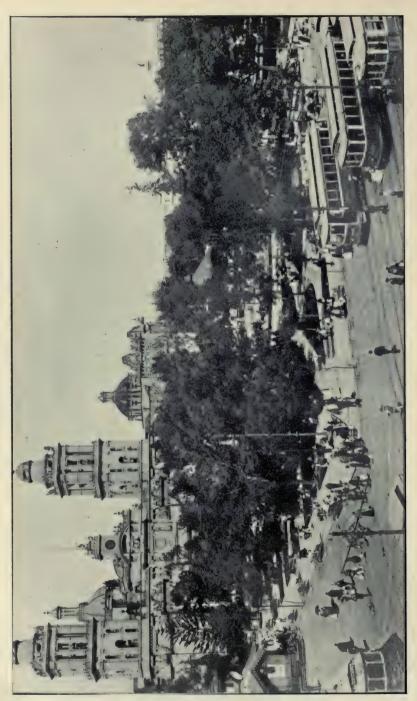
The Indians of Vancouver Island wear carved wooden masks. They have three mythical performances called Duckwalli, T'siark, and Do-h'tlub. The first is intended to appease the wrath of the thunderbird. The masks are of maple, poplar, alder, etc., and in many of them the eyes and lower jaw are made movable by means of a cord.

The T'siark is a medical ceremony and the Do-h'tlub is about the same as the first mentioned.

The Eskimos use masks in their ceremonies, particularly in pantomimes, and they are essentially the same as those worn by the Indian tribes of the Northwest.

Washington, D. C.





THE ZOCALO AND THE CATHEDRAL



A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

V.

THE PROFESSOR'S CLUE.



ETER, I note your note to the effect that you will call, at two o'clock this afternoon to take us to the Viga. Also that you have despoiled your cousin of the Mexican godlet which he was using as a paper-weight. You have the true instinct of the collector.

"Aunt Zenia has just come in—and the elevator wasn't running! She nodded when I asked her if two o'clock would do; she had lost the power of speech.

"You got up at five, this morning, and went down to the Thieves' Market to get the brass candlestick and a plate of 'real, old, flowing blue'—for me! Peter, I could pat you on the head for this exhibition of thoughtfulness. Please see that it is securely packed, so that even a Russian bomb would not break it—the plate, I mean.

Polly."

The professor decided, at the last moment, that he would not go. "Weston is to be one of your party, eh?" he inquired, of Aunt Zenia. "Very good! Don't come home too early. I may be able to do a little missionary work this afternoon." He chuckled delightedly.

"You have found a clue! John, don't trifle with me. Have you found a clue?"

"Be calm, my dear Zenia, be calm! I will not say that I have—I



"AUNT ZENIA HAD JUST COME IN."

will not say that I have not. But now I begin to see the walls of the mysterious city of the aborigines rising before me—'walls like silver.' You remember Stephens' description—'Glistening walls that can be seen one hundred miles away.'"

"But we are to follow this up together, John," Aunt Zenia jealously reminded him. "Don't forget that the lost city is my legacy from Professor Bingham, no less than yours."

At two o'clock they boarded a street-car at the Zocalo, and were borne rapidly to the outskirts of the city.

Behind them were lifted the spires and domes of a hundred churches, sharply etched against a sky "blue as the lid of Italy." A forest of green marked the location of the Alameda, the paradeground of Mexico's four hundred. Beyond this park the Paseo stretched, broad and straight to Chapultepec.

They watched the receding pictures; and when they turned, another Mexico was before them—a city where poverty, albeit picturesque poverty, had its abode.

Narrow streets, mere alleys, opened on either side; and these alleys swarmed with humanity. Scantily garmented women brought water from the fountain in the public square, in huge jars which they carried upon their heads—a frieze-like procession; stalwart youths lounged in the *portales* in attitudes suggestive of unlimited leisure; in the one dark room which served also as dwelling, the humble tradesman plied his vocation. Peter lamented unceasingly that he had not brought his camera.

With the air of one having vested rights, he took possession of Polly at the outset. Aunt Zenia divided her smiles with strict impartiality between Doctor Bolton and Mr. Weston.

It was a meek and chastened Peter with whom Polly had to deal today. Mingled with his transports of joy at gaining the desire of his heart, there was a feeling of fear, lest, when he stretched forth his hand to claim his new-found happiness, he would gather the ashes of disappointment. Inconstant himself, how could Peter understand constancy in another?

He marveled much that Polly had overlooked his outburst of the day before. Indeed, he had gone out of her presence reviling himself for a boor and a fool—an occupation in which he found considerable satisfaction. Polly was all right, *she* was. The way in which she greeted him today, quite as if nothing had happened, was all right too, if any one should ask you.

"Behold a worm of the earth!" he said, on greeting the maid of his choice. "You must know how sorry I am—I have already telepathed apologies."

Polly, patting the worm on the shoulder, answered him discreetly.

She had intended to explain to Peter—very regretfully, of course, and as kindly as possible—the mistake of yesterday; but when she saw the light in his eyes, she could not at once summon the courage to disillusion him. She decided to wait—it was much easier to wait than to explain—trusting that Peter would by degrees learn the truth.

Where the Viga enters the city, there is a landing place close by the Mercado de la Merced. Here, at all hours of the day, a fleet of boats is tied—not the cumbersome flat-boats that convey fruit, vegetables and other products of the famous floating gardens to market, but passenger-boats.



WHERE THE VIGA ENTERS THE CITY

Lowell, having the gift of tongues, was commissioned to do the bargaining with the gondoliers of the Viga; and, while he was thus employed, his companions wandered into the market in search of things picturable for Aunt Zenia's camera.

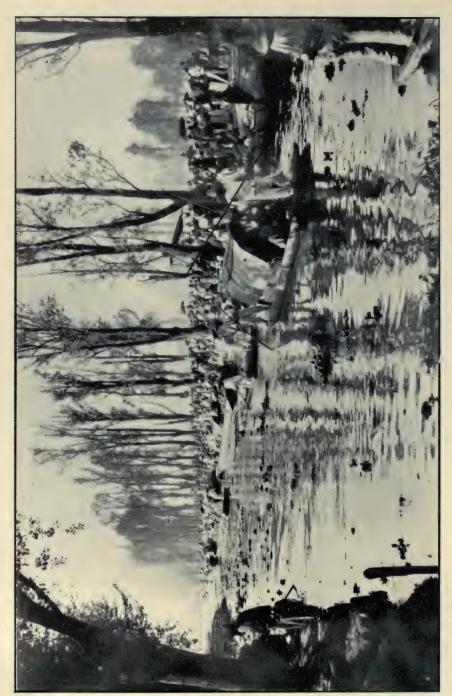
"Don't forget," whispered Polly, as they trailed after Aunt Zenia and the doctor, "that no one is to know of this—this—"

"Say it!" Peter demanded. "Engagement. Say it."

"Understanding," Polly corrected. "It's to be a dead secret for at least six months. Promise."

"Cross-m'-heart-'n'-hope-t'-die," said Peter.

As they issued from the market, they met Lowell, whose bored



THE VIGA, AND YEARLY FESTIVAL CROWD

look disclaimed all interest in the novel sights of a market day. Peter, on seeing him, chirruped joyously:

"Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
Come from behind that scowl.
A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and Thou—"

"You bray like one of your own brothers," said Lowell, giving Peter a cousinly whack between the shoulder-blades. "Shall we embark?"

Choosing the cleanest of the boats, the party set out. The captain and the crew—the latter a small *Mexicano*, half the height of the pole he wielded—propelled the boat up the stream.

Aunt Zenia, camera held in readiness for a snap-shot, occupied the deck with the captain and the crew, serenely disregarding the fact that her face and hands were rapidly acquiring the true Mexican tint. Polly, with Lowell, Peter and the doctor, sat in the shadow of the awning.

Polly was in pink. A fold of her gown, with its fluted ruffles, lay across Lowell's knee. He eyed it with a certain timorous delight. For him it had the glow and fragrance of a bed of June roses.

Lowell took no part in the general conversation. He was looking at Polly reflectively, as if, until then, he had never really seen her.

She had eyes like those of a child—"morning eyes." Sitting in the shadow though she was, shafts of sunlight sought her out and turned the pale brown of her wind-blown hair to spun gold. The heat of the day had deepened the rose that burned through the tan of her rounded cheek. Lowell suddenly realized that he had admired brown-eyed, gipsy-faced women—in the abstract—all his life.

Polly was observing with interest the wayfarers that trudged through the white dust of the footpath along the bank of the canal.

"Look at the soldiers!" she cried. "How smart those uniforms are—blue, faced with crimson."

"Mounted police," corrected Lowell. "See that peon with a haystack a-top of him. Did you get him, Miss Snodgrass?"

"Didn't have time," Aunt Zenia replied, manipulating her camera with a business-like air. "I got the woman, though—the one with a baker's dozen of youngsters trotting at her heels."

"Where do those people come from?" asked Polly.

"That path is the highway for all the villages scattered along the Viga," said Lowell. "Sorry we missed the market boats. They come down early in the morning."

The sun, shining through the branches of water-leech and eucalyptus, dappled the brown water with gold; the sky curved above

them, a dome of turquoise blue. From a moored pleasure-boat sounded the tinkle of a guitar, keeping time to a love song.

"Auntie, isn't this perfect?" cried Polly. "Throw your camera overboard! What will your picture be, lacking the blue of the sky, the gold of the sunlight, and the sound of laughter and song? It is a body without a soul."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if I had taken two pictures on one plate," was Aunt Zenia's reply.

At Santa Anita, "the Venice of Mexico," the waters of the canal washed against the walls of the houses. Under the balconies, gay with flowers, the market-boats passed on their way to the city in the misty morning; but at night, returning empty, they did not



MARKET BOATS

always pass by. A song, or a plaintive melody plucked from the guitar strings, would be heard under the balcony. This and more Lowell told Polly as they poled along, heading for Ixtacalco. Here, so Peter assured them, they would be able to purchase for five cents sufficient *pulque* to insure a thumping headache the next morning.

"This is only a suggestion, you know," said Peter. "I don't recommend it—not yet. You are still daffy on Mexico, and little Peter won't say a word to bring on disillusion. But, sooner or later, there will come a day when the things that charmed, because of the novelty, charm no longer; when the picturesque street characters turn into dirty ragamuffins before your very eyes—ragamuffins, mind you, not worth the bagging, even with a snap-shot;

when the *mozo* drops your yet negative, and mercury goes on a tear. But one thing remains for the noble stranger to do—and he does it. He has been told that *pulque* is a nectar fit for the gods, and he loses his last illusion in a glass of it."

This was a long speech for Peter; and the sole effect of the exhaustive warning was to make everyone clamorous for pulque.

"I am ready to barter all my illusions at once for anything with ice in it," Aunt Zenia declared.

At Ixtacalco the gondolier, at a word from Lowell, drove the boat ashore, and the party got out. He led the way to a public garden which he had previously visited, where, in an arbor of brush, curtained with vines, were small tables.



A LANDING PLACE OF THE VIGA

"Here is the waiter for our order," said Peter. "For the third and last time—shall it be pulque?"

"Is it quite respectable?" Aunt Zenia asked, a qualm of doubt assailing her.

"Oh, q-q-q-quite," Doctor Bolton answered.

"We are a thousand miles or so from Kalamazoo—no one will ever hear of it," said Peter, reassuringly.

"And—er—what shall we order from the musical menu?" questioned Lowell, as a band of musicians, on the lookout for any small coins that might come their way, entered the arbor and seated themselves near the party.

"The n-n-national air," Doctor Bolton suggested.

"Think of the penalty! The national air must be played only on those occasions when the president, or the governor of the State, is abroad in the land."

"What is the penalty?" Polly inquired, interestedly.

"A dungeon cell and a round number of *pesos*," Peter volunteered, with the manner of one having knowledge.

"We might compromise on 'La Golondrina'—the Mexican equivalent for 'Home, Sweet Home,' "Lowell interposed. He spoke to the musicians; and instantly the sweet, sad strains of "La Golondrina" trembled upon the harp strings, and cried out from the heart of bandolin and violin.



GARITA DE LA VIGA

"You enjoyed it?" Lowell asked, in the silence that followed the last note.

"Bully!" said Peter. "It started a regiment of chills chasing up and down my spinal column. It's my artistic temperament," he explained.

"It was very beautiful—and sad," Aunt Zenia sighed.

"It's s-s-sort of p-peculiar," was Doctor Bolton's comment.

Polly said nothing. Her tranced gaze seemed drawn to Lowell's face. What the eyes of brown saw in the eyes of gray caused her quickly to avert her face; in that one luminous moment, Polly read her own heart.

Peter was impatient to be off. "I say," he complained, "this

pulque has made me hungry, and we are miles from a beefsteak. Why don't you people drink your pulque? Don't like it? Told you so! Well, then, let's give the musicians something to remember us by, and go home."

The land for miles about Ixtacalco is channeled by ditches, the territory thus marked off resembling a huge checkerboard, each square of which is a "floating garden." The ditches—and, in places, the Viga Canal itself, to which these are tributary—are choked by water-hyacinths, and through the alleys of bloom the boatman, with difficulty, poles his dory.

Aunt Zenia was unexpectedly seized with a desire to explore the



A BOATMAN OF THE VIGA

region, and pressed Polly to accompany her. No more than four could ride in the dory; and as Lowell quickly volunteered to go with them, Peter, forestalled, sat himself sulkily down on the bank to smoke a cigar in company with Doctor Bolton.

The boatman pushed out into the flowery channel. On every side the hyacinths, wind-stirred, rippled away in waves of blue. Trees reached across from opposite banks, and, meeting overhead, dropped cooling shadow along the way. It was a day in which to be glad.

Lowell did not know whether the sun was about to set, or had just risen; whether the trees were green and the sky blue, or the other way around; whether the boatman was steering for Mars, or Arcadia. He only knew that the one girl in all the universe was beside him, that a red parasol cast a roseate glow over the world.

Aunt Zenia's mind reverted to things archæological.

"Before I forget it," said Lowell, replying to some comment of Aunt Zenia's, "let me give you an envelope to take to the professor." He felt in all his pockets in turn. "Ah, here it is! It contains the conclusion of the report which I read to you yesterday."

"May I just glance through it?" Aunt Zenia asked.

"Why, certainly," Lowell answered, and turned to Polly.

A gasp from Aunt Zenia recalled their wandering attention. The worthy lady held an open envelope—a long, official envelope—in one hand, and in the other, a thick sheet of paper, which had been folded twice. But it was not upon either of these objects that her scandalized gaze rested. Her eyes were bent on something which had fallen from the folded paper into her ample lap. Lowell looked; so did Polly. It was a small gray glove!

Of subsequent proceedings, Polly had but a hazy idea. They were poled back to their own boat, where Peter (still sulky, but somewhat less so) and Doctor Bolton awaited them. After several hours, as it seemed to her, she was saying good-bye to Peter at the door of their apartments.

"Polly has gone to her room—she seemed quite done up," Aunt Zenia answered, in response to the professor's query.

"That's all right," said the professor, hastily. "I wanted to keep her out of here until I could make way with these." He pointed to a heap of paper scraps in the middle of the floor.

"What have you there?"

"The land knows-I don't."

"But where did the papers come from?"

"I—the chamber boy—Weston—" The professor cleared his throat. "I'll tell you just how it was. The boy had removed my waste-basket to empty it. I asked him to bring it back, as I had mislaid valuable data. He brought Weston's instead of mine—"

"John!"

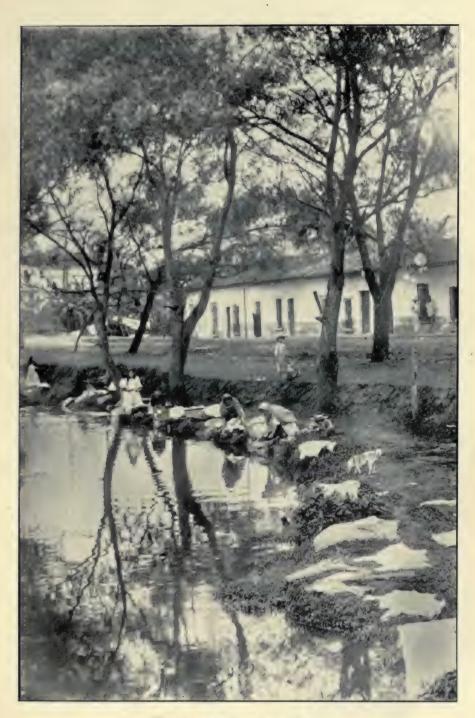
"Well, nothing came of it," the professor retorted testily. "Not a line, not a word about the lost city. The greatest rot you ever saw! Make head or tail of that, if you can."

Aunt Zenia, forgetting her scruples, took the paper which the professor extended.

"Why, it's poetry!" she exclaimed.

"Thy glance doth thrill with hope and fear My heart alternately—

"My heart doth thrill alternately With hope—



WASHERWOMEN ON THE VIGA

. "In chains thou leadest me A captive of thy skill,

"Of fragrant roses red you weave the chains That hold me, willing, captive of your skill,

"Shy, wild eyes of liquid brown, Will they smile, or will they drown, When I whisper—"

"There's a woman in the case," Aunt Zenia sniffed; and she told the professor the incident of the gray glove.

"A woman, evidently," the professor admitted. "And in all those reams of rot, not a word about the lost city!"

VI.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

Peter looked at Polly. There was an expression in his eyes which she could not fathom; it gave her a feeling of embarassment.

"Come into the sala," he said. "There's no one about—and I want to talk seriously to you."

"Peter serious!" cried Polly, faintly. "Help! Help!"

Peter's face was very red.

"Aunt Zenia and the professor and old Lowell will be down any time, Polly, and that's why I made the excuse to get you here. I never have a minute with you alone—"

"Many minutes," she interrupted, "so many that Aunt Zenia, yesterday, remarked on it. This morning the professor seemed to be on the point of remarking to that effect, but I headed him off by observing that we are having cooler weather. You mustn't think, Peter, that because the professor wears glasses he can't see."

"What I want to say," Peter went on, doggedly pursuing his subject, "is this: Old Lowell is an awful good sort, but he's—he's a bit of an ass about you. I wouldn't for the world have his feelings hurt; and—and not knowing how it is with us—you understand?"

Polly nodded, because she could not speak.

"And, Polly—" he fumbled awkwardly in his vest pocket, his red face growing redder—"here is the—the ring. It was my mother's. I—you should have had a ring right away, of course; but—well, if you must know, this was in pawn."

"Peter!" Polly exclaimed, pitifully. "If you were in-difficulty, why didn't you come to your old pal?"

"There was no such alarming difficulty," Peter amended. "I saw the *machete*, and a few other little things I wanted, and good old Lowell had already advanced—"

"You are lying to me, Peter," Polly calmly interposed. "It was not the machete—it was an ivory casket, and a blue plate—'real, old,

flowing blue—' and four brass candlesticks—two tall, slender ones, and two short, fat ones—and flowers—and—and—for me."

"My dearest," Peter whispered. He seized her hands, but dropped them at the sound of approaching footsteps and voices.

"Wish I might go to the cathedral with the crowd and have a look-see from the tower," he stated, in tones unnecessarily loud. "Can't do it, though. Got some prints in soak, and must look after 'em. I'll join you at six-o'clock dinner, this evening."

Aunt Zenia touched Polly's arm, and, as the four left the hotel, Polly fell behind with her aunt.

"That Mexican has taken the room across from our suite," she



HUMBLE HABITATIONS OF THE VIGA

told her niece, in carefully guarded tones. "I saw him as we came down. He was locking the door behind him, and he eyed us, bold as brass."

"My sister will bear me out in it," the professor was saying to Lowell. "They give us eggs with every meal."

"You've always been fond of eggs, John."

"But they don't cook them right. They've got three hundred and sixty-four ways of spoiling them, according to my taste. If I were to order a poached egg—providing I could make the fool waiter understand—I'd expect to get that egg stuffed with sardines, or red pepper. All this country needs, to be a tolerably livable

place, is decent cooking, a decent climate, and a decent language."

Having located the fly in the ointment, the professor became cheerful, almost gay.

"Here we are!" he cried, as the four crossed the broad pave, and brought up before a small door at the side of the main entrance to the cathedral.

Beyond was a flight of stone steps; and, these climbed, a door, barred and bolted, confronted them.

"Perhaps I'd better ask Mr. Weston's advice," Polly whispered to Aunt Zenia, while the professor was searching for the bell cord,



A CORNER NEAR THE CATHEDRAL

which was hanging just above his head. "He would know how to deal with the Mexican."

"Not for worlds!" was the energetic reply. "We mustn't place ourselves under obligation to Lowell Weston, of all people!"

The professor, having discovered the bell-cord, tugged at it vigorously, and after some delay the door was opened by the woman whose duty it was to collect a small fee from persons admitted.

One glance at the second flight of stairs, winding to a dizzy height, convinced Aunt Zenia that she had met her Waterloo; and, sinking upon a bench, she signified her intention of remaining there. Lowell hesitated, gazing after Polly, who was following the professor skyward, and finally seated himself by Aunt Zenia.

"It seems to me that I must have known and loved your niece in some previous existence," he said, with simple directness.

Aunt Zenia sat up and gasped.

"Perhaps," he went on, dreamily, "we walked hand in hand in that other life—as I hope to in this. I have been dead so long!



THE NATIONAL PALACE

With the dawning of hope, I have just begun to live. Do you believe that she will listen to me, Miss Snodgrass?"

Aunt Zenia found her voice.

"If you talk to her like that," she said judicially, "I shouldn't wonder if she would."

"I have your consent, then, to speak to her?"

Aunt Zenia's reply was long delayed. She had made a surprising discovery. The young man had loved Polly all along, of course. She had been as blind as a bat—as two bats—and the gray glove

was Polly's. Mr. Weston was a most desirable husband for Niece Polly—a man who had won honors in letters, rich, good-looking, not too young. Moreover, he was the man—she dwelt on this with much satisfaction—who could lead them to the goal of their desires, the lost city.

"Go up and talk to her," she advised, carefully repressing any signs of eagerness. She could not, however, entirely hide her sympathy, and Lowell smiled his gratitude. "Send John to me," she continued, as an after-thought.

When Lowell reached the tower, he found the professor engaged in measuring, with the eye of an expert, the circumference of the largest bell. The sunlight, streaming through the gratings, lay in



FLOWER MARKET NEAR THE CATHEDRAL

golden bars across the dusty floor, but overhead all was shadow. Polly stood with her back pressed against the wall, looking up at the soundless bells that swung back and forth in the breeze.

Lowell's courage suddenly forsook him. Polly was so near—yet, it might be, the width of the world was between them. Should he put his fate to the test, or wait until the lady of his choice had given him some token of regard? While he debated the question, standing unseen in the shadow of the doorway, the professor, who had paused beneath the wide circle of the big bell to peer curiously into its black throat, beckoned Polly to follow him, and the two passed out into the sunshine.

A parapet surmounted by stone torches extended from tower to

tower; and, leaning over this, Polly and the professor gazed in silence at the scene below. At their feet lay the great city—a vast area of flat roofs, domed by a hundred churches and dotted with islands of green foliage.

"I can scarcely realize," said Polly, in a hushed voice, "that yonder, across the *plaza*, the palace of Montezuma once stood; that on the very site of this capital, Tenochtitlan, that splendid city of the ancient—"

"Niece Polly!" the professor remonstrated. "Let me set you right in this matter. The inaccuracy of that statement is only exceeded by your credulity in accepting it. Yes, I know the guide-book tells you that the city occupies the same spot as did Tenochtitlan, and



A PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER, CITY OF MEXICO

that the heathen teocalli and the palace of Montezuma were ranged about the square that is now known as the plaza, or Zocalo.

"In order to identify the site of the *pueblo*, the three causeways which connected the island with the mainland must be traced. Over the southern causeway, if you remember, the Spaniards entered the *pueblo* in the fall of 1519. In the following summer they fought their way out, going by way of the western causeway. The exact spot where Cortez and Montezuma met is not four blocks from the main *plaza*, which establishes the limit of Tenochtitlan in that direction. The "Noche Triste" tree, near the western causeway, marks the limit of the *pueblo* westward.

"We have, therefore, two points to guide us in determining the

circumference of the *pueblo*. It is a generally accepted theory that the intersection of the two causeways was the center of the *pueblo*. Now, if we describe a circle—"

"Excuse me, professor," said Lowell, advancing with the diffidence of a schoolboy. "Miss Snodgrass sent me to tell you—to tell you—Why, what was it she told me to tell you?"

He gazed anxiously at the professor, trying to recall the elusive message.

"Perhaps she wants me," Polly suggested.

"I'm sure—quite sure—that she doesn't," Lowell rejoined, regaining to some extent his presence of mind. "Perhaps, professor, if you were to go and see—"



SIDE VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL

The professor, acting on this suggestion, moved away, and Lowell turned to Polly.

"Did we by any chance mislay Peter?" he inquired absently. Polly laughed.

"Didn't you observe that he left himself behind at the hotel?"

"I wasn't thinking of Peter then—that is, not particularly. Shall we—" he dropped the words into the air, as it were, his glance following the flight of a bird—"sit here until—er—your aunt and uncle join us?"

"I don't mind," Polly answered, and, unfurling the red parasol, she made an oasis of shade for herself and Lowell.

The young man took off his hat, and, drawing out his handker-

chief, mopped his steaming brow. He had lost his way in the avenues of speech, and was striving to find an opening.

"What is this?" Polly asked, stooping to pick up a small object that had fallen from Lowell's pocket.

"That? Oh, that! Peter calls him the God of the Dismal Countenance—says he looks as if he had smoked his last cigar. The little gentleman has been lost for several days. I discovered him this morning roosting on a blue plate—"

Polly, suppressing a desire to laugh, interrupted him.

"Under which particular lucky star were you born, Mr. Weston, that you should be so favored above the rest of us? Have you cornered the Aztec idol market?"



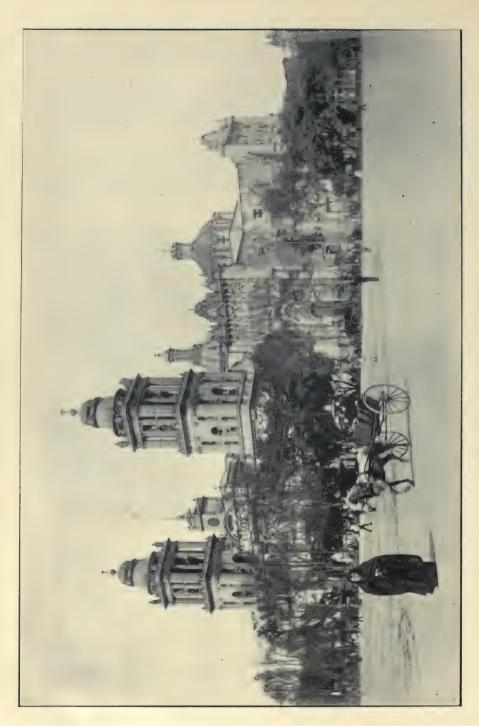
"THE CITY LAY AT THEIR FEET"

"Do you admire it, Miss Staines? Do you, really? Take it—I was going to offer it to you. What do I know of its history? Not much, I'll confess. A month ago—you may have read of it at the time—a big sacrificial altar was unearthed while excavations were being made on Escalerillas street—"

"The professor said something about it, I believe."

"Very likely. It was not generally known, but many small articles—charms, obsidian figures, jade beads, and the like—were found by the *peons* working in the trench. I bought this of a fellow for a few *centavos*. I knew it at once for the god I carved for you some centuries ago, when Tenochtilan was a-building."

Polly nodded, falling into his mood.



"I wore it on a chain of fine gold."

"There were days," Lowell pursued, "worth remembering in that pre-historic existence of ours—days with cloudless morns and golden noons, with fiery sunsets and crimson afterglows, and purple twilights, hung with silver stars—"

"You speak with the tongue of a poet."

"It is my one gift, an heirloom handed down to me by improvident but respectable Aztec ancestors. Let's go back to the time when we were boy and girl together. When I first met you, you were tending the flocks over there on the blue hills. Didn't I bring my lute every day, and pipe for you all the songs I knew?"

"I, a shepardess? Nothing half so commonplace," Polly asserted. "I never told you in the old days that I was a princess in disguise—a princess of the royal Aztec house. I have returned to my own." She waved her hand airily toward the horizon.

"I knew who you were all the time," Lowell rejoined. "I remember well when you left us—abdicated, shall I say? Rayless gloom descended upon your going, and sorrow came and abode with us. You've changed since I last saw you," he continued, reflectively. "You used to have ebon-black eyes, and dark tresses with the sheen of the raven's wing upon them. Your cheeks were as red as the pomegranate blossom you wore above your ear—"

"It was a rose."

"You were a Hebe—a Hebe in bronze. It was something of a shock to find you so changed, but,"—he regarded her critically—"I'm becoming quite reconciled to it."

"Aunt Zenia and Uncle John seem to have forgotten us," Polly observed, suddenly returning to her twentieth-century personality as she realized the lateness of the hour. "We must go."

Lowell made no protest. He was chagrined that he should have failed to say what he had intended to say; and, reflecting that such an opportunity to plead his cause might never again be his, he gave himself to melancholy.

"I think the godlet has quite a nice expression," said Polly, regarding the small object approvingly before she pocketed it. "I shall call him the God of Good Luck,"

"I'll take it as a sign," said Lowell. They had reached the steep stairs. "Give me your hand," he commanded. His voice was not quite steady.

Polly, looking shyly up at him, wondered at the change in his voice, his face. He said no word as they descended, hand in hand; but, though his lips were silent, his soul cried to her:

"Give, give, give! Give me your heart, that I may teach it the love my own heart knows; give me your happiness—I will guard

it. Give me your hand, that I may tenderly lead you down the path of life."

The bench at the foot of the stairs was empty, a closed door confronted them.

"They've not only forgotten us—they've abandoned us!" cried Polly. She laughed hysterically, leaning against the door. "Pardon me, Mr. Weston," she begged, when she had recovered composure. "What must you think of me? I really couldn't help it, though. This is too ridiculous—the Mexican woman has locked up for the night. How are we to get out?"

Polly's last question was unanswered; the first claimed Lowell's attention.

"I wish I might tell you what I do think of you—dear." His voice was vibrant with feeling. "I wish I might," he repeated, and bent toward her. "I—I couldn't tell it well, not—er—at all well; but you know, you know!"

Polly's very soul thrilled to new and wonderful delights. This—this was love! He was the one man in all the world for her, as she was the one woman for him. A quick wave of color swept her face, receding and leaving it pale, aghast, at a sudden otrusive thought.

If she had but found courage, when her heart was first revealed to her, to break with Peter, how gladly would she have listened to these words! But with Peter's ring on her finger, could she in honor listen? She gazed helplessly down on her clasped hands.

Lowell's glance followed hers; and the ardent expressions of love that welled from his heart died upon his lips.

They both heard with relief the sound of footsteps, the grating of the key in the lock. The Mexican woman, volubly apologetic, had been certain that the Americans were in the cathedral.

"But I go, and already you are not there," she explained.

As they passed through the door that opened on the street, and turned to enter the cathedral, where Aunt Zenia and the professor awaited them, Polly, oppressed by the burden of silence, raised her eyes to Lowell's; but the mask of conventionality was drawn over his face. There was only the memory of words, a look, for love to feed on through all the coming days.

(To be continued.)



THE TOADSTOOL WOMAN

By VIRGINIA GARLAND.



N A public library I idly opened an agricultural bulletin on edible fungi, illustrated with numerous lurid plates, crude, without artistic value, but (I did not doubt) correct in coloring and detail. The hard, harsh-outlined drawings were all familiar to me, and sent my

thoughts back to an autumn spent in the California Sierras.

Again I heard a strident enthusiastic old voice laboriously pronouncing: "This here is a Hy-groph-orus covered with a slimy skin, an' this one here's a Col-libia, has a grisly stem, an' a long tap-root ye see." As I turned the pages over, she stood beside me—I felt the strength of her hand, met the keen gaze of her peculiar eager eyes.

I had been sent into the highlands for my health, stopping at one of those boxed-in mountain settlements, where the cramped humor and pathos of the inhabitants are spent for the most part, without outside influence, in unvitalized emotion, outworn expression, leveling their lives to one meager, often perverted sameness. The Toadstool Woman was refreshingly distinct from her neighbors, and her own kin. A strong personality whose powerful, picturesque character the village forces could not crush.

One glorious October morning after a heavy rain, I started on a tramp alone. Soft clouds, in breeze-swung doubling, piled straight up the blue. The air so clear, one could see miles and miles away the slender tops of dark forests, distinguish the cross-line tips of spruce from the feathery relief of pine; and on blue distant ranges, below the glistening snow-lands, mark a patch of faintest green shine out—fade—appear to drift bodily over, and brighten on another range—very likely several big counties between the cloud-cast movement. Along a broad trail, I came upon the bent figure of a woman, prodding about the roots of a madroño. She looked up, and beyond me, stepped aside to continue her digging about another tree, evidently waiting for me to go on. This unusual, uncurious attitude impressed me. I stood my ground. At last she looked at me, through wisps of gray hair.

A broad, brown, homely countenance, wonderful eyes. Most peculiar eyes, set strongly in the blunt plainness of a weather-beaten face, wide apart under rough meeting brows. Black? No—brown, then in turn yellow—at times glinted through with somber green. They had a blind look, the veiled gaze of the dreamer—shadowed over while the inner vision goes deep and far. But more than that, while they seldom looked at you, rather through you, with their misted, retrospective glance, sometimes when you least expected it they would open wide, and you would feel the working of your

brain laid bare to their vision. You felt that they were old, old eyes, while forever young. They smiled at you wisely, inscrutably. They smiled with you sometimes, at the good homely body carrying them about. I used to marvel how they got there, under the shaggy brows of this illiterate old woman—Egyptian eyes asking unanswerable questions. However, I did not see all this at once. She had the facial tricks of her class, disguising her latent expression; then, too, she seldom met your look full. Not a purposely avoiding glance—she saw so much, more interesting.

We stood facing each other in the flecked sunlight of the trail, she passive, indifferent—I determined to make friends.

"Are you looking for edible fungi?" I asked, quite at random. She started toward me eagerly. I had unknowingly struck upon the pass-word to her favor.

"Do you know anything about them?"

I had to confess I knew nothing whatever of the subject. "But I would like to," I added. I looked askance at the dirt-covered object in her hand. "That doesn't look attractive—what on earth is it?"

With the corner of her apron, she wiped the dirt from the earthy growth, almost as if it were an offspring of hers I had refused to praise. "Maybe ye'd like the looks of it better when it's cleaned. There's a creek yonder—come along with me."

Her walk was like a man's, striding, but not heavy. As she went, her eyes moved constantly, veering to right and left, seeming to probe the shadows of the woods, to sink their sight beneath the surface of the ground.

With no apparent reason she stopped, as if listening, wheeled about, and plunged into a thicket. Flinging aside armfuls of dead brush, she unearthed a mass of clean yellow stuff which looked like coral.

"That is pretty," I said, joining her.

"Cla-veriaflava," she articulated laboriously.

"How did you know it was there?"

"Smelt it. Sometimes I see 'em, when other folks can't see nothing; sometimes I smell 'em out; an' 'times I just suspicion they're there, the Lord knows how."

Standing astride of the little stream, she washed her basket-load of specimens, handing them to me, to place carefully back again. As the various shapes and colors came forth, fresh and clean from the water, I exclaimed over them involuntarily. I had not imagined such odd and beautiful plant forms existed.

She turned a pink-lined meadow mushroom over. "These pink folds are called gills," she instructed. "They always make me think of 'cordion-pleated skirts. Ain't they trigged out pretty? That

one hasn't got no gills—keeps its spore inside." She held it in a slant ray of light. "Now ye can see the dust seed rising—see it? Hel-vella's the name of it. The man that called 'em that must hev been addicted to swearing, an' got a cuss-word in to speak of the prefty things sort of extra an' emphatic."

I turned the fungus over, admiring the ivory stem cut into twisted openings, the leaf-like cup turned down about the stem, curled over in pale ochre convolutions.

"Them's the best tasting ones, but they're most too pretty to eat."

"It looks like a rare old Japanese carving—an ancient symbol—a plant hieroglyphic perhaps—surely a key."

She nodded, understanding.

"Everything's a opener-up to everything else, only we can't always find the key-holes. You bet it has a meaning. Why, some toadstools have more expression to them, than heaps of faces I see."

And so we talked and tramped the hills, and hunted edible toadstools together, until the evening light drew long banded shadows from cañon to cañon.

On my way home through the village, I stopped at the house of a woman I knew, for the purpose of hearing something about the forceful character I had met in the hills.

"Oh, you mean the crazy Toadstool Woman," she answered me, expansively. "Ain't she a caution? It's something fierce the way she's allowed to go on. You never laid eyes on such a house as she keeps—toadstools all over. Her back porch is plumb littered up with the things. You slip on 'em when you walk into her kitchen. Morning, noon an' night she's eating toadstools, making pitchers of 'em and talkin' of 'em. I for one think she ought to be confined. But, land's sake, there's few would tackle her. Next to toadstools, she's crazy on birds-breaks every slingshot she can find, and the boys' guns we give 'em, Christmas. They're all scart to death of her. She's strong as a horse. You ought to see her run—she just leaps over the ground. She left her marks on my Henry's throat onct because he was popping meadow-larks. It would be a blessing to the town to have her sent to Napa. There's her daughter, Mame Frazer, across the street. You talk to herdo now."

Covering my impatience, I left the gossip. A drab-colored, prominent-eyed woman was weeding the garden-patch opposite. She had been eyeing me curiously, but as I crossed to her she bent to her work again.

"Pardon me," I said pleasantly, over the gate, "you are Mrs. Frazer? May I talk with you a moment?"

She rose, gave her limp skirts a foolish swing, and took her time in nearing me.

"I have been enjoying a long tramp with your mother, and neglected to ask her where she lived. Will you tell me?"

She looked at me unsmilingly. "It's the last house on the road to Barber's mill."

"Thank you," I answered. "What a bright, interesting woman she is! I hope to see a great deal of her while I am here."

With a shifting, deprecatory manner, she bent to pull a weed from the path. "Ma's queer in her head," she muttered. "I suppose she ought to be kept in the house, but there's no holding her—she's out, rain or shine, grubbing in the hills."

I spoke hotly: "You evidently don't appreciate your mother. She is doing valuable field-work. You ought to be proud of her."

She looked at me with dull, resentful surprise. "Maybe so, but I wish she'd act like other folks."

I remember going home in a depressed mood, questioning why the beauty of these mountains gave their uplift to so few. Perhaps I had exaggerated the old woman's tonic individuality—would find her in the main as stolid as the rest of the villagers.

Early the next morning, I went to her house. As I came into her open door I surmised that she had been hard at work since dawn. Her unwashed dishes were heaped on one side of the deal table, the coral fungi propped at the other end, the gray head lowered, the hard hands carefully making a colored sketch of the yellow branches.

She did not look up as I entered. Her voice smiled at me: "I'm mighty glad to see ye. Find a place to set down. I knew 'twas yer step—nobody walks like that round here."

There was an humble dignity about her which disarmed criticism of her work—a manner which seemed to deprecate any assumption of artistic endeavor. She was simply reproducing, to the best of her ability, the salient points of the fungus before her, for easy classification. Nor did she ask me what I thought of the sketch. Slovenly in her house and dress, she was neat and systematic in the care and copying of her collections. I watched her put her colors away with clean precision, pin her drawing to the wall to dry; then, throwing a soiled cloth over the dishes, she stood ready, basket and big knife in hand, to start upon the walk we had tacitly planned.

"That's a Amanita muscaria," she said, pointing to a big red toadstool by the gate. "Deadly pizen—one bite'll kill ye."

I could guess with what infinite pains she had learned to pronounce each name correctly. She never made a mistake in the botanical terms, saying them haltingly, but ending the last syllable

with emphatic triumph, with conscious, pathetic acumen. If she failed to tell me the scientific name, I knew she was still practising the unwieldy words. I used to find her writing the long names, going over them with moving lips—then some day out would roll the Latin, brought up with her funny conquering zest at the end.

She had certain nicknames for all. The Coprini she called "cops;" the purple Russulas, "purplers," and so on, but these she did not divulge to me until I had been duly impressed with their proper, high-sounding titles.

She was, on the whole, the most cheerful, buoyant-hearted woman I have ever known. "Are you ever unhappy?" I asked her once.

"Yes," she said, seriously. "When I hev to clean up my house."
One day I found her hard at work finishing a thorough cleaning of her room. The little cabin fairly shone. Perhaps my astonishment offended her, for she announced, a trifle belligerently: "I own my house, but I don't let it own me any more. Ye didn't think I don't know dirt when I see it, did ye?

"I'm goin' to stay to home today, an' I can't set down an' study with a mess around me. I don't care what this place looks like when I'm off in the hills. I just simply won't carry it with me. I haven't got no call to go around with any dirty corner of creation on my back. This house is just to hold my books an' things in, an' when it holds me too, I naturally like to hev it spick an' span.

"No, my house don't own me, any more."

She hung her dust-pan behind the door, and looked around with an air of mastery.

"Ye wouldn't think now that I used to be called the best house-keeper in town. It's a fact. They didn't call me crazy in them days," she said, with a twitched sidewise smile. "I was thought reel rational when I had nothin' to do but cook an' cook, an' scrub an' mend, an' talk an' talk. My brain was fearfully empty—I used to get scart of it sometimes—'fraid of the stillness an' the desp'rit things that would creep into my mind to do if I didn't keep it goin' rattlin' with gossip, pretending, always pretending, that my head was really working.

"When I was a girl, I lived in a beautiful world, an' then after I was married I sort of lost my way, an' things kept closin' around me tighter an' tighter. After a while I couldn't reely see the sunlight any more, or hear the birds, or realize anything thet used to come to me so plain an' easy. I was in prison an' the worst kind of torment."

"An' they're all in the same fix," she added, with a comprehensive gesture toward the village. "All shut in—plumb lunatics, an' don't know it. But as long as they don't want to get out, I s'pose it's all right."

She took a deep breath, sweeping her "beautiful world" with a rapt, thankful smile.

"Most women get their fun out of life heving babies—an' God's blessing on them kind—but some way my children didn't seem to be a part of me. P'raps if their father hed suited me, it would hev been dif'rent. I used to pray, when they was comin' along so fast, 'Dear God, give me one youngster thet is all mine!' an' I used to take 'em out in the back yard, hoping thet they'd smile at the sunshine, an' laugh at the wind in the tree. Some babies do, ye know. But mine was always scart an' whimpering, an' forever catching cold. They liked best to set on the kitchen floor, an' play with pots an' pans.

"But I did my dooty, don't forget that. I wouldn't be happy an' free now if I hed ever shirked. Sometimes when the Spring was meltin' the snow on the mountains, an' the manzanita bells droppin' down all over, I used to stand at the door an' a mean little breeze would come cavorting around my face, whispering: 'Ye can't get out! Ye can't get out! Go back an' shine yer stove.' An' I did it. Ye could hev seen yer face in my things then.

"Well, I did it for thirty years. One day, when the last baby was goin' to school, a botynist came to the house, an' I hed a long talk with him. I hedn't forgotten where the wake-robins grew, an' I could tell him where to find a queer orchid he was after. We got reel well acquainted, an' I begun to wake up. I wasn't shut in so tight, after all. My old man was dead, my children all married, except Mame, an' she a big girl goin' to high school. I hed a little money an' my house. Thet day I took to the hills, an' left my washing right where it was in the wrenching water. Got a woman to come in an' tidy up.

"Such a blessed day, saying 'How-de-do,' an' 'Glad to meet you all agin,' to folks thet are more like brothers an' sisters to me than human creatures are. The neighbors was scandalized. There was no keepin' me home after that.

"Then I begun to study toadstools. The botynist man told me I knew a lot about them anyway. He told me thet fungi was virgin ground—thet I might find some new specie. He sent me a book telling of the diff'rent families an' their proper names. They're mighty hard to pronounce, but I've got most of 'em down fine, an' I do know some things about 'em thet seem to bother the book writers. I can't say as I'll do much good, not heving any education, but I'm going to keep on trying, an' make a picture of every one I see. I'm heving lots of fun—more than I ever hed in all my life before. Everybody's got some happy time a-coming to them, an' I guess the Creator's goin' to give me about ten years on the tag end of my life to hey some actual pleasure in.

"Oh lord—I can't stay in the house today. Let's go an' hunt purplers."

We had been talking of the medicinal value of California plants, especially of fungi. "There are some that cure headache, an' some that make me have wonderful dreams," she said. "A kind of opium, maybe. Did I ever tell ye how I got Miss Hanley out of bed with a mushroom medicine?

"She wasn't reely sick—only sort of tired of life, an' fat, an' heavy. Wasn't nothing left inside her sphere of life to do. She'd got religion long ago, taken all the county prizes for cooking. She'd married off her daughters 'cept Nellie, which she aimed to keep home. Everybody acknowledged she was the best gossip an' house-keeper in town, an'—well—she sort of lost intruss in keeping on, so she took to her bed harder an' solider than any woman in the whole community could hev done.

"I reckon she needed a rest, but she didn't know when to let up an' recover, an' poor Nellie washing an' cooking an' scrubbing—no fun with young folks—heving to stay in the house an' work from morning till night. I felt sorry for her. Since there wasn't anything the matter with her ma but laziness, I argued that a little pain would get her on her feet.

"I don't rightly recollect how I found out thet this toadstool will give ye cramps an' a sort of St. Vitus dance in the legs, passing off in a few hours. Maybe I tried it on cats. Anyhow I fixed it up for her—told her 'twas a kind of yarb tea, an' thet it would make her thin. She drank it down, story an' all. Then I laid down the law to Nellie. 'Long about noon, Miss Hanley began to twitch. Her legs wouldn't keep still. She did look ridiculous, half of her wanting the worst way to lie quiet, an' the other half trying their best to get out of bed.

"'Help me hold them down,' she kept saying, looking down at her legs as if they didn't belong to her. 'Nellie! Nellie! Where are you? Come an' hold them down.'

"'Nellie's over to my house,' I said severely. 'She's awful sick. She can't straighten up nor walk a step. Can't ye keep still a minute, woman?'

"She was looking at me awful mad, and scart, flopping about the bed like a fat chub out of water. She did look for all the world like a scart fish. 'Wait a minute,' I says, 'I'll set on yer feet. 'Twill break the bed, but never mind that.'

"'No you don't,' she says. 'Ruin my best springs!' An' she plumped out on the floor, trying not to break her spare-room bureau an' chairs knocking agen them.

"I went into the hall, leaving the door open, an' looked into the kitchen. 'For the land's sake!' I gasped.

"'What's the matter?' she says, dancing after me.

"I made as if to shut the door, but one of her prancing feet got in the way an' kicked it open. Nellie had forgotten to shut up the chickens, an' I had left the outside door open all the morning. The dishes wasn't washed, an' the room was awful. Two old hens was heving a fight over a piece of bacon, an' the rooster was standing in the middle of the table. There were about three dozen chickens in that room.

"'Shoo!' yelled Miss Hanley, leaping at them. Course they ran everywhere but out the door. We tramped things up considerable more before we got them out.

"'I'll leave ye now, Miss Hanley,' I says, 'an' see if I kin get Nellie home an' to bed.'

"She only glared at me, an' put on a kettle of water. When I came back, leading Nellie all doubled up, Miss Hanley was still sashaying about some, but the twitching was leaving her gradual.

"'Nellie's in a bad way,' I says. I give her a nudge an' she groaned deeply.

"'Well, we're a nice set,' her mother says, discouraged like. I was leading Nellie in the front room.

"'Where ye going? Can't yer go up stairs to yer own room?"

"I felt Nellie stop—she never dared much to differ from her mother. I gave her a vicious knock, an' she yelled out sudden—scart Miss Hanley.

"'All right, Nellie dear. Go right in the front-room bed,' she says.

"I knew Miss Hanley would never be bed-ridden, being a vain woman, in any bed but her spare one, with her best nightgown on. I left her scrubbing the floor, an' taking her turn in waiting on an invalid thet wasn't reely sick. She didn't have no relapse of the bed habit—knew we were onto her—but she's never been the same woman since to me."

* * *

It is my last walk with the Toadstool Woman. Rapidly we put the village behind us, penetrating deep into the high dense forests. As we wandered in wide searching circles about the firs and pines, crawled on hands and knees under the thatched manzanita where the purple russulas grew, or slipped down the rocky slant of a cañon to clutch some rare fungi, the personality of my friend completely dominated me. I saw her no longer old, ugly. Her brown face glowed with a rugged comeliness. The sure-footed swing of her broad hips gave her, in the woodland environment, a well equipped, not ungraceful bearing. Her strange elfin eyes were no longer at variance in her face; they had wholly reclaimed her body and her spirit. She filled me with curiosity and respect. I had known the

THE TOADSTOOL WOMAN



vital companionship of those whose ultimate interest lies in wild places, whose life work is inspired far from the hustling crowd. This woman was apart even from these, her poise more subtle, whole-souled. Nature to her was not alone a treasure-realm to glean. No profit or loss would ever alter her organic coalescence with the spirit of the lonely heights and valleys. She went into the wilderness as a fish slips into water, a bird mounts the air. In her own element she became disencumbered, physically and mentally changed, a new strong creature.

In the village, an interesting old woman, uncouth, simple, magnetic. Out here, not old—rather seasoned in strength and harmony; not rough, but finely tempered to the wilds, and her magnetism impersonal—a force to draw upon, as elemental as the warm sunlight, the cooled breezes sweeping down from the snowy Sierras.

She went silently, and I followed, becoming for the time being, as she was, quiet and yet ceaselessly talking with continual current of forest discourse. Unconsciously I copied her smooth bending progress, making no sudden motions. The soft whirr of wings, the stir of hunting, snapping bills, clinging feet, sounded close to our faces. A chickadee lit on the sturdy shoulders. A yellow warbler came to my hand.

We saw many animals—the woods were full of them. She said some queer words to a gray squirrel—barked them at him with nasal chattering. Sun-mottled shadows took the form of a spotted fawn. Once my skirt brushed a motionless fox—which I did not see until ahead of me her voice rose in a thin eerie treble, and the sinuous throat so near swelled in tenuous yelping answer. After a while I began to be aware that she was continually questioning the trees, the birds and animals, and in their responses I seemed to sense direction, guidance. Once she spoke in my tongue. A crested jay had hopped along with us toward a fallen spruce. When she had searched in vain along its great length, she looked up annoyed. The air rang with the squawking laughter of blue jays. "Liars!" she said. "I had little sense to believe ye."

We dropped over the prostrate bole into a leafy gully upon a flock of scratching quail. I expected the familiar booming hum of rising wings. They stepped daintily aside, their pretty low conversation uninterrupted. We found a downward trail, and the gliding march was resumed.

The quest led us all day, up heart-bursting hills, down breath-staggering hollows. Still she went on, and, tired, torn, panting, but strangely exhilarated, I followed. The light grew dim in the woods. A furtive-eyed coon joined us. I caught one glimpse of his full staring face, then only the rolling break of twigs ahead. At last,

in the dusk, we came upon what she had been seeking—a huge, Medusa-headed Hydnum. Through a rotted log, long, snake-like tendrils drooped. She talked to the coon in a crooning inarticulate quaver as she pried the bark aside, revealing a solid mass of coiled fungi. The animal seeemd to be complaining, with a curious, baby-like whimper. She left half of the fungus. Burdened with her prize, she sought the highway leading home. The soft song of owls floated about us—the flittering bats wove their shaking paths across the sky. The black shadowy forest margining the road seemed to move along beside us, to walk with us, with that springy following of the landscape one is conscious of if the step be elastic, and if the walker has become an integral part of the scenery.

Although spent with fatigue, I kept to her firm steady tread. She should not say that I had failed her on this last walk together, and my heart was filled with a newly awakened pride. Hereafter I would never find myself restless, uneasy, blind and deaf, when alone in the wilderness.

It was after dark before we reached the town. Slowly her canny animation passed from her. A swift rain had fallen, which we had taken with pleasure in the hills, but the crooked streets looked gloomily wet. As we picked our way into the flickering village lights and I could see her face settle into its old lines, hear her voice a little tired and strained, I felt as if I were entering the vague phase of a dream. The only thing that seemed real just then was our long elate wandering, our intimate communion with Nature. When we reached her home, she lit a smoky lantern for me. I was to leave on the earliest train in the morning. I had the close appreciative clasp of her strong hand, a smile that was all grateful kindliness and hearty good-will; and if I saw a touch of loneliness in the strange wide eyes, and whisked a tear away myself, the emotion was a wholesome one, and we were both better women for it.

* * *

The soft September showers fell on the brown fields. For some ten years, the Toadstool Woman had answered each season the call of the rain. Crippled with rheumatism, her cot drawn close to the window-pane, she looked out, now unable to follow the summons.

"The pink buttons 'll be coming up in Wilson's pasture, an' 'long-side of 'em the shaggy manes. It seems as if I could smell 'em from here. The doctor says I'll never walk again. Oh lordy, lordy, I wouldn't ask to go no further than Wilson's pasture, or maybe just beyond the bend of the road where the beefsteak mushrooms grow on the old oak. Now just hear me. I've used my legs like a wild-cat. And I'm seventy. God knew what he was about when he shut them off sudden. No creeping around like a sick rat for me. I'm ready to go." And she would turn to her much-fingered pile

of sketches, gloating over them. She was still able to use her hands a little, and would go over her old pictures—in her pain and longing giving them a better touch, working in a bit of moss or a dash of rain about the hard outlines.

"You bet the next time I'm born, I'll have my wits about me, an' go to making pictures soon as I ken talk," she would murmur.

When the fierce November rains soaked and pelted the earth and the fragrance of moss and mycelium blew into the room, the Toadstool Woman's misery reached its climax. The old hands refused to stay closed about her brushes; her knees were drawn up to her chest.

"Nothing to do but eat, an' I wasn't never over-fond of eating. How long do you think I'll last?" she asked the doctor.

Mistaking the hope in her voice, he told the truth. "Oh, you

have an immense store of vitality. It will take years to wear that out."

The ferocious despair of her eyes shocked him. He saw what a blow he had given. "You will suffer scarcely any rheumatic pain from now on," he said, trying to palliate the cruelty of his unthinking words.

She lay like a trapped animal. Recalling wild stories he had heard of her, he mused: "She does indeed look only half human." Her wide yellow eyes stared at him fiercely. "Like a disabled cougar," he thought.

As he looked at her pityingly, he saw with surprise some inner relief loosen the taut line of suffering. The blazing eyes closed softly. She appeared to sleep.

"Mame," she said later to her daughter, "will ve go out an' get me some green stuff an' some mushrooms to look at. Seems like they'll be sort of comforting."

The daughter came back with a bunch of herbs and a few bedraggled fungus plants.

"Common as snakes, an' gone bad besides. Couldn't ye find nothing else?"

"There's a red, warty-looking thing growing at the door, but you told me that was the worst poison kind."

"I never told ye it was pizen to look at, did I? Bring it in an' put it here where I kin look at it onct in a while." And the dulleyed Mame did as she was told, leaving the sick woman alone.

Upon the haggard face rested a great content. The deadly Amanita glowed dully in the gray light.

"At my very door—if thet don't beat all! They always did show me a way out. Dear God, let me be free! Don't tie me to housework again. I hed thirty years of it, ye know."

With a wrenching fling of her twisted frame, she seized the deadly Amanita, with slow-closing, shaking fingers, pressed the juice of it between her lips.

With the torpor of death upon her, the old voice triumphant in its weakness, she looked at the faces above her. Smiling like a child, she whispered:

"I'm going out—in the rain."

I find the bare outline of her loving labor copied in a bulletin report.

Brookfield, Santa Cruz County, Cal.

MOUNTAIN-TOP

By LAURA MACKAY.

P, UP, with swinging lanterns through the dark,
With easy step of feet that love the way,
The lovers of the trail all through the night
Are climbing toward the coming of the day.
Up, up, with file of little lights, and slow,
Under the trees too dense to leave a star;
Up rocky steeps, through moss and drooping fern,
By brooks where moonlight rests a silver bar.

And last the summit waiting for the dawn,
The wide rocks and the fir trees hushed more still,
The call of little birds half roused from sleep;
The moonlight lifting every purple hill.
And then a light that grows among the stars,
Searching the farthest mystery of night
Across a world half veiled, all fanciful.
From the far east—and reaching to our height—

Great cloud-surf rolling, breaking, sweeping on, Such as the ocean never hurled in storm; Sea-silver, rose, pearl-white and amethyst, Mounting in endless rows of wave-like form; Dashing with dream-soft mist against the peaks Of mountains; fading, drifting, blown away; Catching the flashing ruby of the sun Across its far tumultuous plain of spray.

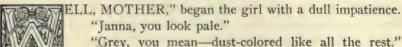
Far in the west a new lake-region lies; Vagrant as dream it lifts away at dawn, And over it the moon, descending slow, Pale, sad enchantress of the night just gone. Over the purple of the farthest hill, Over the valley's clinging shreds of night, Over the river's silver threads it grows—The day's sweet life-renewing gift of light.

Oh little valley sleeping unaware,
Oh little houses with your blinds close-drawn,
What are you dreaming while above you spreads
Each day the unknown majesty of dawn?
Our height is lost in the wild flying mist,
And lost are sea, and lake, and phantom shore;
And, far below, the valley-dweller now
Stands in the sunlight at his open door.

Cambridge, Mass.

CONCERNING JANNA

By MRS. JOHN MUNGER.



She swept her hand out over the desert. "I belong to it."

"It's the heat," said Mrs. Briton, but the straight lines on the broad brow deepened as she moved about the little kitchen getting supper. She was not at all sure that the heat of the long summer was responsible for the girl's distress; and, as she watched Janna furtively, she sighed softly to herself. Twenty-five years had not been long enough for her to forget her own rebellion. There had been at first, when she had come to the desert as a bride, high hopes of a fortune in the little mine; then the slow years had changed hope into the certainty of a small living and a barren, isolated life. The grind of the arrastra at the foot of the hill above the house had become an exquisite torment. She had endured the torment with grim faithfulness for five years, when the child had come and the sodden hopes were forgotten. The Mother had been content.

"Janna!" Mrs. Briton came toward her daughter, and as she did so she pointed to a cloud of dust on the plains. The desert lay palpitating in the yellow heat; the low range of mountainous hills that formed the circle of the horizon held, as in a giant's cup, the dust-colored emptiness of the plain. Together they watched the cloud of dust evolve into horse and rider. The rider was a young man, who sat his horse wearily and raised a pale face toward the two women; even in his very evident fatigue he sat his horse with dignity of bearing, and the hand that touched his hat as he approached was fine and shapely.

"May I get a night's lodging here?" he asked. "I hardly feel able to ride further today. I'm pretty well worn out." He looked at the older woman, his rather thin lips parted in a weary smile.

"You do look worn out, and you must not ride farther. Janna, you take his horse."

The man protested and himself led the horse to the corral. He came slowly back, and Mrs. Briton took him into the house. Janna followed with her eyes, listlessly.

He had come from beyond the mountains, she was sure—from that world she would never see. She raised her eyes to the mountains in angry rebellion. The sun was just dropping behind them, and, as she looked, the long, gray shadows stretched out over the west until they stood blanched and blue. The arrastra at the foot of the hill had stopped. In the deep quiet she could hear her father's step, heavy and stolid, as he came down the trail from the little mine;

then the dragging step behind him of the horse. Still she stood motionless until the thin clouds in the west began to radiate the wonderful beauty of the afterglow of a desert sunset. Janna closed her eyes and turned away. She clutched the misery of her dreary world, and would have no mitigation in its dreariness.

Mrs. Briton came out with a bowl in her hand, saying the stranger was worse than he would admit and that she was going to make him some broth. Her whole person radiated a pleased efficiency; she liked nothing better than to "mother," and as chance seldom led her to one who was "an hungered" or sick, her sympathies responded warmly to this call. She confided later to her husband, who had received the news of the stranger's advent with his usual taciturnity, that she feared the young man was in the grip of a fever of some sort.

"He's real nice, Father, so gentle and grateful. I've persuaded him to go to bed, but I'm afraid he won't be as well in the morning."

Mrs. Briton's fears were realized. Morning found the man worse, quite unable to leave his bed, in fact; and by noon the fever had made so much progress that he could only accept gratefully all that Mrs. Briton's kindness prompted her to do for him. During the morning he had insisted that he must not give up to the illness; that he could continue his journey until he reached the nearest town where he could find a hospital; but when Mrs. Briton told him that it was seventy miles to the nearest railroad, he said helplessly, "Then I shall have to force myself upon your kindness, but I hope—" A sharp fit of coughing shook him violently; after it was over he turned a drawn and appealing face to the woman and said no more. It was evident, however, that the fever came from exhaustion and weakness, so Mrs. Briton shut out the hot September sun from the room, set the few green sprigs Janna had arranged in a clear glass vase on the window sill, gave a last solicitous arrangement to the pillows and left her patient with the injunction to sleep as much as possible. Leaving the door of the room open, she went out to the north side of the house where a faint breeze could be felt. There she found Janna; a grey cat was fruitlessly seeking favor by lazily rubbing against the girl's dress.

Mrs. Briton picked up the cat and comfortably settled it in her lap.

"His name is Halleck," she began, rocking, and stroking the cat; "he's out here for his health. The doctors told him to ride horse-back, but he's not fit to ride. A good rest and good care are what he needs. He's been used to fine things, I know, Janna, because all his belongings are so nice. He is younger than I thought at

first." Mrs. Briton raised her voice a little and looked at Janna wonderingly for her lack of interest. "He is from New York."

Janna looked at her mother eagerly.

"From New York?" Her interest was keen enough now.

"Yes. He said his famliy lived in Gramercy Park, and that's part of New York. His father is John Halleck, and he's John Halleck, too. It's his lungs, and I do wish that arrastra didn't make so much noise—I know he can hear it. It makes me nervous."

That evening Janna offered to carry the light supper, that her mother had prepared, to the sick man. Halleck looked at her a little wonderingly as she pulled a chair up by the bed and placed the tray upon it.

"I'm Janna," the girl said, in response to the wonder in his face; and then he remembered the girl standing by her mother when he rode up to the little adobe the day before. He remembered her eyes—there was in them a wistful waywardness. The face gave one an impression of vagueness and remoteness, but the appeal of the eyes was direct.

She arranged the tray conscientiously and looked at Halleck gravely.

"Mother says you live in New York."

"Yes," Halleck admitted.

"And you have never been in the desert before?"

"Two months ago I saw it for the first time." He smiled at the girl's earnestness.

"You can't like it. I hate it!" she burst out. "And I know it— I've never had anything else." Then, glancing at the little supper, she said contritely, "You must eat now," and went from the room.

The next day Halleck was left so entirely to Mrs. Briton's care that he found himself hoping that Janna might bring in the little tray and bring out her hard little questions. When at last she did come, she did not disappoint him. The questions were many, and so slowly did they beat their way through the girl's shyness and reserve that some were always left unasked and unanswered, when the tray was carried away. The next meal-time brought them back, until Halleck divined himself in the girl's vision grown heroic in the wonder of a foreign atmosphere, an atmosphere golden in possibilities of a life unknown. But if he saw himself of heroic proportions in the girl's vision, he saw himself simply as an enlarged index, pointing to paths that led to the wonder-land. He was the witness of the kingdom beyond.

A week passed before Halleck was able to sit up, and still he was so weak that he was content to spend most of the time in a big chair that Mrs. Briton pulled around into the coolest places she could find about the house. He knew that affairs were in a bad way for

him; the two months past had convinced him that he was getting no better, and with a grim whimsicality, he put it to himself that the end of the rope wasn't, in all probability, very far off. He would stand up to the inevitable, he felt, as a man should, but it was becoming too painful—this obsession of illness. He wanted to escape it in the long days and the longer nights, so because of this he lent himself readily to the interest Janna had awakened in him. The girl had an obsession too, he told himself, and he would lose his in hers.

So he encouraged her to sit with him while he drew out her fancies.

,"Why do you want so much to get beyond the mountains, Janna?" he asked.

"The world is beyond—the world, and that is beautiful."

"What do you know about the world? It is not so beautiful after all," Halleck said, with the pessimism of knowledge.

"I don't know anything about the world. See!" she pointed to the hills as she swept her arm in a circle. "This is all I know, and it grows smaller every day," she leaned forward, her eyes afire, "until some day it will choke me. Beyond there is everything—beautiful flowers, wonderful lakes and dark forests with whispering leaves, green fields and blue seas with white ships like birds flying over them, and beyond, cities with millions of shining lights and white palaces, flowers everywhere and birds—birds that sing. Oh! I have read of it all—and I can see it when I shut my eyes and am very still."

"Your world is a dream-world, Janna. Those are fairy palaces you see, and they are more beautiful than the real," he gently insisted.

"You came from there, and when you get well"—Halleck winced, but Janna in her eagerness did not see—"you will go back to it."

"It has its bitterness," he said.

"Oh! I want it all," she declared, with the insistence of a child, "I want it all. I want to live."

"You would go with bleeding feet to the dream-cities?" he asked, with a gentle whimsey.

"Yes, with bleeding feet."

The girl's deep vision had lighted her face with a wistful beauty that appealed strongly to Halleck, and he said, impulsively, "I wish I might take you into that dream-world, Janna."

So the days slipped by—days that had become more endurable as the hot sun slowly made its course southward—with Halleck in the big chair, stimulating Janna's dreams by tales of the many lands he had seen, and losing himself in her passionate interest. A new zest for life crept into his veins as he saw it through the girl's vision; the content of the days grew upon him.

But late in October there came a day when he had no longer an excuse for lingering with the Britons; he was able to finish his journey. That morning he told Mrs. Briton that he had already imposed too long on her great kindness; that he was able to go on, if he could drive, and wanted Mr. Briton, who was going to the nearest ranch, twenty miles away, for supplies, to buy him another horse and a light wagon of some sort.

A few days later, Halleck in the early morning bade good-bye to the hospitality of the little adobe. As he looked back, he saw Janna still standing, watching, her slim figure silhouetted against the long, bluish grey line in the east, through which points of brilliant flame were beginning to project. He waved his hand, but there was no answering wave.

He drove along, oblivious to everything about him, letting the horses follow the road. His thoughts were back at the little adobe. There he had had golden days, a forgetfulness of pain, and peace; but the golden days were gone now. Janna, with her sweet wistfulness, was only another shining mark life had mocked him with. Suddenly he straightened in his seat and wrathfully questioned himself. One more look at the little home that lay in the circle of the hills, then he whipped his horses forward over the rocky mesa.

That noon Mrs. Briton found a note pinned to a little pin-cushion that Janna had made for her. It said: "I am going to Halleck. He does not know that I am leaving you. I am going because I hate it all so—the desert."

Halleck's camp was made that night with scant preparations at the customary camping-place for travelers on that road. There a well, sunk deep into the rocky bed of the cañon, furnished water for man and beast; the toll was left to the honesty of the traveler, the only means of its collection consisting of an old wooden box, nailed to a stunted tree, with a printed sign. He went about mechanically, making his arrangements, and, as the early gloom settled upon the mountains, he threw himself upon his blankets.

How long he had been there he did not know, when he was aroused by the sound of a galloping horse. He stood up and walked around an abutment in the wall of the cañon; this brought horse and rider into full view. He knew her even in the dim darkness, but in his amazement he made no motion toward her; he watched her slip from her horse and come toward him. Then he cried, "Janna, what has happened?"

"I am going with you," she answered.

"Going with me!" he repeated wonderingly. Halleck was feeling his way out of a bewildering entanglement, and the only light he had to guide him was his own deep desire, which so shortly before he had branded as incarnate selfishness. Now he said, desperately, "Why did you come?"

"Because I thought you would take me away from all this—this that I hate so. You are going away from it. Take me—with you." "Oh! don't you know how impossible that is? You must go home."

She stood silent in the darkness and he repeated sharply, "Go home, now!"

"I will never go back," she said, and whirling about she turned her horse homeward and struck it a hard blow with the whip.

"You must take me away from this. I would rather *die* than go back. Take me *anywhere*—then you can leave me. I die each day I stay here—there must be some place for me."

Poor Janna's passionate outburst ended in a flood of tears. She sat down on the rocks, sobbing with a desperate sense of injustice. Halleck watched her in helpless silence, until, in a new revelation of the girl's great longing, he saw his own short future. He would give it to her and ask nothing in return.

So he said, gently: "Janna, you are worn out. You must rest until morning. And in the morning—I will take you with me."

She was, as Halleck said, worn out. She had ridden cruelly hard, but so intent had she been upon her desperate need of this one opportunity of escape, that she had been unconscious of any strain or fatigue. Now, she did as he told her with child-like obedience, and Halleck sat staring into the blackness of the night until the chill grey of the morning crept in. It was all clear to him now. He could give Janna his name, and take her into his world; his family would receive her as a daughter (her simple refinement would make that possible) and give her all that she had been denied. In the meantime—it would be only a few months at the longest—he would ask nothing from her. Janna's happiness would give some meaning to his shortening life.

While Halleck built the camp-fire, the early morning sun flooded their side of the cañon with the softened shades of rose, intensified by the creeping blue shadows of the opposite wall. Janna gladly busied herself with the preparation of the simple meal. A few desert birds raised their piping calls as they curiously flitted about the camp; the awakening spirit of the morning was over all, and gave to the little breakfast a tinge of gypsy gaiety.

After their marriage,—consent had been won by Halleck's gentle and patient explanation of its expediency—they started at once for the southern coast.

Janna had accepted his love in the spirit of its offering—as her protection—and the fineness with which he kept his promise that there should be no demands, should, in fact, be no obligations on her part, left Janna the most perfect freedom for the new conditions of

her life. The days flew by for her on enchanted wings; and as for Halleck, he found his satisfaction in her joy.

To her it was a veritable fairy-land that they entered. The blue of the sea swirling away to distant shores, the green sun-lit land, the brilliant seaside town, the rides and walks in the flower-scented air, all the luxurious novelty and gaiety temptingly arrayed for the beguilement of the winter traveler—these Halleck provided lavishly—and Janna, child-like, grasped it all. Her face glowed with the beauty of her absorbing vision. If she were so happy in her first glimpses, what would she be, she asked of Halleck, when the fairyworld came into full view? There was so much, she knew, awaiting her.

But it was not to last. The knowledge that her happiness was to have an end came sharply to her through the accident of a walk longer than usual, when Halleck was compelled to yield to a great weariness of body and to a confession of it. Ianna saw, as in a new light, the pain and suffering in his face, and, with a terrified gasp, she realized all that he had stood for-all that his unselfishness and patient protection had meant for her. Her own selfishness loomed large in the light of his unselfishness. That night she lay straining her eyes in the darkness, trying to peer into the wonder-land that stretched before her, but she could not see it. A creeping sense of loneliness terrified her. She felt herself groping about for comfort. She felt very small and helpless. Then she saw herself again as a child in the desert home. But the desert itself was changed. She saw the little adobe set in the circle of the hills-hills no longer menacing. They were protecting—the sky did not burn now; its fleckless blue poured over all a kind of radiant quiet and peace. She lay wondering at her new vision of this land she had always looked upon and yet had never seen. There she belonged, and there she could see Halleck as he had ben with them. Then she knew that barren land was beautiful because she had known him there. In the darkness she lay awake with her pain and dread of the future, but underneath there surged a great gladness—the gladness of a love that even the pain could not overshadow.

In the days that followed Halleck was quick to notice Janna's increasing indifference toward all that had before awakened so ready a response in her, and attributed it to her sympathy for him, which she now showed in every little womanly attention possible. He tried to stimulate her flagging interest. His fortune, inherited from a grandfather, had hitherto been of small interest to him; but now, as the guardian of Janna's future, its value was not to be discounted. He made it secure for her, and called it Janna's magic key. Now, as she sat beside him, he lightly reminded her of her magic key and the doors it would unlock.

"What doors will it unlock?" she asked wistfully.

"Why, doors to your golden dreams."

He closed his hand over hers as it lay on the arm of his chair, and Janua looked down upon its thin shapeliness, its blue transparency.

"Oh, the dreams!" she said in a soft impatience. "I am awake now, and have something better than all the dreams—sweeter." She turned a radiant face upon Halleck. "Don't you know-don't you see-that I love you now?"

For a moment Halleck looked blindly upon the vision of her love -then, with a cry, he took her in his arms.

"It was life that I wanted," she whispered, "life—and your love has given me that."

After Halleck's death, which occurred some weeks later, his father and mother, who had come to them in the west, implored Janna to go home with them. But she could not go on. To go on meant to go into that veiled darkness where she was so alone, where he was not. Ever since that night when the truth of Halleck's failing strength had come to her, she had seen before her this darkness; and now, as then, she could see him only in that desert-land where he had first come into her life. There, in its peace, in its calling silences, there in its lengthening shadows, she would find him again.

Phoenix, Arizona.

FROM THE DESERT

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

ONG miles of yellow earth and dusty sage, Brown hills beneath a sullen glare of blue, Dry, lifeless heat, the desert's heritage-Then, through the weariness, a dream of you.

By sun-struck wastes I pass to you again, And coolness as of night my spirit thrills; Beyond the noon of rocks and barren plain We find the twilight of the purple hills.

For though the flesh may faint, the lips be dumb With stifling dust, no power the spirit bars; Still to the ancient trysting-place I come To watch beneath the mountains for the stars. Chicago.

EARLY CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIES THAT

By J. M. GUINN.

ISTORIANS generally speaking are not partial to failures. The enterprise that fails, be it what it may, fills but a small space in history, and the actors in it are usually relegated to oblivion; or if it is commemorated at all, it is by the briefest of notices. Scattered at in-

tervales along the highway of California's march to wealth and progress are the ruins of enterprise that failed, the remains of industries that died in their infancy and the unmarked resting-places of Napoleons of finance who met their Waterloos in the collapse of some undertaking that almost succeeded—that by all signs and mens ought to have succeeded. Success would have brought them fame and fortune—failure doomed them to poverty and oblivion. It is the story of some of the industries that failed, of some of the enterprises that brought neither fame nor fortune to their promoters yet should have brought both, that I shall attempt to tell.

For three-quarters of a century California's sole commercial industry was cattle-raising. Its only product that would bear eighteen thousand miles shipment was the dried hides of its tens of thousands of slaughtered cattle.

The famine years of 1863 and 1864, when for two years in succession the rainfall amounted to little more than a trace and cattle died of starvation by the hundreds of thousands, virtually put an end to the cattle industry in Southern California. It had been declining for a decade. The high price of beef in the mines from the discovery of gold up to about 1855 had not only stimulated the industry in the "cow-counties" of the south, but had expanded it over Northern California, which in the days of the padres was a terra incognita.

Over-production forced it into a decline, and drought was the death of it. The cattle-kings were ruined. They had no means to restock their desolated ranges, and without cattle their myriads of acres were worthless for production. Besides, the rancheros were encumbered with debt. Cancerous mortgages, bearing interest at five and six per cent a month, were eating away their possessions. With nothing to sell to pay interest or principal, the end soon came. The Shylocks foreclosed the mortgages—took their pounds of flesh—and the ancestral acres of many a proud Don passed into the possession of the money-lenders. The cattle-kings were uncrowned, their kingdoms despoiled, and the olden-time industry that once had made them rich and powerful was their undoing.

A paper read before the Historical Society of Southern California.

After the change of owners came the era of subdivision. The new owners cut the great ranchos into fractions and sold pieces. large or small as the buyers wished, at prices ranging from two dollars to ten dollars per acre, on time. Thrifty farmers from Central California and "the States" drifted down into the cow-counties. bought themselves farms and started a new industry for the south-"grain raising." Where a few years before lowing herds covered the plains, now fields of barley and wheat billowed in the breeze. The soil was rich and the yield of grain enormous, but machinery was expensive, and labor costly and of poor quality. After the harvest came the problem of transportation. The only market on the coast then was San Francisco, five hundred miles away, and there were no railroads. Los Angeles then was a city of vast area. but limited population and no commerce. A ton of barley would have demoralized its market for a month. The people pastured their horses on Spring street lots and kept dairy ranches out on Grasshopper street, now Figueroa. In the olden time cattle transported themselves to market, but grain sacks had to be carried. The farmers found the lighterage charges, freight charges, commissions, storage and all the other charges that commission merchants and middlemen could trump up as cancerous as the old-time mortgages. The farmer was fortunate indeed if after marketing his crop he did not have to martgage his farm to pay the deficit—actually pay a penalty for cultivating his land. It was clearly evident that graingrowing for a market five hundred miles away would not pay. The query of the agriculturists was, what can we produce that transportation charges and commissions will not eat up? Then began an era of agricultural experiments.

One of the first of these was the seri-culture venture. Louis Prevost, an educated Frenchman who was familiar with silk-culture in France, in a series of letters in the newspapers, proved beyond a doubt that California was superior to France in the conditions required for the success of the silk-industry—that the Golden State would eventually out-rival France in silk production and put China out of the business.

To encourage silk-culture in California, the legislature in 1867 passed an act giving a bounty of \$250 for every plantation of 5000 mulberry trees two years old, and one of \$300 for every 100,000 merchantable cocoons produced. This greatly encouraged the planting of trees and the production of cocoons, if it did not add to the number of yards of silk in California. In 1869 it was estimated that in Central and Southern California there were ten million mulberry trees in various stages of growth. One nursery in San Gabriel—"The Home of the Silkworm," as its proprietor called it—advertised 700,000 trees and cuttings for sale. Two million trees were planted

in and around Los Angeles city. Prevost had a plantation of fifty acres on South Main street.

The Los Angeles News, of April 11, 1869, says: "We risk nothing when we express the belief that in two years from this time the silk products of this county will amount to several million dollars."

The California Silk Center Association was formed with a large capital on paper. The Association bought four thousand acres which now forms part of the site of the city of Riverside. It was the intention of the Association to found a colony there of silk-growers and silk-weavers. Sixty families were reported ready to locate on the colony grounds as soon as negotiations were completed. Prevost, the great head-center of the scheme, died shortly after the purchase was made, and the colony project died later. At first the profits from the seri-culture fad were large—not, however, from the manufacture of silk, but from the sale of silk-worm eggs. When the industry was launched, eggs sold at \$10 an ounce and the worms were good layers. One seri-culturist reported a net profit of \$1000 an acre made in sixty days from the sale of eggs. Another realized \$1260 an acre in a single season. The net profit from his three acres of trees and cocoons exceeded the net profits on his neighbor's 30,000 acres of grain. With such immense returns from such small investments, it is not strange that the seri-culture craze became epidemic. Mulberry plantations multiplied until the bounties paid threatened the State treasury with bankruptcy. A sanguine writer in the Overland Monthly of 1869 says: "It is almost startling to think that from a calling so apparently insignificant we may be able to realize in a short time a larger sum and infinitely greater gains than from one-half of all our other agricultural productions in the State." With the increased supply the price of eggs declined until it was all supply and no demand. Then the seri-culture epidemic came to as sudden a stop as yellow-jack does when a killing frost nips the fever breeding mosquito. The worms died of starvation and the bounty-bought mulberry plantations perished from neglect. Of the millions of trees that rustled their broad leaves in the breeze not even the fittest survived. They all died.

Out of the hundreds of thousands of bounty-bought cocoons only one piece of silk to my knowledge was manufactured and that was a flag for the State capitol. Proudly that home-made "Old Glory" floated above the dome of the State house; and proud indeed it might be, for indirectly it cost the state a quarter of a million dollars.

The experiment failed, but not because California was unsuited to silk-culture. The defects were in the seri-culturists, not in the soil or climate of the state. There was no concert of action among the producers. They were scattered from Dan to Beersheba, or, what was a much greater distance, from Siskiyou to San Diego.

UNIVERBITY

There were not enough producers in any one place to build a factory, and not enough weavers in the country to manufacture the raw silk produced; nor could capital be induced to invest in silk-factories.

After the failure of the seri-culture industry a number of minor experiments were made on various products that it was hoped, after paying transportation charges, storage, commissions and other charges, would leave a small margin of profit to the producer.

Col. Hollister of Santa Barbara county planted a small forest of tea-trees, and imported Japanese tea-growers to cultivate them. The trees flourished and seemed to enjoy the soil and climate of California, but somehow the home-grown tea did not reduce the prices of the imported article.

A coffee-planter from Central America planted an extensive grove of coffee-trees near San Bernardino, and there was great expectations that Southern California would rival Central America in coffee production. The climate was all right, the soil was adapted to the tree, but home-grown coffee, like home-grown tea and home-made silk, never affected the price of the imported articles, nor brought fortune or fame to the promoters of these industries.

Another agricultural experiment that we tried in the later '60's and early '70's was cotton-growing. Experiments on a small scale had proved that cotton could be grown in California equal in quality to the finest Sea Island and Tennessee Upland of the Southern States. These induced planting on a more extensive scale.

Colonel J. L. Strong, a cotton planter from Tennessee, in 1870 secured from the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company a lease of six hundred acres located on the Santa Ana River in the Gospel Swamp country, a region famous in early times for mammoth pumpkins and monster camp-meetings. On this he planted a large field of cotton. It grew like the fabled green bay tree, and produced fabulous returns, but not in money. On the Merced River bottoms, near Snellings, was a plantation of a thousand acres; and in Fresno county were a number of smaller ones, aggregating about five hundred acres. The California Cotton Growers' and Manufacturers' Association purchased ten thousand acres of land adjoining and covering part of the present site of Bakersfield, the oil metropolis of Kern county. On account of the difficulty of obtaining seed, only three hundred acres were planted the first year. A portion of this made a fine crop of excellent quality. The Association announced that it would plant two thousand acres next year (1873); and to encourage planting would furnish growers with seed and gin their cotton free. To secure laborers, the members of the Association imported a colony of negro cotton-field laborers from the south, built cabins for them and hired them to plant, cultivate, pick and gin the prospective crop. The colored persons discovered that they could get much better wages at other employments, and deserted their employers. The cotton-crop went to grass and the cotton-growers went into bankruptcy.

Along about 1869 or 1870 a large portion of Los Angeles city was a cotton-field. The late Don Mateo Keller tried the experiment of cotton-growing on irrigated lands. West of Figueroa street, and extending from near Ninth street down to Adams, there was an extensive field of cotton. The plants grew luxuriantly and produced abundantly. The bursting bolls of cotton whitened the expanse like the snows of winter an arctic landscape. The experiment was a success as far as producing went, but Don Mateo did not turn cotton-planter.

The experiments tried in various parts of the State demonstrated beyond a doubt that cotton of the finest quality could be grown in California, but when it came to figuring profits in the business—"that was another story." The negro cotton-picker was not much in evidence here, and those that were seen, were too "toney" to stoop to cotton-picking in California. The Mexican peon and the Mission neophyte could pick grapes, but when it came to cotton-picking they simply bucked and that was the limit with them. White labor was too scarce and too expensive. So the coast winds did most of the picking. For that which was gathered and baled there was no market nearer than Lowell or Liverpool—eighteen thousand miles away, via Cape Horn. There were no railroads then in Southern California, and no cotton-factories on the Pacific coast; so the cotton boll, like the silk cocoon, disappeared from the land of the afternoon.

The next industry that came to the front, guaranteed to lift the agriculturist out of the slough of financial despond, was the cultivation of the castor-bean. California, from away back in the days of the padres, has always been as famous for raising beans as Boston has been for eating them. But the castor-bean is not that kind of a frijole. It is the bean or nut from which castor-oil is manufactured. Its cultivation in Southern California was introduced by the late George H. Peck, and for a time the industry paid fairly well. Somewhere along about 1870 a castor-oil factory had been started. in San Francisco. The proprietors, to secure a supply of beans, furnished the farmers with seed and contracted to buy their crop at a stipulated price. The beans were planted in rows like corn and cultivated in a similar manner. The bean-stalk or bush grew to be from six to eight feet high the first season. On the branches the beans were produced in spike-covered pods that were uncomfortable things to handle. The bean grower prepared to harvest his crop by first clearing off an earthen threshing floor and tamping the soil until it was smooth and solid. This floor he surrounded by a circular

board corral. With a large box fastened on a sled drawn by a horse he drove between the rows, cutting off the clusters of bean-pods and throwing them into the box. The loads were dumped in the corral and spread out over the threshing-floor. As the sun dried the pods the beans came out with a pop like the report of a toy pistol. This was kept up until the pods were emptied. The popping of the beans in the corrals resembled a Chinese New Year celebration. It was a source of joy to the small boy, who had Fourth-of-July's galore as long as there was any pop in the beans.

The industry held its own for several years, then the castor-bean pod joined the silk cocoon and the cotton boll in the haven of "has beens." The elements that were its undoing were similar to those that wrought the ruin of the others—scarcity and high price of labor, excessive freight rates and long distance to market.

The castor-bean plant had some faults of its own that did not commend it as an agricultural stand-by. It had a trick of volunteering its services when they were not needed. Once planted it was as difficult to get rid of as the Canada thistle. Its staying quality was one of the causes that finally banished it.

A series of experiments had convinced us that it was not so much a new product that we needed as it was more population and a home market. We were all producers; we needed consumers.

Forty years before, Dana, he of "Two Years Before the Mast," had decried against the want of enterprise in the native Californians. With all the ingredients to tan leather they sold the hides of their cattle to the Boston hide-droghers at a dollar apiece, to be carried around the world to tanneries, and returned two or three years later in leather, boots and shoes for which the Californians paid a thousand per cent above the cost of the raw material. California had been a quarter of a century under the domination of the most energetic people on earth, and yet we were doing the same thing that the cattle-kings had done generations before.

We were producing millions of pounds of wool every year and sending it around the world to hunt a market. Tufts of the finest raw cotton were wafted hither and yon by the gentle sea-breezes, and there was no one to gather them and manufacture them into cloth. We were paying an aggregate of a thousand per cent to middlemen, shippers, manufacturers and dealers for returning to us the finished product from our own raw material.

A few would-be political economists of the Southland, myself among the number, wrote stirring articles for the local press advocating the building of woolen-mills and cotton-factories. Bring together producer and consumer, save cost of transportation, cut out the profits of the middlemen and we would all get rich. To obtain power for our factories, conserve the waste waters of our rivers in

great reservoirs, set these to propelling hundreds of mill-wheels, these in turn would set tens of thousands of spindles in motion to twist our wool and cotton into thread, and would start thousands of shuttles a-flying to weave these threads into cloth. The building of factories would make a Lowell of Los Angeles, and boom all the cities of the South.

A few years before the City Fathers of Los Angeles had given to a syndicate, as a consideration for constructing a reservoir and digging a ditch, all of the northwest corner of the city from Diamond street, now West First, north to the city's northern boundary and from North Figueroa west to the city limits, except Elysian Park, and that would have gone, too, but the syndicate scorned such refuse real estate. All that the city has today for the donation of thousands of acres of canal- and reservoir-land, is that hole in the ground called Echo Lake.

The ditch, which was intended to irrigate the desolate regions down by West Adams street, meandered along what is now Lake Shore avenue to old Pearl street, now Figueroa. There was considerable fall to it, and it afforded water-power. On this ditch, along about 1872, the Bernard brothers of Illinois built a woolen-mill of ten looms capacity. The political economists rejoiced greatly. We were on the king's highway to prosperity. The mill's long suit was blankets, but the proprietors did manufacture some blue serges and mixed cheviots. Some of us economists had suits made of these, and pointed with pride to our clothes made from home-grown wool, spun and woven in a home-made mill and fashioned by a home-made tailor. When the glorious sunshine of California got in its work on the alleged fast colors of the cloth they faded away into nondescript shades; Joseph's dress-suit—his "coat of many colors" would have gone out of business at sight of our garments. Nevertheless, we were proud of our home-made clothes, but when any of us went to San Francisco, we borrowed an imported suit—not but what our own home-made was good enough, but then the San Franciscans were envious of our growing manufactures and might make invidious comparisons.

Our great expectations of becoming a manufacturing center were blighted by that financial frost that chilled the nation to its heart's core—"Black Friday in Wall Street." No more capitalists from the East could be induced to come west to build up the country. They had need of their capitalist at home. Our lone woolen-mill did its best to furnish us with a very good quality of blankets, but one day a frost struck it and it was changed to an ice-factory. The only reminder of the first and last woolen-mill of Los Angeles left us is the name of the subdivision where it was located—"The Woolen Mill

Tract." Many a newcomer, no doubt, has puzzled over the appearance of such a name on the city map.

Such are some of the trials and tribulations through which the pioneers of Southern California passed in their attempts to develop the land of sunshine. The pioneer, like the prophet, is without honor in his own country. He blazes the trail for the army of occupation that follows his lead into new lands, but he seldom profits from his adventures. The new arrivals regard him as a silurian—a relic of a remote age-and shove him aside. The new-comer who buys a piece of real estate on a rising market and sells it a few months later at an advance of a hundred per cent, regards with contempt the old resident who years ago sold leagues of land for less than he, the new-comer, has sold feet. Let this Napoleon of finance try selling land or lots on a falling market when all are sellers and there are no buyers; and to add to his misery a cancerous mortgage eating away at his possessions day and night. His plaint of woe would be painful to the ear. He would not submit to the decrees of Fate with the fortitude, the manhood and the courage with which the cattle-kings of long ago met misfortune and were overwhelmed by conditions beyond their control.

Los Angeles.

THE LITTLE ROLLING-PIN

By BLANCHE C. AKIN.

N CALIFORNIA'S early golden days, women, with their perseverance and ingenuity, laid the foundation to princely fortunes.

The unique and unheard-of methods in which they earned money proved beyond a doubt that, though classed as physically weaker, they were intellectually stronger than a great many of the men, and equal to emergencies, however great.

I do not think the pioneer women were far behind the men when it came to physical strength, for it must have required a robust constitution to stand the hardships of such a trip; and from what I can learn, the majority stood it wonderfully well.

The lady who is the heroine of this sketch weighed 125 pounds when she left home, and 152 when she arrived in California. She was the picture of health and felt as well as she looked, not having had one day's illness on the road. To her daughter I am indebted for the following.

I was visiting her in San Francisco, and although I knew that her parents were early settlers, I hesitated to ask questions. But one afternoon in the course of our conversation we drifted to the early pioneers of California. She left the room, and, returning in

a few minutes, she placed in my hands a small rolling-pin, saying, as she gave it to me, "That little rolling-pin helped to give my father his first successful start in life."

I smiled, thinking how often I had heard of rolling-pins and broom-handles being formidable weapons in the hands of woman, but as to their success I was not so sure.

"You smile," she said, "but I assure you it is a fact. My parents were early pioneers, and after crossing the plains, located on the American River. My father was an exceedingly bright and active man, a veritable Yankee trader. Before he had been in camp twelve hours, he had traded his horses and many other things to good advantage. Mother would laughingly declare that if she were not so useful, he would trade her off, too.

"It highly amused him to hear her say that, and he would reply, 'Oh, no, Mother! I know better than to do that. I'm not much of a hand at nursing, and when it comes to cooking, I'm nowhere.'

"When they had fixed up their camp and made things a little home-like, Father brought out his mining tools and started to find a claim, expecting to return with a panful of the yellow shining metal.

"The day wore on. Mother was more than busy. She had baked bread and cookies, and was baking pies. She had baked three and put them on the table, and was stooping over the oven when she heard a voice say:

"'Pies, Jim! Pies! I hope I may die if they ain't pies!'

"Turning quickly, she saw two men looking at the pies as if they were something wonderful. Their gaze was so intent that they did not see Mother till she came to the table.

"'We don't mean no offense, marm, but we ain't seen a pie for over a year. Have we, Jim?' turning to his companion. 'I don't believe I'd know the taste of one any more, it's such a long time since I had such a sight.'

"The hint was not thrown away. Mother took up a pie and gave it to him, placing another in the outstretched hand of his mate.

"'How much, marm?' he asked.

"'Nothing,' said Mother. 'It's a pleasure to give the first pies I've baked at the diggings to men who have not tasted pie for a year.'

"'No, marm, that won't do. It's a bad start,' said the man called Jim. 'You've come here to make a raise, like the rest of us, and you'll never do it if you commence giving away on the start,' and, as he spoke, he drew a buckskin bag from his pocket, took a five-dollar piece from it and handed it to her.

"'There, marm. Five dollars ain't too much for these spankin'

"She thought his advice sensible, and, as they seemed to be generous, pleasant men, took the money and thanked them.

"With their pies in tin plates, they went over to a fallen tree, sat and ate with a gusto that was never equaled by any of New York's Four Hundred over Delmonico's best, served on silver and damask.

"'Jake,' said Jim, 'it's dried apples, by gum! Don't it take yer right home when we used to string the apples for mother and hang 'em on the kitchen ceiling to dry? And don't yer remember the day we come nigh gettin' a lickin' 'cos we said it made a bully roostin' place for the flies?'

"'You bet. Poor old Mother was mad that day. She said the young 'uns thought they knowed more than she did.'

"Mother said it was a sight to see them pick up the crumbs, and lick the juice as it ran down their fingers.

"When they had cleaned the plates, they brought them over to her and asked if she would bake some more for them the next day. She told them she would, so they bade her good-bye and left.

"About sun-down she saw father coming, and, by his slow step and disconsolate air, she knew he had not been very successful. So, putting on a pleasant look, she greeted him with:

"'A panful, Father?"

"'Yes—of emptiness,' he answered, seating himself on a box with such force that it broke and he fell to the ground. That added fuel to the fire. He jumped up, threw the box as far as he could, and said:

"'Serves a man right to leave a good home and come to a consarned place like this; and if I was back in Kentucky you wouldn't catch me trailing over the plains again on a wild-goose chase. Smart! Gosh! I'm a consarned fool, that's what I am. I know it now when it's too late.'

"Mother paid no attention, for experience had taught her that a good meal had a quieting effect on most temperaments, especially man's, so she hurried to get supper. Fresh bread, pie, cookies, bacon, potatoes and strong coffee soon restored him to his usual good temper.

"'Did you find any gold?' asked Mother.

"'Yes, a little,' and he showed her a few very small pieces.

"'I think I have done as well as you.' And she held out her hand with the five-dollar gold piece in it, and explained how she earned it.

"'Well, Mother, that beats me. Two dollars-and-a-half apiece for dried-apple pies!' And the woods rang with the sound of his laughter.

"'But, say, Mother. I'm consarned clear in my mind that there's

lots of gold around here, or them fellers wouldn't be throwing it away like that.'

"'That's just what I thought. It's here, and you will strike it before long, depend upon it. And, Father, while I'm clearing up the dishes, you look over some apples. I must cook them tonight, ready for the morning, as I promised them more pies tomorrow.'

"Father looked over the apples, whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' He always whistled that air when he was in a particularly happy frame of mind. Mother had to turn her back to him, for when she contrasted his present cheerful aspect with the look of disgust he had on when he came home, it was impossible to keep from laughing.

"At the peep of day she was out of bed, and had Father off to work before sunrise. She gathered the wood, and prepared to heat the Dutch oven; then she thought of her rolling-pin. Since she left home she had been using a small bottle, which was very slow and unhandy, so she decided to make one of some account. Taking a hatchet and butcher-knife, she went down to the river, cut a smooth round limb, and whittled and scraped it till she made this little rolling-pin. Then she started to work in a hurry, as she had lost considerable time making preparations, mixed the dough, turned a milk-pan bottom-side up to roll it on, and brought into use the pin. It just flew over the dough, it was so round and even. But the trouble was she was so proud of her work she couldn't make much headway, stopping so often to admire it.

"At last the pies were baked—twelve brown, tempting plates of pastry. She baked twelve, in case they wanted to take some home. She hoped they would, as she did not want too many on hand, Father having a decided objection to stale pies.

"About noon she saw a crowd of men coming toward her camp. Her heart stood still, for she thought Father was killed, or had gotten into a fight. Having heard so much about killing and lynching before she came, no wonder she thought something dreadful had happened.

"When they came closer, she recognized in the foremost men her customers of the previous day. Coming to the table, Jim said:

"'Well, marm, I see you got 'em baked,' and, turning to the crowd with a wave of his hand, continued, 'I was telling the boys what a feast Jake and me had yesterday, and they come along to see if they could get a taste.'

"If her heart stood still a few minutes before, it took on double-quick action when she thought of pies for that crowd. But she tried to appear as unconcerned as if such a rush was nothing unusual, and replied:

"'I'm sorry I have not more on hand, but if you will come tomorrow I will have a good supply.' "They fixed the price at one dollar a pie, which was very satisfactory to Mother, paid her and turned their attention to the division of the pies.

"It was a problem. There were twenty-two men and twelve pies, and how could they be equally divided? At last, one of the men hit on a novel plan. He suggested that the pies be cut into twenty-four pieces and then two would be left. The man who ate his pie the quickest would get them. The idea seemed good to them, and they all agreed to the plan.

"The pies were divided, and each man given his piece. Jim was to give the signal, and act as referee. The men stood in a row, every man holding half a pie a few inches from his mouth.

"'One, two, three. Snap! Jam!' They struggled, coughed, gasped and choked till they got it down. Such a sight Mother said she never saw, and never expected to see again. They had as much apple on their whiskers, shirts and hands as they had in their stomachs.

"All declared they had eaten their pie first, and Jim, when asked to decide, said he was so busy getting away with his own piece he forgot to look at the rest.

"A shout of laughter burst forth at his answer, and they thought that, as a pie referee, he was a failure, and concluded to decide the matter by giving it to the best-looking man in the crowd, leaving it to Mother, and she picked out the ugliest.

"The man who won took the pie to his camp, 'to remind the boys,' he said, 'of home and mother.' From that day Mother's reputation as a pie-maker was made. Far and near they came for them. The demand was greater than she could supply, and Father said, 'the rolling-pin made more money than the pick and shovel the first few months,' and it was a fact."

I asked my friend how her mother got the dried apples, as she must have used an immense quantity.

"It was my dear mother's forethought," she replied in a sad voice. 'Poor Mother, what pride she took looking ahead and providing for us!'

"When they were packing the wagon in Kentucky for the journey, Father said, 'Now, Mother, bring out all the stuff you want to take along, and I'll sort it over, for I know what women are when they start to travel. Why, they'll fill the wagon, and when they get in to start they'll have half a dozen bundles, a box or two of plants, a couple of band-boxes and a bird-cage, not leaving room for a good-sized toad to sit and drive, let alone a man,' and off he strode to the barn, evidently satisfied with his eloquence. Mother and her sister brought out the things and laid them beside the wagon. Go-

ing back into the house they peeped through the window to watch the effect the sight of the pile would have upon Father.

"When he came back and saw it, he stood with arms akimbo, amazed.

"'Mother! Mother!' he called. 'Mother, come out here!'

"As soon as she appeared, he almost shouted, 'How many wagons are we going to take, do you think?'

" 'One.'

"'One! Do you suppose one wagon will carry all the truck you've got here? It will take six horses and a trail wagon.'

"'Now, Father, you are talking nonsense. Let me pack the things and you will have room to spare."

"'Go ahead! Go ahead!' he said, spreading his hands, as much as to say, 'I give up,' and walked away.

"Mother pretended to take him at his word and started to put the things in, knowing full well he would be back in a few minutes. He was back in less than that time, taking another look.

"'What in thunder have you got in all those sacks?"

"'Dried apples.'

"'Dried apples! Dried apples! Are you going to stock California with dried apples?'

"'That's a good idea, but I am afraid I have not enough for that."

"'It will be no laughing matter, when the wagon breaks down, and we're left high and dry on the plains, a target for the Indians, all on account of your dried apples.' he snapped.

"But the apples came, if poor Mother did have her patience tried to the utmost. If the horses were tired at night after a long drive, it was laid to those no-account dried apples; or, if they came to a steep hill, and the poor animals labored to reach the top, they were being worked to death hauling trash. But she never heard anything about the no-account trash when the pies were going like hot cakes.

"She said she never referred to the fuss he made about bringing them, but once. He was telling a man one day about how he had brought the apples from home, and it was always a good plan to be well supplied with such things in a new country, and so on.

"The man complimented his shrewdness, and slapping him on the back said:

"'It takes a Yankee for smartness every time."

"That was too much for mother, and after the man left she said, 'Yes, Father, it does take a Yankee for smartness. You see the apples were not a target for the Indians, but just the article for the miners' dollars.'

"Where the joke came in, she was the Yankee, and he was not." Bartlesville, Oklahoma.



GENERAL VIEW OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY-MAYFIELD ON THE RIGHT

THE TOWN OF MAYFIELD, CALIFORNIA

By A. B. CLARK



HE vicinity of Stanford University is rapidly becoming a highly developed residence section. This institution pays in salaries and wages about \$500,000 each year. The 1700 students spend \$600,000 more, a total of over a million dollars turned loose to keep trade steady. Add to the nucleus which this fact determines, the number of people who have gained or inher-

ited a competence, and who desire to live in the most refined community it is possible to find; and also add the San Francisco "commuters" and the growth of this section can be understood.

Mayfield is three-fourths of a mile from the University buildings nearer than any other land. It is surrounded by University holdings on three sides. If it had been a normal village it would have been thickly settled by culture-loving people five years after the University opened, but a few people prevented this. These few considered the whole of Mayfield none too large for themselves. Each of them could walk on both sides of the street at once, or, if unable to walk, they could lie down across the sidewalk and hold it all night. In the early days thirst was quickly assuaged in the numerous drinking-places, posted like hydrants, where fire was most likely to break out. The spirit of "liberality" was studiously cultivated. Spend-thrifti-ness was the standard of social merit. One who would be popular would enter the "sporting palace" with a brisk swagger and loud greetings to "Cy," "Bill," "Charlie" and other single-named characters with an invitation to have refreshment. After all were served a large coin was thrown on the bar and the change returned with plenty of nickels among the silver. Our hero, mindful of the unwritten code, would sweep this change into his hand without counting and turn at once to the "slot machine." "Click-buzz -whirr-ratch-ratch-whoa!" goes the machine. No result! It is repeated several times with the same effect. When occasionally a winning of nickels was made, they were immediately paid back to the machine again. When this amusement became bitter, some subsidized loafer would open a crap game or deal faro.

A strong laboring man could stand a wonderful amount of dissipation and still carry bricks or mix mortar or dig a ditch for enough days in a week to have quite a sum of money paid to him on Saturday. To get that money was the accomplishment of the efficient bar-room. "Short-changing" and "rolling," or picking the pockets of a man in his drunken sleep, were methods added to the quasi-legal practises of liquor selling and gambling.

One or two saloons to a population of 1000 can exist and keep only a portion of the community in poverty—the majority may still prosper. But when every hundred inhabitants support one saloon, squalor will predominate. This condition existed in Mayfield. Also, on a principal street, was a "Chinatown," built of unkempt shanties and recking with the smoke of

open-fire cooking and the fumes of opium. Open drains furrowed the neglected door-yards, and wash-houses made from old wagon-sheds patched up with boards, from old tea-chests, with matting, and flattened-out oil cans, and with crazy piles of boxes, for dove-cotes on the roofs, were common in this picturesque but noisome rookery which occupied the most prominent frontier of the village.

- Such was Mayfield in 1891, when the University opened its doors. Its houses, and many excellent ones were among them, were compacted for the most part into a checker-board four blocks wide in each direction. An oblong of 120 acres cut a straight notch into the University possessions on the front; and two wheat-fields lay on either side, also fronting University



EVERGREEN PARK, MAYFIELD

lands. A little flurry in real estate was made in the 120-acre tract (called "College Terrace") but the year 1903 saw the village just about where it was twelve years before. Then something happened. The town incorporated.

First the Chinatown was purchased by real-estate investors and the buildings to the last fence-post were razed to the ground; the lots were graded and cement sidewalks and curbs constructed; annihilation was complete, and it now seems incredible that a "Chinatown" ever existed on College Terrace. Bonds were voted and sold, by which means a municipal water-system was established.

The discouraged look began to leave men's faces and Mayfield as the fairest place on earth began to be more than a hopeless dream. But the

saloons kept up their pernicious work. There had long been mutterings against them, but no open opposition.

Suddenly, in June, 1904, a remarkable paper appeared, as if by magic, declaring very simply that the saloons were a stumbling block to progress and inviting their proprietors to change their business. This paper was promptly signed by a majority of the voters. The saloon-men took an active interest in the proposition certainly, but did not comply with the modest request. After a few weeks a no-license ordinance was passed by the Board of Town Trustees. On the day when it went into effect, the saloon-men all defied it. Arrests and convictions in the local court followed; and an appeal and decision in the superior court. The ordinance was sustained. It takes but four words to say it, but it took months of organization, courage, and unflinching



AN ATHLETIC EVENT

devotion to the idea of a newer and better Mayfield to make that ordinance into active and sustained law. But the struggle developed manhood.

In April, 1906, the terms of three members of the Board of Town Trustees expired. If three men favoring saloons could be elected, the old conditions could be re-established. Now the ex-saloon men made one last desperate effort to regain what they had lost; the "Royal Arch" was appealed to, money for the campaign was abundant, and a right royal battle was fought. Men were brought temporarily into town for the purpose of voting. Although glittering allurements were offered, the majority stood steadfast for a clean town and came out of the fight stronger than they had entered it. It was a campaign never to be forgotten.

Great improvements have been made since the spirit of progress has possessed the people. More miles, probably, of cement sidewalks and curbs have

COLLEGE TERRACE, MAYFIELD

been laid in the past few months than in any town of the same size elsewhere in the State. A sewer system is under way. Hoitt's preparatory school, long noted for its sterling worth, has taken up its permanent location in a beautiful evergreen grove in the newer part of the village.

Co-operative boarding for University students' clubs have become very numerous. And they find an atmosphere most conducive to study, as the statistics show a higher average of sustained scholarship among the students residing in Mayfield than in any other locality about the University. This fact is worth notice.

Manufacturing enterprises have started up; new stores have been opened; the best corner in town, formerly occupied by the chief saloon, has been cleared, and a reinforced-concrete bank-building, to be occupied by the young but prosperous bank, is nearing completion upon it. Old buildings are being



A MILE OF NEW SIDEWALK

trimmed up and replaced by new in the "old town," and the grain-fields on either side have been laid out in streets with cement walks, and a desirable class of residences of enforced standards of desirability have been built upon thm. The town limits embrace less than a mile square, but outside, between Mayfield and Palo Alto, between Mayfield and the San Francisco Bay, and adjoining Mayfield toward San José, choice residence-lots are being utilized. But Mayfield is the commercial center and gateway of these tracts and the University.

The growth of the peninsula between San Francisco and San José, with its double track and new tunneled cut-off, and the electric-car service being constructed in all directions, is making the great natural advantages of this locality available. A new railway cut-off from Mayfield to Los Gatos is nearly complete. This wil be pushed on to Santa Cruz, and in a few weeks the construction trains, now running, will be replaced by the limited trans-



STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH

continental coast trains. Electric cars will use the same rails and give Mayfield quick and frequent access to the beautiful foothill and mountain country toward the coast, with its charming mineral springs and attractive resorts.

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The Women's Improvement Club and the Board of Trade are working with great energy to attain the best results in village life. Just now tree planting is occupying their attention.

The citizens of Mayfield have been unified by a great struggle. They are people of stubborn courage. The best things are possible to any community which has the natural conditions and a courageous spirit. Mayfield has both.



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Commercial Hotel, P. L. White, Prop.

T. C. Mix, Hotel de France A. B. Carlisle, Sierra Hotel

Hume-Bennett Lumber Co.

J. M. Morrow, Real Estate

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Geo. J. Childs Co., Real Estate
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For any further information, address San Mateo Board of Trade or any of the following:

H. N. Royden, Real Estate
Peninsula Realty Company, Real Estate
Loveland & Shand, Real Estate
W. H. Cone, Real Estate
B. L. Grow Realty Co., Real Estate
E. M. Warn Lumber Co.
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Chas, N. Kirkbride, Attorney-at-Law
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Clothing
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Levy Bros., Merchants
San Mateo Bakery
T. Masterson, Hotel Wisnom
J. A. Foster, Electrical Engineer

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G. Palanca, Floral City Music Depot
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Write for information to Secretary Board of Trade, Palo Alto, Cal., or

Co-Operative Land & Trust Co., Real Estate Board of Trade Dudfield Lumber Co., Lumber and Millwork

The J. J. Morris Real Estate Co. "Curry of Palo Alto," Furniture, Carpets, etc.

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SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA The Harbor City



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Coming more and more into public notice as a charming community of homes, Burlingame is dominated today by a spirit of progress and any inquiry in regard to real estate, business opportunities or home advantages will be cheerfully answered when addressed to any of the concerns whose names appear below.

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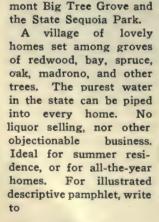
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ALAMEDA The City Beautiful

Situated on the mainland side of San Francisco Bay, directly east of San Francisco. It is free of high winds and fogs. Alameda with its population of thirty thousand, is rapidly becoming a commercial center. It is famous throughout the Pacific Coast as the most desirable residential section of California, enjoying an enviable reputation on account of its excellent streets, its generously maintained schools, its artistic homes, and semi-tropical vegetation. A pure water supply and automatically flushed sewer system in conjunction with geographical and climatic conditions has given Alameda the lowest per cent of death rate of any city in the United States.

The social life of Alameda is very agreeable, and a great number of the residents are families of San Francisco and Oakland business men.

A complete trolley system with two lines running into Oakland with five cent fare, and two modern ferry systems to San Francisco, the fare one way ten cents, monthly commutation ticket, three dollars, affords all the advantages of a metropolitan life.

On the south side of the city lies a natural bathing beach with many resorts where this enjoyment is indulged in the year around, and on the north is a deep water harbor where can be found the merchantmen of the world plying their trade. Along this shore and in the extreme western end are found several large factories, the largest of which is maintained by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, where the product of the world-famed deposits of Death Valley is refined and prepared for the market. Among other large industries are the Clark Pottery Works, ship building plants and engineering plants. Some of the finest ferry boats in San Francisco Bay and some of the Pacific trade-fleet had their keels laid on the Alameda shore of this harbor. In all there are about fifty manufacturing plants.

The assessed valuation is \$15,000,000, and in 1906 there was expended \$550,000 in new buildings. There are on deposit in the banks over \$1,400,000. The city owns its own electric light plant which supplies current to private consumers at the nominal figures of seven cents per thousand watts. The cost of gas is ninety cents per thousand feet. Living expenses are less than in San Francisco. Rent is much lower than in any other Bay city, and labor conditions are normal.

The price of real estate is low considering the population, which is due to the fact that Alameda has made a healthy growth.

The Southern Pacific Company, which operates the trans-bay system, is preparing to expend \$3,000,000 in installing electricity to take the place of the present steam lines.

In all, Alameda offers to the home-seeker and investor more inducements than any city on the Pacific Coast.

For further information write the following:

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Charles Adams & Co., Real Estate.
F. R. Neville, Real Estate.
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It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.

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Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

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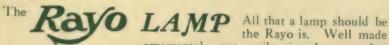


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The Artist's Paradise

Vol. XXVIII, No. 6





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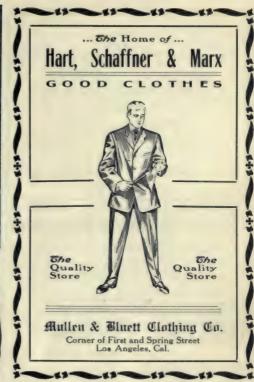
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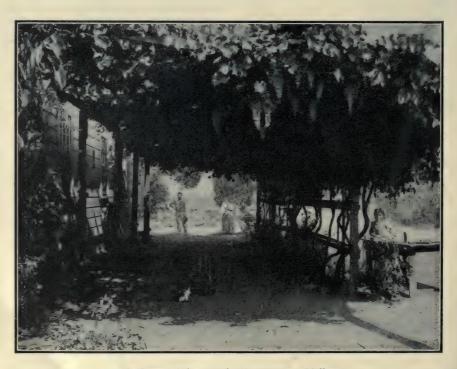
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A Grape Arbor in the Sacramento Valley

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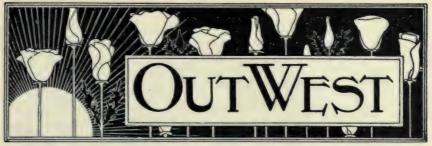
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Vol. XXVIII, No. 6

JUNE, 1908

THE ARTIST'S PARADISE

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



F as a matter of curiosity you will search the greatest art book in the world—the book which has inspired more pictures than all other books put together, the book which has been model for the greatest pictures as well as the most—it may surprise you to find that

the word "artist" is not between its covers. Even "art" appears but two or three times—and then only with reference to trades and tricks. Even "picture" occurs but thrice. From which it would appear that the Old Man spent some time in making things before it occurred to Him that anybody would need to paint them. Our sense of proportion is somewhat altered since. In certain circles it is tacitly understood that God Almighty's creation was made merely as a lay figure for artists.

But the omission of "artist" from the Bible is not really so bad; for the Book is full of them—and made by them, though without any of the cant and patter which multiply in proportion to the decline of the thing defined. And besides this, all the art-text-books-on-purpose put together have less inspiration for art, and less of the gospel on which all art is founded—even the Fine Arts.

The Bible is pretty well painted-up by now; and after Michelangelo, Raphael, and all the great masters of the Master-days, and the Dorés of later, our modern picture-makers (except an occasional Vedder) instinctively turn to something "nearer their size" and the "size" of their audiences. The audience (with the critics in the front row) has largely taken the part and place of Inspiration. The Virgin and Child, the Crucifixion, the Annunciation, and all that, have naturally given way to the "Portrait of a Lady," and "Studies in Brown," and "A Quiet Evening at Bar Harbor." For the same reason that poetry has changed, so has painting. There is a danger that Literature and Art shall get cross-eyed with trying to watch their work and the Public at the same time. As a matter of

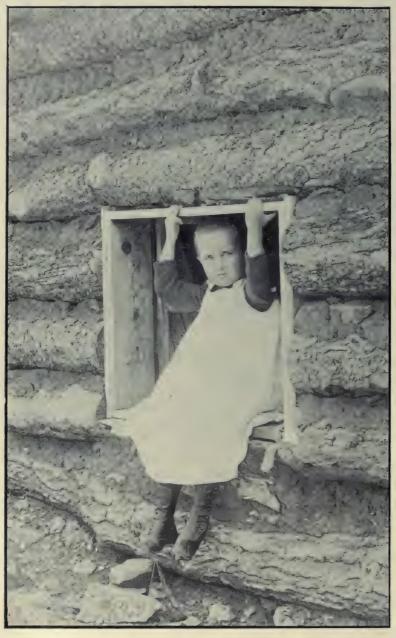


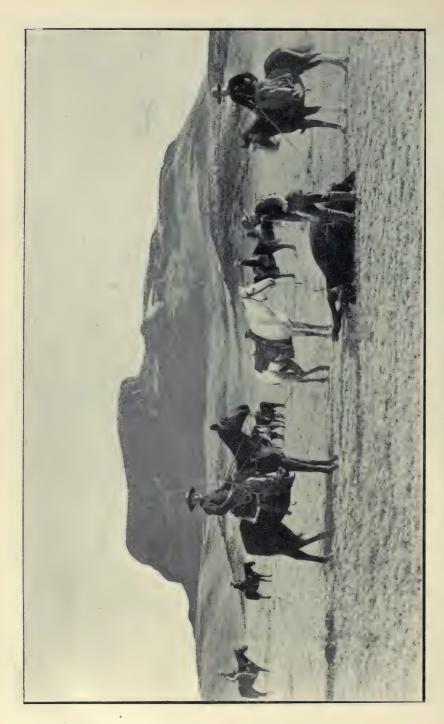
Photo by Chas. F. Lummis A Bud of the American Occupation (in a New Mexico Mining Camp, 1890)



A BIT OF OLD CALIFORNIA

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

15



AMONG THE STEPPES OF THE SOUTHWEST IN THE "COW-COUNTRY,"

fact, with the right workman the Public never Happens at all—until after the work is done.

But this is not a philosophical essay on the decline of art in its various lines, and the reasons therefor; but rather a mild suggestion in answer to the artists' prayer for something new to paint. The richest field on the earth is at their very door, and neglected of them. A few hundred years from now, the world's greatest artists will be painting the Southwest; and it will have lost half its value—the human-artistic and pictorial interest—long before that time.

The fundamental faculty of the artist is imitative; and in all his career he is measured up by what he imitates, and how well. Whatever else he follows, it need not be the sheep-like example of a fashion set by chromo dealers and nursery painters. Imitation is



A LONG BEACH OF THE ARID LANDS Photo by L. W. Buckley

the birth of art—but also too much is its death. Success is in "knowing when to let go."

Just as the new writer who makes a hit is pretty certain to be drawn to New York, and to become self-conscious and "smart" and dissevered from the material of which he drew his strength, so the successful young painter goes to the "art centers" to eat honey—and then probably to the South of France to paint things which a Frenchman of half his talent could paint better, because born to it.

This is all on the plea that "the public demands it." "The public" is very much like "We, the People of England," alias Three Tailors of Tooley Street—being a few score sellers of pictures, of whom few know anything real about pictures except the market quotations, and a larger number of timid pretenders who have confidence

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

When Acorns are Plenty Mission Indians, Southern California



JUST A SAPLING

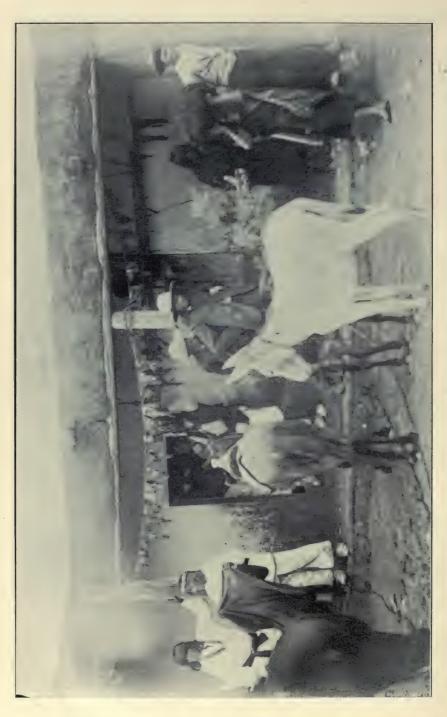
Photo by Chas. F. Lummis



A NEW MEXICO MISSION CONTEMPORANEOUS WITH "THE MAVFLOWER"



THE TATTER-TREE Photo by Chas. F. Lummis (Yucca ' Palm' on The Mojave Desert: within rifle shot of the "Mere Sapling.")



enough in their own genius, but a blanching fear as to selling the products of it to a stupid world.

As a matter of fact, the great public does not know any more about art than the art dealers do-but is a great deal more willing to learn. It is somewhat tired of this eternal sameness of topic and treatment, which not even individuality in coloration and drawing can redeem from an almost deadly level. In literature this fact is being found out, and authors and publishers are both looking for Something New. But in the pictorial arts, matters are about where they were in American literature at the time of Mrs. Hemans. The most alluring, the most paintable, the least hackneved field in the world for the painter is in the Southwest. This without any derogation of the rest of our national domain, in any part of which a sufficient artist can find a worthy theme. But in our Arid Lands, within easy reach of American artists, is such a concentrated variety of subjects of extraordinary interest, novelty, beauty and all the other qualities which go to "make a picture," as can be found nowhere else in an equal area. The elusive lights of Palestine and Egypt, the skies and groves of Italy, are all duplicated here. So is their scenery—with the Alps thrown in, and a score of classes of scenery unique to this region. There is hardly a landscape in any part of the world which can not be nearly duplicated between Texas and California-Alps, glaciers, New England valleys, the jungles of India, the steppes of Tartary, the wastes of the Sahara, or the Puna; dead volcanoes by the hundred, and vaster lava flows than whelmed Herculaneum, and hundreds of square miles blanketed with their creamy tufa nearly 2000 feet in visible depth by section; cathedral forests, beside whose giant spires the biggest trees of Maine or the Schwarzwald would look like buggy-whips, and whose cloistered aisles make the in-grown tangle of the Amazons repulsive by comparison; the vegetation of all zones so close-neighbored that Heine's "fichtenbaum und palme" seem a dull contrast; eternal snow and eternal flowers almost within the toss of a snowball, and fully within the scope of that cheap, but popular kodak, the human eye; a seasonal carpet of flowers so thick upon a common desert that in the happy month you shall be able to travel 500 miles at a stretch, and every footfall shall crush at least a dozen blossoms.

And this is the merest hint of the beginning of the story. This Wonderland of God is rich in every phase that ever did or ever will appeal to him that can

> "Paint the thing as he sees it, For the God of Things as they are,"

whether in oils, water-colors, pen-and-ink or mere words.

Architecturally, no other part of the United States is so stimulant.



IN "THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT." A NAVAJO HOME IN THE FOREGROUND



Photo by Chas. F. Lummis The Land of Standing Rocks (On the Summit of the Enchanted Mesa)

A FRONTIER CUSTOM HOUSE ON THE MEXICO-CALIFORNIA LINE

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

There are not only innumerable structures of a date parallel with the Declaration of Independence, or the Landing at Plymouth Rock —there are thousands that revert to times when the smartest extant Englishman wore his hair for clothes. And there is architecture which we Smart People have never equalled vet-though we have long had a chance to do at least as well as to copy it. The civilized architect and artist hardly ever see these things—being too timid and too self-satisfied. But the few who do-they turn pale. If you think this is a strong assertion, ask Frederick Remington or Thomas Moran—who are reasonably known to Civilization, but also to the Southwest.

Particularly, perhaps, from the standpoint of the "Human Interest," these poor geniuses who jump sheep-like over their own shadow, don't know what they miss. There is no equal area in the world where there is such a variety of picturesque character studies -so many different Peoples (in looks, language, dress, custom, environment). Their faces, their dress, their habitat, their environment, their ceremonials-why, the American artist who doesn't dream of these things is only half-hatched to his own opportunities. Whatever "medium" he works in, from gouache to oils, whatever "lure" he follows, from landscape to portraiture—here's a New World for him. If he'll get himself kicked off a Santa Fé train anywhere between Trinidad and Los Angeles, he can sit down where he lights; and get more "subjects" than he ever dreamed of before.

THE POPPIES OF DEVORE

By J. C. DAVIS.

PAST chaparral and vineyard, higher still, and higher, Of living flame, a ribbon, adown the slope unrolled; A long rent in the verdure, patched with cloth of gold. Gold of California! Minted by the sun! Days and days of glory melted into one!

"Californy poppies; that's what they be! Ain't they the purtiest ever you see? 'Most put your eve out, so all-fired bright; Curl up an' go to sleep along toward night."

Devore, Cal

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis

A BASKET GRANARY OF ACORNS (On a Mission Indian "Reservation" in Southern California)

LIFE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

By GIBSON ADAMS.



HAT vast and beautiful playground of San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, teems with bird and animal life. Creatures both wild and fenced live there in great numbers, a never failing source of pleasure and study to those who love them.

If you would know the wild things, the only way is to go out and be of them. Although it has all been planted by the hand of man on barren sand-dunes, still there are long stretches of the western half of Golden Gate Park that seem the very heart of Nature, absolutely wild. No one would think that those rolling pine-barrens out toward the sea had not been there always; nor the Chain of Lakes with their tree-screened water vistas, their little islands tangled with over-growth, where wild ducks and mud-hens nest, and their banks, here open and brightened with yarrow and tansy and tidy-tips, there thicketed with willows and blackberry brambles and edged with reeds and cat-tails.

This is the region the wild things love. But you will find them out only in the quiet and early morning. A screen of shrubbery on a slope above the water is just the place to hide and quietly watch.

Two big yellow-and-black butterflies, floating idly above the



ON THE CHAIN OF LAKES

water, are mirrored in the brown surface. A hundred quick carp are darting their gray noses out to grab at some winged delicacy. Yonder pond is black with mud-hens, whose sharp, insistent notes seem utterly meaningless. A small wild bunch of mallards are hiding in the tules and tall cresses, and two or three proud drakes among them are boasting in their funny little quacks. This is the busy time of day.

Out from under a eucalyptus log came three wee field-mice, their tiny sharp noses and beady eyes searching all about for possible dangers. Once satisfied that all is safe, they frisk delightedly over the log and have the jolliest little game of hide-and-seek, till a big

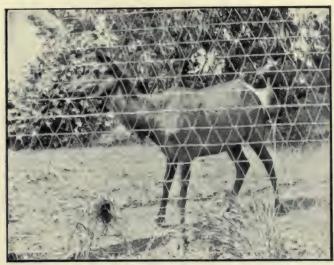


A QUAIL HAUNT

bluff rat comes along and sends them scampering away in terror.

From a blackberry thicket a nettle wren pipes his exquisite little song. He is about the only sweet singer in all the district. Birds there are, of course, without number; quarrelsome blackbirds, greedy robins, tiny restless bush-tits, pretty little peach-birds afraid of their own shadows, sparrows and linnets chumming and chirping together; but only the nettle wren sings, and the little wild canary, who comes but seldom and tunes up not often.

But a sweeter music than all the bird songs is the high clear call of the California quail, and here it is to be heard on every side, far and near. Any minute one or two of the plump little dandies will strut out from under the bushes, or perhaps a whole



AN ELK COW

procession, for these wild places abound with them. How trim and dapper they are, how debonair, as they pick their way among the weeds, how quick to warn one another of every little danger, how fleet of foot, how swift of wing they are!

One day I found one of their nests on the ground under an inno-



A STAG ELK

cent-looking old brush-heap. I wondered how one little hen could cover all those fourteen eggs, and was glad to be no longer a boy and, boylike, unable to pass her pretty brown mottled treasures without guilt of theft. Later I sought to reward my goodness by acquaintance with the cunning round brown little ones; but the very week they were hatched they seemed to learn to scatter at the slightest alarm and run and hide in the dry leaves, whose color they seemed to have absorbed.

On a bare open slope a quick flash of white suddenly arrests the eye. It is the pom-pon of a little fat hopping cotton-tail rabbit. Perhaps he has been there all the time; but he was not easy to



A LILY POND

see so long as he stayed still, for Nature protects the peaceful little thing with a coat of the very color of the sandy earth. A further watch would surely be rewarded with sight of more of his pretty kind, for there are many hereabout and I have seen them nowhere else so tame and confident. But there isn't time for that now, for the morning is gone, hard as it is to realize.

The animals in captivity one can study and enjoy without the usual feelings of pity; for, indeed, the fortunate creatures have many a comfort they never could have known in the wild.

Down below the southwestern flank of Strawberry Hill and out beyond the model yacht lake lie two broad green pastures, where graze two herds embracing forty-three of the splendid, shapely



AN ALASKAN EAGLE

American elk. Several of the noble stags rear aloft majestic antlers broader than the reach of a large man. In their own pastures live thirty-two graceful, beautiful deer and fauns of several varieties, and a pair of fleet, timid prong-horns. In the bison pasture roam sixteen of the huge, shaggy, surly monarchs of the praries.

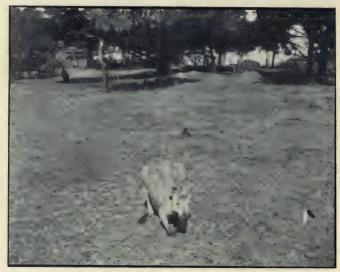
All these splendid herds have immense free paddocks covering many acres, with sheltering woods of pine, acacia and eucalyptus, and with broad, sunny, open greens, and sweet, fresh running water.



GREAT CALIFORNIA CONDOR

Here they live and love and fight, knowing that food and protection are always theirs without thought or struggle. They go about their business and pleasures utterly ignoring the human beings who stop along the fences of wire mesh to watch them; unless, perhaps the cracking of peanut shells breaks their indifference. Few of the animals, large or small, seem able to resist the call of that favorite delicacy; and in securing snap-shots of these restless creatures I have generally found the peanut as vital as the lens.

In the secure iron-barred bear-runs lives Monarch, the Grizzly, biggest bear in captivity and perhaps the mildest. Surrounded by his happy family of five, the peaceful giant dwells in all the luxury of stone den and concrete bath-tub and sunning-bed of sand. At meal-times so huge a monster makes a droll picture, pleased



A KANGAROO

and satisfied with nothing less tame than loaves of baker's French bread. Great baby that he is, a couple of chocolate creams will transport him to the very seventh heaven of delight.

The kangaroo pastures are broad and rolling. There the wild grass grows thick and green; and under the scattered clumps of trees are succulent beds of sweet Indian lettuce. The happy marsupial group furnishes edifying pictures of tranquil, well-ordered family-life, as well as instructive studies in locomotion and tail-propelling.

The baby kangaroo is a cunning mite, whose little face wears a humorous and inquiring, yet wistful expression. At the advance of a stranger he dives, head foremost, into the maternal pouch; curiosity, however, soon gaining the upper hand, his lumpy outline



AMONG THE LIVE OAKS

under the elastic skin is seen scrambling around to an erect position, and out pops the inquisitive little head. One day I saw one of the mothers, angered at a keeper too affectionate with her young, fell him to the ground with a single blow of her powerful tail upon his ankles.

To the lawns and pathways of the cultivated portions of the



THE BISON PADDOCK

park, dozens of stately peacocks, roaming free, lend gorgeous dashes of color. Some of the haughty, beautiful birds are very tame, and, after a little tactful coaxing, will condescend to accept nuts or fruit from one's hand.

On a wooded knoll above Conservatory Valley, hidden among the live-oaks, are the extensive aviaries. Under the high roofs of wire or glass are whole groves of trees, and little stone waterpools and runnels, and patches of grass. Here our native songsters abound, and here birds, gorgeous of plume or sweet of voice, from a hundred corners of the earth live a free, wild, happy life in the open air. All day long and half the night they send up a riot of hilarious song.

In one of the aviaries live also a little band of happy, fat squirrels, gray and brown. The frisky little fellows are always busy—perhaps in the sand, burying or unearthing their stores of nuts, or in the grass playing cross-tag, or up and down the poles and rafters playing follow-the-leader. To count them accurately would seem a task impossible.

Near-by are small collections of chipmunks, sables, porcupines and tortoises, all enjoying life in their own ways.

Surely Golden Gate Park is a very paradise to all these creatures of hers. The wild things are zealously guarded from the gun of the hunter and the stone and sling-shot of the small boy. In winter the fenced herds have warm and well-provisioned sheds in which to find protection in time of gale or rain, though usually the warm California sun shines generously down upon them. And the days and nights of the long summer months are freshened by the brisk sea-winds and the cool salt fogs that blow in from the broad Pacific, to whose very surf stretch the five-mile length of the great free playground of the people.

San Francisco.

THE BLESSING

By BERTHA McE. KNIPE.

OT for the poppy-field
Or red-bird's song
I sing my hymn of praise;
But for the rain, the mist, the haze,
That close me in the whole day long.

Phoenix, Arizona,

BERRIES FROM AN ENCHANTED GARDEN

By F. E. HAWSON.



HAT Yosemite, the grand, awe-inspiring miracle of scenic beauty, is also a natural garden in which flourish fruits for man's delectation, may be news to many, notably to those tourists who pass the few days or weeks they have set apart for seeing God's masterpiece

in toilsome ascents of the steep and difficult trails which scar the lofty, protecting walls of the Valley. But to those who have been privileged to spend one whole happy summer in this garden of enchantment, and who love to wander across its lush meadows and in the shaded woods beside the river, discovering Nature's hidden treasures, it is well known.

First in point of plentitude and lusciousness are the wild strawberries. These perfumed globes of toothsomeness are of a flavor so delicate and delicious that no cultivated fruit can be compared with them. The finest garden-berry is flat and tasteless beside this product of nature. It would seem that, growing in the midst of so much beauty, the plants had absorbed this loveliness, giving it back to the world in the flavor and fragrance of their fruit.

Though in places the floor of the Valley is thickly carpeted with strawberry leaves, it is not where the plants produce the most luxurious leafage that they bear the largest crop of fruit. On the lower levels, from which the flood-water of the river has receded, Illustrations from photographs by the author.



WILD STRAWBERRY

the writer has found the largest and most luscious berries snugly hidden under the leaves of insignificant plants. Beneath the apple trees of the old, forsaken orchards, of which there are several in the Valley, the berries also grow in great profusion and of a size to rival their relatives of the garden. Occasionally by the roadside one would chance upon a fertile patch, or even under the shadow of giant trees, but these were mostly small and not so finely flavored as those which grew upon the meadow.

There are several varieties of the wild strawberry, corresponding with the cultivated species. Some are small and round, others large, oval and delicious, others of a slender, oblong shape, differing in flavor from both the others. But any of them, made into pie,



THIMBLEBERRY

shortcake, preserve, or eaten fresh with sugar and cream, make a dish fit for a royal table. Wild strawberries are in season during June and July.

The thimbleberry is a fruit so palatable and so full of possibilities that it is surprising the great Burbank has not experimented upon it and produced some new variety. Early in August it begins to ripen, and is plentiful during that month. This berry grows upon a low, broad-leaved shrub, which bears large, delicate blossoms, resembling those of the wild white rose. The fruit, allied to the raspberry family, is of a vivid red, covered with the little indentations which give it its name. The dried petals of the blossoms remain upon the plant, making a sort of frill around the berry. One



WILD RASPBERRY

of the faults of the thimbleberry is that as soon as it is ripe it is apt to fall to the ground. However, if one locates the patches before the berries are ripe, and watches them carefully, it is possible to gather a bounteous harvest of fruit of a unique flavor all its own. The thmbleberry grows luxuriantly in shaded spots on



WILD GOOSEBERRY

the floor of the Valley, and is also to be found in moist places bordering the mountain-trails.

During August the wild gooseberry is also fit to garner. On account of the long, sharp spikes with which this berry protects itself, it is only possible to handle it literally with gloves, and because of these same "stickers," the only way it can be used is in making jelly. But this jelly is well worth the trouble taken to gather the fruit, for it is totally unlike any other, having a peculiar and pleasing wild "tang," which renders it superior, in the writer's opinion, to the far-famed guava jelly. The wild gooseberry thrives best under sheltering trees on rocky or gravelly soil. I noted a number of shrubs on the shores of Mirror Lake, also several grow-



MANZANITA BERRY AND BLOSSOM

ing beside the trail to Vernal Falls, and many near the Happy Isles path. The ripe fruit is of a dull red, and emits a fragrance as sweet as that of a flower.

The rocky undulations on the north side of the Valley are the favorite locations of the choke-cherry and the manzanita. The choke-cherry is of a bright red color, deepening to almost black when mature, and grows in long, graceful, drooping clusters. It is astringent and slightly bitter, but has a strong, rich, cherry flavor. Its chief use, I gathered from experienced camp housekeepers, is in flavoring the jelly made from manzanita berries, which, alone, is rather tasteless. The manzanita (little apple) berry is of a cinnamon brown when ripe, but it is best to use it before it is fully ripe,

when of a pellucid, green-white hue. The evergreen manzanita shrub, with its buff stems and pale green leaves, is typical of California, the buoyant, ever-young State. In September, bravely decked in delicately tinted, perfumed, fairy-like bells and brown berries, it is a fit denizen of Yosemite, the Garden of Enchantment.

Whether crowned with flat masses of cream-white blossoms, or with purple berries, the elder-tree is an ornament in the woods. The handsomest specimens seen by the writer grew near the romantic path which leads to Vernal and Nevada Falls. The tall shrubs grew beside the wild, foaming Merced river, sheltered by high walls of rock. They were covered with rich clusters of berries thickly powdered with a soft bloom, and the trees reminded me



CHOKE-CHERRY

irresistibly of giant heliotrope bushes in full blossom. Elderberries ripen in September, and make appetizing pies and delightful preserves. They grow well on the floor of the Valley, and are also found among the rocks on the less precipitous walls of the Yosemite.

A berry which I could not at first place was ultimately identified as the service-berry by the venerable Galen Clark, discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees, and authority on all that concerns Yosemite. It is like a tiny damson and grows on a tall shrub, not unlike a plum tree. It is not plentiful in the Valley, and being doubtful as to its nature, I did not taste it. The accompanying photograph, which is a perfect representation of this fruit, will give botanists an opportunity to place it in its proper species.



SERVICE-BERRY

The wild raspberry of Yosemite is black. The graceful clinging plants resemble blackberry vines, and the berries, green, red or black, according to the stage of development, tip the ends of the branches. Wherever there is moisture it thrives, either beside the trails or in the woods bordering the river. Blackberries thrive in places, being especially plentiful near Inspiration Point.

The wild plum-tree grows in the Valley, but I was unable to find one bearing fruit. Later I was told by a person who had resided over twenty years in the Yosemite that the wild plum never matures there. It comes to perfection, however, near Wawona and other places in the mountains, and is a very finely-flavored fruit.

In this enchanted garden there are many non-edible berries to delight the eye in autumn. Among these the vermilion haws of the wild rose make brilliant dots of color amid the green. They are not, of course, poisonous, yet can scarcely be named among the

fruits. The purple wild currant charms the artistic, as it droops in graceful clusters. Handsome bunches of red-green berries displace the scented white plumes of the wild lilac. The shining black berries of the coffee-shrub have medicinal virtues as well as beauty, while clusters of dark fruit adorn the honeysuckle vines. Along the staircase trail to Glacier Point, the writer discovered a scarlet berry growing singly on a low shrub. It is an exact counterpart of the cherry in miniature, and is said to be exceedingly poisonous. But it is very pretty. The twin-berry, so called because it always grows in pairs, is another charming red berry sometimes found in the shaded woods.

Merced, Cal.

THE SHOWER OF GOLD

By MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

LL AFTERNOON beside a stream green bordered I fled the noise and heat of blazing day; Gray rock-walls rose, with fern-lace fair embroidered; Silence and shadow held their easeful sway.

Through the close trees there fell no sun-ray gleaming; In twilight green the streamlet slumbered there-A naiad on a mossy couch a-dreaming, With silver lilies in her shadowy hair.

But as the westering day waned slow to even, Where jealous trees less careful guard. Sudden there fell a shaft of light from heaven And down the shaft a rain of molten gold.

The cold stream flashed to tremulous fire; the golden Beam kissed the dreaming wave to ecstasy. I knew the shining shower of fables olden— Great Jove upon the breast of Danae! Tucson, Arizona.

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

By J. TORREY CONNOR

VII.

THE ONE WOMAN.

HE sun was not an hour risen over the City of Mexico; yet for hours the villages on the Viga Canal had been astir. In the gray twilight that precedes the dawn the boats glide quietly down the silvery strip of water, their Indian crews—men bare-legged, bare-armed,

women clothed in a single limp, cotton garment, with garlands of poppies on their straight, black locks—laboring silently at the poles.

The sun was not an hour risen; but the last boat has passed the Garita de la Viga. The flower-freighted craft led; sun-kissed blossoms droop, and the flower-seller cries her wares in vain. The venders of the flower-market were all in their places—even Chiquita, "the lazy one"—when Pauline Staines entered the inclosure.

She lifted her skirts daintily from contact with the wet pave, and picked her way among piles of refuse—leaves, stalks, and discarded blooms—that had not yet been removed. On the stands were odorous heaps of flowers which the people of the market were weaving, with unerring taste as to color-combinations, into wreaths and bouquets.

Now she stooped to inhale the perfume of the violets, or to finger the waxen cup of a magnolia blossom; and, unconscious of the



THE CROWD OF IDLERS



"HERSELF, THE FAIREST FLOWER OF ALL"

picture she made, she raised a sheaf of lilies and buried her face in the fragrant mass.

Watching her from afar, himself unseen, Lowell Weston said: "She is the fairest flower of all."

At war with destiny—it seemed to him that he could not let Pauline go out of his life—he had battled the whole night through.



STILL PICTURESQUE

Peter snored lustily by his side, recking not of the stormy soul that cried voiceless anathema on the fate that would give the priceless treasure of this woman's heart into the keeping of one so little fitted to care for it.

Lowell had done a deal of thinking between the hours of dark and dawn. Also, he had read the Book of Life, not by slow sentences, but by chapters; and reading, he learned that for him there would ever be an unsatisfied desire—to hold the One Woman in his arms. Honors, riches, length of days—what were these when his arms and his heart were empty? Whatever work he should, in future, set himself to do, her image would come between—the face, with its soft, blushing curve of cheek and chin, the smooth forehead, shadowed by wavy brown hair, the deep eyes with starry lights in them, the tender scarlet mouth with its mirthful curves.

Countless captivating tricks of manner, that gave the key to her individuality, recurred to him—the way in which she held herself, simply, yet with a certain beautiful reserve; little gestures which she used, gestures as expressive as words; the varying shades of



LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF THE PEOPLE

feeling as displayed by the ever-changing expression in voice and look. No other woman had such ways.

The thought of winning Pauline from his cousin—a thought which, at first, had been cast out as he would have cast out promptings of evil—returned in force. He welcomed it, turning it over in his mind as he tossed on a pillow of unrest; and, as unrefreshed as when he lay down, he went forth at break of day to renew the conflict.

He tramped on and on, leaving the capital far behind. The green, smiling valley of Mexico, bounded by the lakes and the mountains, was about him—a sunlit valley, flecked with color-patches where the flowers grew thickly, and nurtured by streams that had their birth in the snows of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl

It was fair to look upon, but the beauty of the scene did not tempt him to linger. Yonder lay the city—and *she* was there.

The struggle went on. It was charge and retreat, charge and retreat, as he alternately bade defiance to fate, or writhed under the fire of self-condemnation. Suddenly he woke to the consciousness of physical discomfort, for he "fought fasting."

He would seek her—he would not seek her. With the tumult of conflicting emotions still raging within him, he made his way back to the city.

The weariness of long-continued strife was upon him; and ever, as he roused to further effort, he asked himself the old, old questions—for which there is no answer—of what, and how, and why.



"WOMEN IN SHAPELESS GOWNS"

Out of his disordered thoughts one thought shaped itself clearly, distinctly. He was standing where ways divide, and he needed no guide-post to tell him which way honor lay. If he erred, it would be with intent.

He must decide—now! The professor and his party were to leave within the hour for Cuernavaca, from which place they would journey to the ruins of Xochicalco; and both Peter and himself had been invited to accompany them. Should he go? Would he dare to go?

As he turned into the street on which stands the flower market, Polly crossed his path. He did not marvel that she was abroad at so early an hour, any more than he would have marveled at the sunshine, or the singing of the birds. It was enough that she was

A RED PARASOL IN MEXICO

there. When she left the market, he followed her, unobserved, to the door of her hotel.

An hour later, Lowell betook himself to the train. Save that he was pale and very quiet, there was nothing in his manner to indicate the storm through which he had passed.

The station was a Babel of sounds. Itinerant merchants, on the lookout for the crumbs of trade, had joined the crowd of idlers—today, as every day, attending the arrival and departure of trains—that hung about the building; their calls, mingled with the shrill cries of the venders of water-ices, milk and *dulces*, the piercingly sweet strains from the primitive instrument of an Indian musician,



"WITH JADED REBOZOS OVER THEIR HEADS"

and the beggars' monotonous, droning plea for alms, "por el amor de Dios," assailed the ear.

Polly stood watching the ebb and flow of the human tide. There were woman in shapeless cotton gowns, with faded *rebozos* draped over their heads; brigandish men, with *sombreros* tilted over their eyes; *peons* in white cotton garments and leathern sandals; *cargadores*, staggering, their backs bowed beneath burdens that bent them double. Lowell made his way directly to her; his eyes interpreted the speech denied.

"In Mexico," she said, when she had returned his greeting, "there are compensations for growing old—one may still be picturesque."

The professor was driving the hotel mozo to the verge of imbe-

cility with his questions and commands, delivered in very bad Spanish. Aunt Zenia, a disturbed expression on her usually placid countenance, fidgeted over the luggage. No sooner did Lowell appear than she seized upon him, and poured her grievances into his sympathetic ear.

"We've had *such* a time getting here! Polly went to buy fruit, and idled half the morning away—"

"But, Aunt Zenia, it is a lovely morning—just the kind to be idled away. And didn't I bring you a peace-offering?"

"A red rose! A rose as big as a peony!" sniffed Miss Snodgrass. "She wanted to pin it on me—Ah, there comes Doctor Bolton!



A PLEA FOR ALMS

Peter, too! Good-morning, Peter. A fine day for our trip. I wish you would join the party, doctor."

"We're not going," growled Peter, with a darkling glance at his counsin, who was monopolizing Polly. "I don't know why. Lowell discovered important business that must be attended to. But I didn't know it myself until half an hour ago, professor! Mine not to reason why, mine but to do—"

"Peter, I want to thank you for the dulces you sent in last night." Polly interrupted. Her smile, a thing of beauty, fell alike on the just and the unjust; and Peter, comforted, forgot his grievance against his cousin. "If you'll allow me to give you some grand-

motherly advice," she went on, lowering her voice, "I think it about time you began to save, instead of—"

"I love to give advice myself, but I never take any. It is a matter of principle, with me."

"You are a lamb, Peter, a perfect lamb—as I told you the first time I took you out shopping. But you have a certain goat-like stubbornness that is sad to see in one so young—"

"Bah!" said Peter, unintentionally carrying out Polly's simile. "My age again! I wish you wouldn't everlastingly remind me how infernally young I am."



PEONS

He laid hold of Polly's red parasol, and with the handle drew an intricate pattern in the dust. Polly hastily reversed the parasol, and Peter started a new pattern.

"We won't quarrel about your years," said Polly. "There are other subjects, and more interesting ones, I'm sure, over which we can disagree. But come! The professor is beckoning; the train must be ready to pull out. Give me my parasol, please."

"You'd better get aboard before all the seats are taken," the professor advised. "Peter, lend a hand with the lunch-hamper, will you?" He drew Doctor Bolton aside. "Watch him—watch Lowell Weston!" he cautioned. "If he makes any move toward leaving the city, telegraph me. The success of the Syndicate's plans depends on *you*."

"I would d-do anything f-f-for you—and your s-s-s—and your sister," the doctor assured him.

"The train isn't due to start for a minute or so," said Lowell to Polly, as he assisted her to mount the steps.

There was an elusive something in her manner, when they met, that had held him dumb and constrained. In other women it might be coquetry; but with Polly—he always thought of her as Polly



"BRIGANDISH FIGURES"

now—it was different. She—was not like other women—there was no one in the whole world like her. No! Polly would not play the part of coquette, when a poor wretch was in the dust at her feet.

He was puzzling over the matter, when he became aware that she had asked him a question, and that she was regarding him inquiringly.

"Pardon me!' he said, rousing himself with an effort. "I am in the clouds this morning."

"Oh, but come back to earth!" she cried. "I want to find out if the train passes through Teotihuacan—that's where the Aztec pyramids of the Sun and the Moon are, you know. I borrowed Aunt Zenia's book, and read up on the subject. I intend to talk as im-

provingly as I know how to the professor while we are en route. I've been practicing on Aunt Zenia, and she was good enough to make a polite show of interest."

More than once, since the day that she and Lowell had bidden each other a silent farewell, there behind the closed door that shut out the world for a space, had she masked her feelings under this gay insouciance. She had hidden the truth from Aunt Zenia, evading the good lady's probings; she had hidden it from the professor, who was displaying unwonted interest in her affairs. And now, frightened by the tumult of her heart, she would have denied the truth to herself!

The train, after the fashion of Mexican trains, got under way

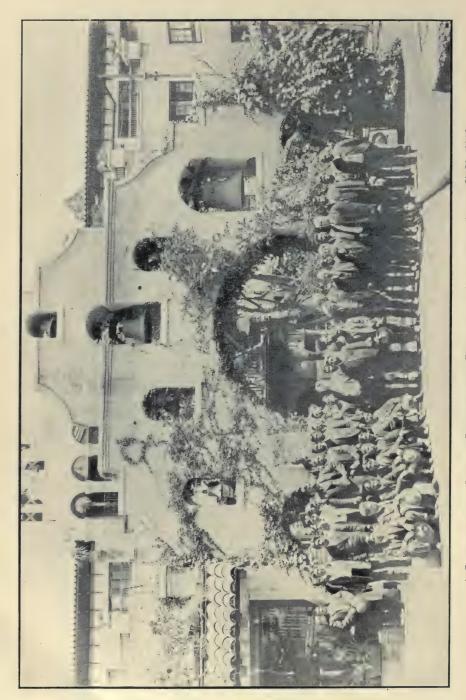


A MILK VENDER

without warning. Lowell stood gazing at Polly, as if he would gather and treasure a last look at the fair, sweet face. He was parting forever—oh, the finality of youth!—from the One Woman, yet he did not touch her hand. The leave-taking was as informal as a "good-night" spoken in the sala of the hotel, with expectation of meeting on the morrow. He even smiled at Polly, looking up at her as she leaned on the rail.

Doctor Bolton and Peter scrambled off the rear platform and turned to wave farewell; but Polly saw no one but Lowell. Across intervening space he still smiled at her as the train slowly steamed out of the station.

[To be continued.]



A GROUP AT THE INDIAN CONFERENCE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA APRIL 27-29, 1908

THE FIRST THEATER IN CALIFORNIA

By WILLIAM ALBERT CURTIS.



GIFT from a prisoner to his captives—such was the first theater in California. A peace-offering which developed into the foundation stone of one of the mightiest institutions in the State. It seems an atrocious irony of fate, emphasizing the victories of peace.

The theatre in California today represents an investment of about \$7,000,000. Two hundred show-houses of various types and sizes are scattered from San Diego to Mendocino, and thousands thwart care under the magic spell of the foot-lights. From a humble gift has sprung the subject of one of California's proudest boasts—"California is a good show-State." And what greater tribute is to be paid San Francisco than that which is now accorded her by the "profession," despite the disaster of two years ago, "'Frisco is the best show-town in the country."

From small springs large rivers grow, and a neat, squat, adobe hall in the pueblo of Sonoma was the forerunner of the immense theatrical business of today. This modest building was originally the property of General M. G. Vallejo, after whom the town of Vallejo was named, and who was one of the stalwarts in the army of the Mexican government.

The building was designed for use as a storehouse, and was built by the general's Indians. Its style of architecture was not unusual, being, in common with the surrounding buildings, low, flat, and Moorish—of the type wihch is popularly known today as "Mission." A failure of crops, however, had rendered it idle, and it lay in disuse until the spring of the year 1847

California's future at that period lay in a trembling balance. The United States wished it and had practically won a title to it on the battle-field from Mexico. Yet notwithstanding this, England and Russia, with superb effrontery, cast their eyes, so to speak, across the seas, and were fascinated with the land which greeted their vision.

Then came General Frémont and his history-making army. All resistance was easily overcome and Frémont gained Central California and the bay-counties without difficulty. As he advanced, history reveals that he waxed in experience and caution.

In view of the unsettled conditions, this latter instinct prompted him to cause the arrest of Vallejo. Might not the old warrior have transferred his allegiance to England, when he beheld the sway of Mexico tottering? Patently, it would be to the advantage of England to have an agent in the new country.

The duty of making the arrest fell to Company C, of Colonel

Stevenson's regiment, and Vallejo submitted with the scant grace which his fiery nature, blazing with indignation, would allow. A few days of reflection and courteous treatment from soldiers served to reconcile the old fighter to the amenities of the situation. At length he reached the philosophical conclusion that in the end friendship was to be preferred to enmity and determined upon a new course of procedure to succeed the abuse which he had been heaping upon the heads of his guards.

His change of mind was at once apparent to the soldiers. Their meals were prepared by the general's servants, and all possible comforts and luxuries afforded them. Vallejo personally arranged for various sports and dances.

But the old soldier was quick to detect the amusement-hunger which afflicts the people of the western land. Something was lacking. Time hung heavily on the shoulders of the members of the company and Vallejo racked his brain for some time-killing device. Soon he had it—a theatre!

He turned over to his captors his storehouse, the building described before, and suggested that it be converted into a playhouse. Sixty willing hands bent to the work, and in a remarkably brief time the interior had been entirely changed. A platform was erected at one end of the structure, and on either side of it boxes. Slanting upward and away from the stage at a gentle angle, rows of rough benches were placed on stalwart supports. Branches of trees and other homely decorations were used to conceal the nakedness of the walls.

The question of an opening bill was very easily answered. But one bit of playwriting was available, "The Golden Farmer," a farce comedy which had achieved considerable popularity in the East. Fortunately one of the members of the company had a copy of the text in book form, the play having attained a vogue sufficient to warrant its presentation in this form by an enterprising publisher.

But had the stage manager the repertoire of a Charles Frohman or a David Belasco at his command, it is hardly probable that a better piece could have been selected, so well were its exigencies adapted to the material at hand. In the first place, it had but three female parts, and, to tell the truth, the feminine element of the population within one hundred miles of Sonoma, excluding San Francisco, numbered but five white women. These were married, and their husbands entertained deep-rooted scruples against loaning their wives to soldiers to play with. Accordingly, the old expedient of the female impersonated by the beardless youth was utilized.

The great day arrived. A wonderful radiant Indian blanket closed off the stage as effectively, and lent an air of mystery as truly, as one of the latest-pattern asbestos curtains in a modern

play-house. Shortly after sundown the first of the audience began to appear.

The first to reach the door was an Indian. Once inside, he grunted and comfortably settled himself in state as far to the rear as he could get, to the surprise of the soldiers.

What an audience greeted California's first theatrical performance! Indians, cowboys, Mexicans, Spaniards, adventurers, bandits and soldiers—a picturesque assortment gathered from the corners of the globe rendering homage in this virgin land at the altar of Thespis. In the box sat Mrs. Vallejo and her husband, and Alcalde Boggs of the pueblo and his wife.

Then the curtain rose and the actors began their work of entertainment. Stage-fright bothered them not, for they knew not selfconsciousness. Unaffectedly natural and enjoying every moment and situation with a keen zest, the play progressed to the final curtain and the audience retired well pleased.

The curtain on the larger stage of life has now rung down on all of the actors who participated, and so a complete cast of characters is at this late date unobtainable. The title role, "The Golden Farmer," was enacted by William Huefner, who, after completing his term of service with Stevenson, remained in the new land and before his death became marshal of the Society of Pioneers.

"Jenny Twitcher," a farmer's daughter, was impersonated by Howard Scott, who added to a beardless face a soft southern accent. Others participating in the performance were Lysander E. Washburne, who lived to be numbered among the prominent citizens of San Francisco, and David Norris, to whom the cue to exit was given in Alameda two years ago.

News of the success of the performance travelled rapidly. A week later it was well known in San Francisco, and, encouraged by Vallejo and Alcalde Boggs, the soldiers held more rehearsals and perfected themselves in their parts. Then excursions were held from San Francisco to witness the succeeding performances.

For a month a small boat was operated between Sonoma and San Francisco simply for the purpose of affording the home-sick an opportunity to see a real show once more. The soldiers in this manner cleared a snug little sum of money, which was devoted to improving the quality of the company's mess and to other luxuries.

Eventually Frémont's suspicion against Vallejo began to waver, and finally the Pathfinder conceded that he had made a mistake. Before he ordered the release of his prisoner, however, he decided upon on of the picturesque tricks for which he was famous.

One evening a squad of cavalry swooped down upon the home of Vallejo, and Mrs. Vallejo was asked to come to the porch. When

she complied with the request, she was handed an English and an American flag.

"Which of these flags do you choose?" asked the officer in command.

"This is the flag my husband has taught me to love," replied the woman, clasping the latter banner. "It is the one he wishes to see waved over his beloved California." Evidently the young soldier was impressed, as his superior withdrew his men a few days later and Vallejo was released.

The old general lived but a few years longer, only long enough to see his vast holdings taken away from him by the influx of "Gringoes." Once, when a party of squatters had executed a particularly bold steal, Vallejo was asked for an opinion of the new-comers.

"I like the Yankees," he replied. "I would rather be swindled by them than by anybody else. They do it so scientifically."

"But they are reducing you to poverty," his son protested in alarm.

"Well, let it go," answered his father. "What good will it do to open an old sore? Let the wound heal—I brought it on myself. 'Whoso calls the bull must look out for the horns.'"

Vallejo was on his deathbed. His friends spoke bitterly of the wrong inflicted upon him by the new settlers and mentioned the name of a man who had recently been killed and who had been very instrumental in reducing the Vallejo fortunes.

"I throw no mud on the graves of the dead," declared Vallejo vehemently, when he observed that he was called upon for some comment. And so he died, doubly honored, a brave soldier and the donor of California's first theater.

San Francisco.

BUCKTHORN

By J. C. DAVIS.

H, IS it a wisp of camp-fire smoke,
Adrift on the hill-side brown?
Or is it a mist by dawn-light kissed?
Or a bit of the sky dropped down?

Oh, Poppy-gold and the purples bold Of the Lupin are fine and rare; But the Buckthorn bloom that veils my hills Is fairest of all things fair.

Devore, Cal.

ON THE OVERLAND

By JENNET JOHNSON.



LONG as he could keep the fancy, Ellery gave himself up to it luxuriously, leaning back in his section and watching the sweep of dark hair against the girl's cheek. She wasn't really at all like Beatrice, and yet—the simple coil at her neck, with the tendrils half-curl-

ing about an ear, were powerfully suggestive. Man-like, Ellery saw no differences between Fifth Avenue simplicity and this New England variety three seats in front of him. So, equally man-like in the bigness, the whole-souledness of his live, his undeclared love for the One Woman, Ellery sat in the half-twilight of the car and dreamed. The heavy Pullman lurched and rumbled on monotonously; the train, trying to make up lost hours, was straining ahead like a tired hunted thing, throwing the flat Kansas miles steadily behind—the miles that were separating him from Beatrice. Ellery closed his eyes as the twilight slipped rapidly into dark. The porter had not lighted the lamps—there were compensations in travelling by the less perfectly equipped Overland, after all! Now for a while he could forget that he was on a train—he could be again in the fire-lit library with her.

It is to be feared that Ellery spent a very miserable half-hour there with Beatrice before the porter lighted the lamps; and the result of it all was only a stronger conviction that giving up a girl because you won't ask her to be poor and live at The Needles with you is a cheerless kind of virtuousness. Ellery knew life well enough to realize that he had chosen a virtue, which was its only reward; and now, as he foresaw one Ellery and Virtue riding side by side, together across the Mojave on surveying trips through the unchanging, sun-steeped days, his pride almost failed. Knowing that she was not—not indifferent—it would have been so easy to say, "Come with me!" Ah, God knew how hard it had been not to say it!

Darkness had already come when they pulled into Newton for dinner, and Ellery started forward with the other passengers to leave the car. But an important old lady and her stout and comfortable husband blocked his way for an instant, and Ellery glanced back at the emptying aisle. The girl in lower Eleven was still sitting there, tremulous and uncertain, watching the others disappear in pairs and parties into the black strangeness outside. Ellery hesitated a moment, then he stepped toward her. Her full face had nothing of the pale, chiselled beauty of Beatrice, but she was very pretty and very nervous, and the box of crackers on the seat beside her touched Ellery's heart.

"Pardon me," he said-and Ellery's smile was very disarming-

"but this is the only station, you know, where you can get anything to eat tonight."

The girl flushed all over her pink-and-white prettiness, and dropped her eyes in embarrassment. Ellery could fairly hear the cautious mother's parting injunction, "Speak only to uniformed officials, my dear," struggling against her frank young friendliness.

"All of these people—we all go into the dining-room together, if you care to come along," he added in casual kindness, and indicated the Important Lady's vanishing gray back as he turned away. Presently the girl appeared on the dark station platform, and Ellery merely sauntered a little apart from her as she hurried toward the strip of yellow light and the clanging gong.

It was in the dining-room at Trinidad the next afternoon that they finally spoke to each other for more than a "Thank you." There had been a hot-box during the night, and in the morning Ellery had seen the girl at Dodge City, gazing hungrily at a very Western lunch-room sign and nervously fingering a betrayingly shiny chatelaine, and he had come to the rescue with two sandwiches of the "three-decker" variety. During the day he noticed her excitement half-nervous, half-happy—a sort of fluttering anticipation which made her pick up her bright-covered magazines and drop them again uncut. Like Ellery, she preferred to rest her head against the high-plushed back and look out at the stretch of gray plains. Child as she was, and unused to any travel (as Ellery inferred from the bright brown of her suit-case and the immaculateness of her gloves), she had all the dignity of an older woman of experience a dignity which seemed to be born of a firm and happy purpose. Ellery fell to wondering about her in the pauses of his own uncheering thoughts. And when he had resolutely put away the picture of Beatrice saying good-bye in her library—a good-bye so different from Beatrice's customary calm good-byes in its fluctuating warmth and coldness, blushes and palenesses that it made his heart miss a beat even now in remembrance—when he had wrestled himself into a tired triumph for pride and had forced himself to say, "I am glad I didn't ask her to come to this God-forsaken country with me"then Ellery tried to forget himself by fancying what pictures this girl in front of him was making. He knew the symptoms of daydreams too well, did Ellery, to think for a moment that she was a bit more interested in the landscape than he.

She was going to visit an aunt or a cousin in Los Angeles, he decided. It was her first trip away from Worcester (the end of her suit-case helped here) or at least from Massachusetts, and she was dreaming about the pictured rose-covered cottages, and the new clothes in her new trunk in the baggage-car, and the young men she would meet, so different from the boys at home! Ellery sighed.

Ah, well, he hoped she would find her roses and dresses and new friends half as delightful in the real as in her dream picture. It was the happiest time of her life—while things were as they seemed, and not as they were!

It was at dinner that night as she sat beside him, fresh as a flower at the long white table, that the airy waitress overturned a cup of coffee on her waist, and in the instinctively co-operative mopping-up

they fell into friendly talk.

"And so," Ellery said as he followed her back into their car, "I was right in my surmise. You are going to an undiscovered country—undiscovered for you, I mean."

The girl laughed happily, "Yes," and then, like a child, "Oh, I can hardly wait—till tomorrow afternoon!" She said the last word

as if it had been "eternity."

So it was not to be Los Angeles, after all. Poor child, her new clothes would find few admirers in Phoenix or Tucson, and Arizona sun is not the best preservative of pink-and-whiteness! Ellery seated himself on the arm of the section opposite, and looked grave.

"I'm afraid you won't find many-many attractions in the Terri-

tory."

The girl laughed again and opened her lips, then closed them and turned her crimsoning cheeks to the dark window-pane. The car was warm and quiet; its occupants were taking their kill-time siestas, or reading doggedly in the uncertain light. For all that they were observed, Ellery and the girl might have been alone. She was silent for a minute, and Ellery watched her struggling with her happiness. She was like a fluttering bird. Then she turned from the window.

"I'm-I'm only going for one-attraction."

She seemed to repent of her confidence as soon as she had made it; then again in an instant the thing itself, the Big Thing, blotted out all her little thoughts for convention, and she raised her head proudly. Ellery understood her relief in uttering what her heart had been dumbly singing for two thousand miles. The girl did not misunderstand, either, when he held out his hand with unmistakable warmth.

"Congratulations!" he said.

For several minutes neither spoke, but Ellery felt no dismissal, nor did the friendliness in any wise fade from the girl's face. Then—and was it her intuition of his interest, and perhaps loneliness. or her own naive overflow?—she began to speak, softly and with little catches in her voice.

"I knew him at home, in Worcester, you know, and we'vewe've looked forward to this for three years. And now I'm going to him."

Ellery did not like to voice the "where" that he would have asked. "He is at Yucca, Arizona," the girl went on, in a soft little voice that could not hide the pride. "There are some mines about seven miles away, and he has the deposit and shipping-house. We shall be very busy."

Ellery could have smiled at that "we," had his heart not ached for the young Discoverer. "When things are as they are," he said to himself, and thought of Yucca. Why, he did not even remember the place in all his journeys over the road—and a station in the Territories too small to be remembered—God help the bride-elect, when the moment of disillusion came!

"Do you know, have you any idea, what Western Arizona is like?"

he asked, half dreading half longing to help.

The girl started. "I beg your pardon?" and he repeated the

question.

"Why, of course. I have a whole book full of his snap-shots," she said. "It is gray, and flat, and lonesome, isn't it? with dust storms that you call chinooks, and perhaps four inches of rain a year, and Christmas Day just like Fourth of July? Yes, I know about it." Her tone was almost impatient. She seemed surprised at his commonplaceness in so questioning her.

Ellery leaned toward her, his breath coming fast and faster. The lights swayed from side to side as the train jerked around a curve, and the man bent far forward, his eyes devouring the radiance of her

"And knowing—this—you are content, happy to go and live there?"

In answer the girl only looked at him.

The short winter twilight had fallen when, with the jarring of brakes and shrill whistles that came back in empty echoes across the wide spaces, the train approached Yucca. Ellery watched the glowing face under the stylish little hat, and when the porter went forward with the suit-case and umbrella (Ellery smiled at the dainty monogramed handle), he too went forward, to say good-bye.

Even in her self-absorption the girl started at the light in his eyes. But she was too happy to wonder at, or even notice, the peculiar

cordiality of his wishes.

"He would thank you," she said simply, as she held out her hand, "if he knew how kind and helpful you have been—" She stopped with an excited little gasp.

"There," she cried. "Look! There is our home, and—"

Ellery climbed down the open trap where the porter hung with bags and umbrella, in cheerful readiness to dispose shortly of one of his responsibilities. From the lowest step Ellery could see her future home—a square wooden building of the regulation dull red of the railroad, a square brown enclosure with a fence of the same red, two planks on a pole, the swinging black-and-white sign, "Yucca," and a man in a sombrero waiting.

"Yucca!" called the porter, flourishing his stool.

The Important Lady turned from her novel as the train raced

"She'll change her expression," she remarked sententiously to her comfortable spouse, who paid no attention except to rustle the Buffalo Dispatch. "That is, unless she's a fool."

Ellery, behind the gray back, smiled to himself. Then he beckoned to the porter, yawning and sauntering down the aisle. There

was a little catch in his voice as he spoke.

"Bring me a telegraph blank," he said.

Redlands, Cal.

ABALONE INDUSTRY OF THE CALIFORNIA COAST

By MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.



HE ABALONE industry has reached such commercial value on the California Coast that it has been necessary to enact a law to protect and preserve these boneless mollusks. The law tries to do this by limiting the size of the shells collected, young ones being prohibited by

the statute.

In point of time these invertebrate fishes outrank man, having appeared on the earth during the Upper Cretaceous epochs and clung to Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene rocks during millions of years.

The consumption of the Abalone, or Haliotis shell-fish, as food is of too early an origin to have been recorded. Athenæus, a Greek writer noted for epicurean taste, who lived at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, is reported to have considered the animal of the Haliotis as "exceedingly nutritious but indigestible." The California Indians were large consumers of these native shell fish, as the many kitchen-middens, or shell-mounds, testify. The largest abalone shells the writer has seen were from the shell mounds of San Nicolas Island, where, according to Dr. S. Bowers, "Millions multiplied by millions would be but a beginning," in ennumerating the vast number of shells in the heaps, "of which the Haliotis predominates." Some years ago the writer saw black abalones in a crevice on Santa Catalina Island, and, at first, mistook them for fossils. Jeffreys, the well-known English conchologist, is often quoted as authority that "The maritime negroes of Senegal esteemed one species a great delicacy. . . H. tuberculata is habitually eaten by the poor in the north of France and in our Channel Isles, where it is occasionally cooked and served at the tables of the rich." This species, however, will not compare with the California product in size.

We know the Chinese and Japanese have been large consumers of these animals from our Pacific shores. It may be safely said that the consumption of these mollusks is world-wide, wherever they abound.

The consumption of Abalones by Americans has been rather tentative, but lately there has been an active demand for this article of food, largely due to the manner of preparing the fish for market. It is sold in cans, and advertised as "highly recommended by physicians for its strengthening and invigorating qualities" (?) The contents of the can are tiny cubes, or dice-like bits, of shell-fish—not unlike little squares of fishes of the vertebrate type—and

these with the liquid are made into soup, chowder, fritters, salad, etc.

As Halioti are vegetable feeders, dwell between fissures of rocks daily, and, we may say, are hourly washed by sea water, a dish of these mollusks ought to be as acceptable to a dainty palate as clams taken from the odorous beds in the San Pedro Channel. While the San Pedro Abalone fisheries label their cans both in Japanese and English as "Abalone," one enterprising firm disguises the name under "Eno Laba," Abalone spelled backward!

As an export, the fish is dried rather than canned. Before the Abalone fishery became such an industry, the writer saw strings of dried abalones in Mexican stores in Los Angeles. They were nearly oblong in shape, from three to four inches long and like leather in appearance; they formed a fine contrast to the long strings of bright-red chili-peppers that hung beside them. As the liver, head and mantle of the abalone are removed, only the immense foot (it has but one) and abductor muscles are utilized in drying.

The Halioti shells are too well known to need describing. These flat, oval shells, with their spire near the margin, are common objects. Their beautiful play of color make the finer speciments objects of admiration as mother-of-pearl curios.

In the early sixties of the last century, when the industry was developed on this coast, it was the shell alone that gave it commercial value. Dr. Stearns wrote in 1869, "The value of the exports of the Haliotis or Abalone shells from San Francisco was, in the year 1866, \$14,440, being 1697 sacks, each of two bushels capacity, and in the year 1867 the export had increased to 3714 sacks, worth \$36,090." In 1889 it was said three hundred tons were shipped from the Lower Californian coast in one year, fifty tons being handled by one man in a month's time. The Chinese were the principal gatherers notwithstanding they were prohibited by the Mexican laws.

The value of the Abalone fisheries had, from 1864 to the latter part of the century, developed from an industry in shells to one of considerable importance as a food export.

In 1892 to 1895, there were Chinese fisheries on the islands of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Miguel and San Clemente, where the animals were dried and shipped to San Francisco for the local use of Chinese and also for exportation.

In 1899 the Abalone fishery at White's Point, two miles north of Point Fermin, the light house, and four miles from San Pedro, reported 60,000 lbs. of dried Abalones and 30,000 lbs. of shells of \$7800 value. The camp at White's Point in 1899, as reported by the Fish Commission, had an "American superintendent with twenty Japanese, nine of whom composed the fishery party, the others working on shore."

The Fish Commission for 1901 reported the Japanese as carrying on the Abalone fishery in Monterey county having "diving suits, air pumps" and latest accessories for collecting the mollusks. The products at this fishery amounted to 108,375 lbs. of dried Abalone meat and 63,293 lbs. of shells. San Diego also had its exportation of Abalones, the dried meat being sent to San Francisco before it was shipped to China. The shell and animal part of the Abalone are of about equal weight when collected, but after the liver and other organs are removed from the meat and it is dried for the market, only about ten pounds of meat is produced from one hundred pounds of shells and meat, a shrinkage of about 90%."

Besides the fisheries mentioned another one of some importance on the northern coast of Mendocino county collected as many as 2300 Abalones a day, according to a writer in *The Overland*. Here also diving suits, galvanized helmet, etc., are a part of the collecting outfit. In 1903, fourteen Japanese were employed, eight attending to the fishing, the others diving, etc. The supervisors of Mendocino county allowed this fishery to be conducted by the Japanese paying a license of \$25.00 per quarter, although \$100 per quarter was mentioned at first as the amount necessary.

The collecting of Abalone fish by using diving armor is an innovation in the United States in the fishery industry. The diver goes down to a depth ranging from twenty to seventy-five feet of water. He used a net-like basket and this is hauled up and emptied by men above. Then the shells are taken to camp. Big wooden tubs hold the meat, which is washed, salted and the following day par-boiled and placed in the sun for a few hours, smoked for three hours, again boiled, dried, and this process is repeated, the drying time extending over weeks, the boiling probably as many hours. The fish are dried on trays.

A description of the fishery at White's Point gives a good idea of a Japanese fishery on the California coast. At this point there are two one-story buildings nestled against the high rocky bluffs along the beach of the Palos Verdes Hills. One building, a conventional cottage with a square roof, is used as the house for the Japanese, and the other, a long shack, for use in the Abalone fishery. Both these buildings command a fine view of the Pacific Ocean, and near them the big black rocks, the home of the Haliotis, are lashed by breakers as high as the cottage roof.

The drying ground of the fishery, a yard semicircular in shape, is enclosed on the ocean side by a coarse, wire fence. Rows and rows of stakes cover this yard, and on these stakes are lath-like strips of wood about eighteen inches from the ground, covering the quaint little yard with ladder-like platforms from twenty to fifty feet long. Big trays from two and one-half to three feet wide by five

feet long are placed on these platforms. The writer made a rough count of these trays, which numbered about 150. As each tray averages one hundred shell fish, some idea of the importance of the fishery may be estimated. Besides the dried fish, there is quite an industry in the canned product, as has been mentioned. A gasoline launch and boats are necessary to the business.

The writer lately visited the camps, which had been reported as closed, or about to close for four or five years, because of the depletion of the fish. On account of a wind-storm the launch had that day been sent to San Pedro to anchor. Only three or four Japanese remained in camp and they were grinding and cutting strips of mother-of-pearl from some green Abalones (Haliotis fulgena Phil.) for inlaid work. The head Japanese said the fishery would be conducted four or five days a month during the winter. When asked if he expected to carry on the fishery next summer, he said he hoped so, but seemed inclined to be non-committal.

For some years it has been apparent that prohibitive measures must be taken, or California would be depleted of one of her most beautiful products. Counties had tried prohibitive measures by taxation. Monterey supervisors taxed the Japanese cannery at Carmel Bay, six miles south of Monterey, \$60 per year, making it. according to Dr. Robert E. C. Stearns, unlawful to "Fish for Abalones except in deep water, and by means of diving apparatus or other deep sea devices." This tax or license could not be called a restrictive measure sensu stricto. In 1903 an amendment was introduced and approved by the California State Legislature, Feb. 12. This amendment was included in Section 628, relative to the protection and preservation of fish, lobster, shrimp, crab, etc. The clause, as passed prohibited the collecting of "any Abalones or Abalone shells of the kind known to commerce as the black Abalone (Haliotis Californica) the shell of which measures less than fifteen inches around the outer edge of the shell." In 1905 this section of the Penal Code of California was further amended regarding this mollusk, the size of the black Abalone being amended to read twelve inches around the outer edge of the shell, instead of fifteen. Section 628 reads as follows:

"Protection and Preservation of Fish; Close Season, Lobster or Crawfish, Shrimp, Sturgeon, or Crab, Black Abalones. Penalty. Every person who, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of September of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession, any lobster or crawfish; or who at any time has in possession any lobster or crawfish of less size than nine and one-half inches in length, measured from one extremity to the other, exclusive of legs, claws or feelers; or who at any time offers for shipment, ships, or receives for shipment or transportation,

from the State of California to any other place in any other State, territory, or foreign country, of any dried shrimp or shrimp shells; or who, between the first days of September and the first days of November of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills, or has in his possession any crab; or, who, at any time, buys, sells, offers for sale, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession any sturgeon or any female crab or any crab which shell measures less than six inches across the back, or any abalones or abalone shells of the kind known to commerce as the black abalone (Haliotis Californica) the shell of which shall measure less than twelve inches around the outer edge of the shell, or any other abalone shells, or abalones, the shell of which shall measure less than fifteen inches around the outer edge of the shell is guilty of a misdemeanor."

A writer of the Los Angeles Times says of the Japanese fishermen at White's Point, they "get around this very easily by taking the meat of the baby abalones and letting the shells drop to the bottom of the sea." That Section 628 has been enforced, the fines for individual cases testify; men of Anacapa Island, at Ventura and Redondo were each fined twenty dollars for the offense. Rather a big price to pay for immature fish. Mr. H. I. Pritchard, Deputy State Fish Commissioner, to whom the writer is indebted for information relative to the enforcement of the law, says of Japanese arrested near San Clemente Island and near Santa Cruz Island: "They were all heavily fined." They used "diving suits and took 45,000 shells in sixty days."

It is to be regretted that the law makers tried to give the scientific name for the black abalone, as Haliotis Californiensis Swainson—which was evidently intended, there being no such a shell as "Haliotis Californica"—is a rare variety of the black abalone and the writer believes not reported north of the Mexican line. The name of the common black abalone found on the coast is Haliotis Cracherodii, Leach.

As to the law, it is very evident it has been tried and found wanting, not because it is a dead letter, but rather because it is inadequate. As a rule, an immature specimen is of little value, as it is the adult that is more highly prized; but if these mollusks are destroyed as soon as old enough to propagate, of what use to the State is the preservation of the young? To illustrate: Were a gardener to prohibit the removal of all young plants from his garden of annuals but at the same time permit the general destruction of all plants ready to bloom, his sanity might be questioned.

If, instead of allowing the fishing of mature shells every year and every month in the year, it limited the industry to one year in every four or five, even then, with some clause as to amount collected, there would be some restriction in the destruction of these mollusks,

though the law regarding the collecting of the young remained as now.

In primitive times on the California coast, abalone shells not only occupied a distinguished place for ornamental uses, but, the "coin of the realm" being in shell money, the relationship of the Haliotis to other genera of shells was of the highest value.

Stephen Powers, the well known ethnologist, says of this money: "The money answering to gold is made from varieties of the earshell (Haliotis) and is called ullo. * * They cut these shells with flints into oblong strips from an inch to two inches in length, according to the curvature of the shell, and about as broad as long. Two holes are drilled near the narrow end of each piece, and they are thereby fastened to a string (made of the inned bark of the wild cotton or milkweed—Asclepias) hanging edge to edge. Ten pieces generally constitute a string, and the larger pieces rate at \$1 a piece, \$10 a string; the smaller in proportion, or less, if they are not pretty. Being susceptible of a high polish this money forms a beautiful ornament, and is worn for necklaces on gala days. But as money it is rather too large and cumbersome. The Indians generally seek to exchange it for the less brilliant but more useful hawok (Pachydesma crassatelloides). The ullo may be considered rather as jewelry."

When civilized man appeared, imitation found its way into the currency of the red man, and as a natural consequence the abalone money of the Indians was affected by the spurious sort and shell money fell below par as a means for barter. When these shells had lost their commercial value, yet, according to Stephen Powers, they were still valued by the old Indians. He says: "It is singular how the old Indians cling to this currency when they know it will purchase nothing from the stores; but then their wants are few and mostly supplied from the sources of nature; and, besides that, this money has a certain religious value in their minds, as being alone worthy to be offered up on the funeral pyre of departed friends or famous chiefs of their tribes."

The tools of the aborigines, with the exception of such simple implements as the drill used for boring holes and cutting ornamental piece out of shells, were chiefly obsidian or flint knives and awls.

Some years ago the writer saw one of these drills for making wampum and marveled that so simple an implement could have done the work. Evidently dexterity in its use compensated for the lack of mechanism in the tool.

The hurry of civilization, that makes time the servant of labor by the use of steam and dynamo, had no place in their minds as they patiently cut and carved with drill and knife the various shapes "concentric, elliptic, lanceolate, falciform leaf-shaped" and "discoidal pieces."

The aboriginal mode of cutting and polishing the Haliotis contrasted with the methods employed today tells the story of the evolution of physical science. To "hitch your wagon to a star" is an ideal flight, but the imagination is no less quickened when we learn that the electric current that has made possible the carborundum that polishes the abalone of the Pacific shore is furnished by Niagara Falls. This crystalline substance whose hardness is hardly less than that of the diamond is the powder that polishes to a glassy smoothness the rough outer surface of the Haliotis. The emery wheel could not do it for the lapidary, but the wheel charged with carborundum is the wand. These wheels or disks, with a hole in the center, are made of layers and layers, to the number of forty, of thin, coarse muslin; around the circumference is the carborundum reduced to a coarse powder.

The rough epidermis of the Haliotis is first removed by using a coarse wheel charged with tripoli, then another with rouge, and later on they are ready for the glassy polish that only the carborundum can give.

While California, with its possibilities for outdoor work all the year round, makes this work of grinding and polishing of less fatality—having fresh air at command—yet even here the constant worker along this line finds human nature has limits of endurance. J. A. McIntosh, who has a little shop for three or four workers on Main street, in Los Angeles, has been in the polishing business longer than any of his confreres—he having manufactured shell novelties since 1888.

While all parts of the abalone are utilized in ornamental work, breastpins, cuff buttons, etc., are made from the muscular impression, or muscle scar found on the interior of the shell. These muscle scars are the point of connection between the animal and the shell—the most beautiful play of colors is found in these impressions, which sometimes assume grotesque shapes in their iridescent outline. This muscular impression, noted for its iridescence, becomes more beautiful after the animal has matured—in a young shell, especially of the black abalone, the impression is hardly recognizable or much less brilliant. From the muscle scar of an adult black abalone (Haliotis Cracherodii, Leach), stick pins are made that imitate cacholong, a variety of opal, commonly known as pearl opal.

The peculiar shape of the Haliotis rendered it at once a handy utensil or dish for the Indians, the only drawback being the little round holes under the columella, and these they closed with asphaltum. Today campers utilize the shell in many ways even as the aborigines may have done. Commerce recognizes their possibilities

as useful objects, soap trays, pin trays, etc., prepared for the trade find their way into curio stores, thence to seaside and mountain cottages, or, as curios for the tourists.

The Indians made their fish hooks from the thick part of Haliotis. George Frederick Kunz describes the process: "Pearly shells are cut into rude disks of about two inches in diameter; these are then perforated and the perforations gradually enlarged until the disk is reduced to a flattish oval ring; this ring is then cut through on one side, and worked into the shape of the letter C, and the completed hook is soon attained."

Spoons, knives and forks, etc., made from abalones are familiar objects in commerce, as well as articles decorated with inlaid work. George Frederick Kunz, in his work on Pearls and Pearl Shells, describes a piano once exhibited in New York having an entire keyboard of mother-of-pearl, the flats and sharps of green abalone contrasting with the keys of white pearl.

He says of the preparation of the abalone for inlaid work that at Nagasaki the polishing of the shell is not scientifically conducted, the slow process of a fine-grained sandstone being their mode of polishing. But if science facilitates the work of polishing in the United States, the Japanese are far in the front rank in their exquisite lacquer work with "beautiful devices in transparent lacquer.

But the abalone industry, as an art, is only in its infancy on our shores.

Commercially, pearls from Haliotis do not rank with those of the pearl-oyster (Maleagrina Margaritifera), from the Orient, nor the pearl-oyster (Avicula), from the Gulf of California, but these irregular pearls, commercially known as pearl baroques of abalones, have a commercial value, that in a few years has doubled the price quoted to amateur collectors who would add a few to their collection; the finest ones having a value that belong to each individual pearl.

The Indians are said to have formed artificial pearls, according to Yates, when their Haliotis shells did not furnish enough natural ones.

If electric science could manufacture a mineral from sand, coke and salt, that at first deceived the elect, she may evolve a jewel from the mother-of-pearl of the abalone and some other substance which we will designate as X, that will rival in beauty the now popular black pearl of the Gulf.

Hollywood, Cal.

WOODS OF MENDOCINO

By MARGARET TROIL!

NE morning, being quite free from care, and comfortable in your old clothes, you will set out with steady pace from the cabin in the valley. For there is a certain place on top of the ridge called the Mesquite Field, where deer often come, hunted through the

woods by the dogs. The road is broad, for a wood-road, and it first lays itself over a slight knoll, from which the valley shrinks into a picture—a level field, steep ridges north and east, the curve of the western hill. It is green and soft gold; gently blurred, huddling alders by the river; straight, severe pines and redwoods on the ridges.

Then the road takes the steepest slope, and the trees begin to stand in front of the valley-picture, and to step down about you. The Mesquite Field ridge absorbs all your energies. There are black stumps of trees, fallen sooty trunks around which the gracious fern has grouped its friendly brethren. But higher on the ridge are trees yet untouched, rising in their proud, silent way. You will come to bars in a new-made fence, pass some magnificent trees, and come out into a thriving potato patch on the top of the ridge. Deer like potatoes; their sharp hoof-prints tell the tale. Beyond the patch waves the mesquite grass. There are trees on the side of the ridge, but the field ends abruptly to your eyes. The grasshoppers spring in the tall grass that you stir into motion as you wade through. Then the field falls away over the round edge, and the grass trails its warm summer mantle down a long slope which disappears below.

The ocean is marking the line of its domain far off in a creamy blur. To it falls a long sea-slope, fortified rearward by ridge after ridge, pressing on with bayonets of pine and redwood. Wild country lurks back there, but, below, the river and its flats are placid and safe enough, with patchwork of cultivated fields and clumps of motionless cattle. It is fine and airy up here, above the sea, and yet within high reach of its steady thunder, borne up on a breeze sent landward.

This is like a high, safe observation tower, with a clear view on one side, and all the trees marching up on the other three, and thick brush to interfere with your infantry, except that one up-and-down road, altogether strategic, by which you came. But there is a delightfulness about high, level places, only a degree below the exultation brewed on high peaks. Level places are usually low places, but here you may lie down and be a giant in your grass-forest, and yet be conscious that you on your meadow are borne aloft, as on a magic carpet. Nothing can be finer or more uncon-

scious than mere living up here. You belong to the hill, and the breathing of the air, and the still trees that wait on the meadow.

On over the edge, down to the river-flats. The river must be waded, and then you may pick out a way into a gulch. Its wide lower end holds a ranch, and the ridges as they approach each other still admit diminutive flats which bear traces of one-time cultivation. Here are possibilities of deer. One might step from the brush, or be drinking at the creek. But the possibilities do not become substantial realities. One steps on the ridge, as on the first step of a staircase. Fire has eaten up the underbrush, and except for great fallen trunks, black with soot, and occasional low horizontal branches, the trail is clear. The possibilities continue; the deer have nipped the tender fern-tops; here against a tree is an oval depression. "A deer slept there," says the woodsman. The side of a log is deeply rasped. "Bear," says he. But where is he that rested in the pine-needle-bed, and he that sharpened his claws in the log? They have been, they are not, and the silent treepreserves have nothing to tell.

Almost at one step from the incline, the flat top of the ridge is reached. After a tangle of dead young trees and green hazel thickets, the woodsman may announce, "Here's the apple orchard." Standing in thick grass, and seeing only grass, you ask, "Where?" but discover it presently. The familiar attitude of apple-trees appeals to your imagination as needing a farm-house roof and chimney-tops, "bosomed high," to make it less forlorn. There is a black giant of a redwood stump among the orchard trees, and the long grass assails one's knees.

The bark of the banished trees is clawed and scratched by furry apple-thieves, and the boughs bent and broken so that they fall about your shoulders as you stand under them. Apple-trees like to cuddle, and it must soothe their loneliness to have a woman's hand touch their torn and wounded skin, and a woman's eye look up into their green souls. See how their branches sweep down about you! But to-night the bears will come and balance on that slender limb from whence depends a last green apple. The dark forest holds them now, but it is also moving onward, surrounding the outcast orchard. You must go—and the abandoned few do not follow down the mountain, for you have no Amphion's lyre.

Your feet will find an old skid-road from the top of the ridge, and the descent is swift and easy. This road was once disturbingly new, men and mules making it noisy and profane as they dragged the captured trees down to the mill in the gulch. But now—only its bones across some bridged gully, or huge log half buried like some ancient mastodon. The raspberry bushes guard the old road now. They will challenge you with their hooked bayonets, and will

hold you till you answer them gently. Down, down, and the opposite ridges rise. The mill-dam becomes vocal, or it must be a water-nymph sitting draped in her own hair away in there under

the alders, who sings that sibilant, watery song.

Here is the old mill, rising on its sturdy hewn timbers, and looking down the valley, first the dark wooded sides, then the tawny curves of the grass hills. It has a monumental dignity, this old mill, as it awaits the approach of the forest. The army whispers in its ambushes, the wind plays in its banners, every bud and twig will be a recruit to march on the old mill. It is as outcast as the old orchard on the ridge, and all things are preparing for its final disappearance. You see how the wilderness takes the human ways: besets them with bush and brier, lets down big trees about to fall, loosens a stone in its pavement, drops a high bank, so that after a time the mill will sit in the forest, a thing to which nothing comes, from which nothing goes. For the going is taken out of the road. The stream of motion of which it was the channel has sunk away.

So things go back to the old embrace. Nature holds again the outcast orchard, the old mill.

In the next gulch is a steep ridge slope with trees forever migrating down to the river. It is the unexplored wilderness, above, and the charm of running water holds back its crowding wild things.

But then, a trail, a path is made, and the trees stop migrating. Now, some of them lean over it, others reach up to it from below. The river glides on from bend to bend, and the dark ridges disappear one behind the other. But the trail itself—it will lure you on from the rocky point where it clings to the hard bluff, into a cool, still nook, screened by the tops of the river-alders, and guarded by the mountain-side and pine and fir sentries. And there is a maple that begs you to climb up on its arm while the path rambles on beyond. Then Comus will come, and the enchantment is on you. For the ferns lean down, and the maple has strewn a few of its leaves, so that the silence stirs with their trembling. The screen of alders is luminous with the brightness of the river. There is nothing but this, and your soul is white.

Then the spell changes, and your feet caress the soft, brown path, and you come out into the strong sunlight against the rocky wall, wide awake. Below you, and between you and the dark ridge yonder, within the curving arm of the river, stands an apple-orchard, lifting its bright green tops and long sprays hung with red fruit. Beyond it, the little white farm-house has nestled down with the

steep side of the ridge for a back-rest.

And this is what the path leads you to. You might go on—the bees will buzz you a welcome from the hives at the end, and then the trees will stoop down about you, and you can look up into a green sky set with constellations of apples. And what more could you ask?

Keene, Kern Co., Cal.

THE BELLE OF THE PLATTE

By GEO. C. PRICE.



CROSS the long wooden bridge which spanned the shallow, shifting Platte, cantered a sleek black horse. The intermittent breeze floated the broad bands of scarlet silk that adorned a drooping hat of leghorn straw out in parallel lines from the low crown; then,

with every lull those ribbons settled confidently around the neck and shoulders of the most accomplished horsewoman of all that section of very clever equestriennes. Ruey Patrick sat in her saddle, with a careless grace acquired only with long practice, allowing her reins to dangle loosely on either side of Shepard Boy's shiny neck.

Away to the north lay the rolling prairie that lost itself in the rising sandhills, while to the south the Nebraska grass-land seemed boundless, as it stretched on past the scattered buildings comprising the county seat. The newly-painted roof of the court-house was so plainly visible to the young woman cantering over the bridge, that she felt as if she could touch it by just reaching out her hand; but the land of her birth held for her no secret delusion regarding distance, and right well she knew that twelve good long American miles were between her and the bright red roof.

An hour later, after turning Shepard Boy over to the care of Squires, Ruey sauntered up the broad steps of the court-house, dusting her corduroy skirt with the short riding-whip, and entered the sheriff's office. She slipped quietly over to the young man busily engaged at the desk and placed her hands on his broad shoulders.

He looked up at her. They were twins. Yes, absolutely no necessity of placing a question-mark after the word "twins." Ethan had the same dark, curling hair, fathomless brown eyes, and clear, olive complexion that had won for Ruey the title of the "Belle of the Platte."

"Just got in from the ranch?" queried Ethan, as he directed his eyes to the bundle of subpoenas before him.

"Yes," she replied, "I want to see Pa. Where is he?"

"Why, he's in Omaha by this time, on his way to New Orleans, after Kit Nelson. We received the Louisiana papers early this morning, and Pa left on the nine. He told me to tell you to go out to the ranch day after tomorrow and see that the cattle were not suffering for water. If the windmill is out of order, you are to get some of the Webber haying outfit to fix it. You are not to climb the tower again, even if every hoof on the ranch actually burns up for want of water."

"Not climb the tower? Why, I'd rather climb a dozen towers than go begging 'round the Webber ranch."

"What are you giving me, Ruey?" Ethan grinned broadly as he continued, "You'd rather love-make around with Fred Webber than to eat when you're hungry." Going on more soberly, he said:

"By the way, Squires tells me that Fred has asked to ship I'ma Daisy in our car with Shep. I guess he's entered her in the free-for-all, too. Oh, yes! Pa said for you and I to go down to Omaha to Aunt Kate's. If he doesn't get home before, he will stop over in time for the race."

Ethan turned to the subpoenas, and Ruey left the office, calling back to him as she went down the corridor:

"I think Fred Webber has played me a mean trick, not to say a word about entering I'ma Daisy. I'm going out to the track and see how Squires is getting along with Shep."

When Ruey reached the training park Squires was leading Shepard Boy around the cooling ring under the cottonwood trees. He touched his cap and grunted in his gruff way:

"Howdy, Miss Patrick. I've just given Shep a little warming up. It won't do for you to ride him to the ranch again—it's too near the race. We'll have a horse race on our hands now, since Webber's entered the bay mare."

Ruey walked up to the black horse and he began to nibble at the ruffle on her shoulder. Shepard Boy had the Wilks head, with rather a thick throat, but neck well proportioned and set on a pair of fine shoulders, which were connected to the pacing hips by a back as strong as steel. He had good feet and legs—with which he never made a mistake; large nostrils and a breathing capacity that made him a veritable pacing-machine. His kindly countenance, showing extreme intelligence, marked him a race-horse of unusual attractiveness.

Shep's persevering nibbles at Ruey's ruffles were transferred to a big lump of brown sugar which that young lady had taken from Squires' lunch-box.

After Shep had eaten his sugar, Ruey walked to the watering-trough and began to dabble her hand in the water to remove the softened sugar. As she stood by the exercise-cart, she informed Squires that she would ride Tyler out to the ranch a couple of days later, and that he need not worry about her taking Shep again until after the race.

All the remainder of the afternoon was scorching hot. The next day was hotter. Early the following morning Ruey was cantering off toward the ranch, this time riding the hardened saddle-horse Tyler, good for sixty miles, even on a hot day. Tyler kept up his steady gallop, and by nine o'clock Ruey was tying him in the wire pen, at the foot of the windmill tower.

The pump was idle and the great iron tank as dry as a powder-

horn, while six hundred steers pawed the dusty ground in almost famished desperation, their tongues lolling from their parched mouths. A good strong wind was blowing, and Ruey muttered to herself, as she looked up at the wheel, sixty feet above her head:

"If I was a man I'd certainly swear. I've a good mind to swear anyway. Just to think of that no-account gearing! The casting has slipped, and a tornado would not make the wheel turn. All this wind is going to waste, and the cattle are dying for water. Well, it's got to be fixed, and I'm not going near the Webber ranch, either."

With the last word, Ruey gave a vicious jerk at the tool-box and it flew open. She picked out a heavy wrench and fastened the tool-belt around her waist. Up the ladder she crept, the wind blowing stronger at every round and the safety-chain clanking as it dangled from the belt.

It required a great deal of will-power and no child's muscle to keep her feet on the vibrating ladder, and she drew a sigh of relief when she reached the platform, and hooked the snap of the safetychain on the lower brace of the monster fan. Then she began to pound at the casting that had slipped from its place. Half a dozen strokes from the heavy wrench and it flew to its proper position. With lightning-like rapidity the big wheel veered to catch the wind, and Ruev was as suddenly swept from her feet and the thrashing fan held her suspended, sixty feet above the surging steers-sixty feet above a sea of tangled horns, to be precipitated on which meant instant death, or at least mutilation in a horrible manner. It was only by holding on with one hand that she was able to keep herself in an upright position. She did not scream. Ruey was not the screaming kind. She realized that it was impossible again to reach the platform and that her only safety lay in keeping a firm hold of the brace, lest she be swept by the wind so close to the swiftly revolving wheel that her clothing would become entangled and the accident end in a catastrophe so dreadful that the mere thought of it made her shudder.

Fred Webber had noticed Ruey's arrival at the windmill and sat gazing at the tower through a pair of strong field-glasses. He watched her creep up the tower; he saw the fan sweep her from the platform. Springing from the mower-seat, he tore the harness from the sorrel mare, and mounting bare-back lashed the startled animal into a dead run.

The haying gang watched the performance in open-mouthed wonder. Of course they were unconscious of the terrible danger that had so suddenly swooped down on the plucky little Belle of the Platte.

And that danger had increased a hundred fold, for the tool-belt, rotten from age and exposure, began to give way under the strain

of Ruey's weight and the continual sway of her body. Luckily for her, she had noticed that the belt was about to break, and she clung with both hands—desperately clung to the iron brace that was mercilessly lacerating her gloveless palms. Then she heard the rapid hoof-beats. Thank Heaven! Oh, if she could but hold a little longer! There was no pain in the hands now, but her shoulders seemed as if molten lead were burning to the bone. Her teeth were set; her face was white and drawn; her mind was centered on the one thought—hold!. She did not notice that the wheel had ceased to turn; she hardly knew that she was being carried down the ladder of the tower. Fred admitted, afterward, that it was no boy's job.

All is bustle and excitement in the quarters of the horses that start in the free-for-all race.

Squires has just slipped over to the shop for a rivet, and Ethan watches every move of the assistants as the adjustment of Shep's rigging progresses.

Ruey has just arrived and playfully tapping Ethan on the arm, which is in a sling, she remarks rather flippantly:

"How's the wing, Birdie?"

"Oh, my arm's not worrying me as much as some other things," answered Ethan. "What could we do if Squires should meet with an accident? He's been gone long enough to get that rivet, and I can't see why he isn't back."

The race had been called and the horses were passing the door. I'ma Daisy passed first. She was hitched to a new, white sulky and looked trim as a swallow. Only Me came next, drawing a bright red sulky and his golden coat gleaming in the sunshine. The grey horse, Daniel Deronda, passed last, crushing the cinders beneath his new-shod feet.

Ethan began to fidget nervously, as Squires was not yet in sight, and exclaimed:

"Ruey, I do wish my arm was sound. I'm afraid something has happened to Squires, and I don't know what to do. There's no one here that can drive Shep but we three, and, of course, Pa wouldn't care to hear of your doing it."

Hardly had the sound of Ethan's voice died away, when the blacksmith came running up the hall, and called to Ethan:

"Patrick, you'll have to get another driver. Squires has had one of his smothering spells and he can't possibly drive."

The sharp strokes of the bell were sounding the final call. What could be done? Ruey made the resolve in a twinkling and speaking to Ethan she said:

"Haven't you your black suit in the chest?"

Ethan nodded, and Ruey turned to the groom and requested him to inform the starter of the accident to Squires. Will, the groom, was in the judge's stand inside of a minute, and the announcement instantly issued therefrom:

"The driver of Shepard Boy has become suddenly ill and we have granted a slight delay to the owner. Come up, men, and secure your positions. Only Me takes the pole, I'ma Daisy second place, Daniel Deronda third, and Shepard Boy fourth position. Score down a time or two and we'll give Shepard Boy a chance to get out."

Five minutes passed, then impatiently the starter struck the bell; another minute and—clang! clang! clang! came the sound that tries the nerves of a new driver.

Shepard Boy arrived at the track gate, and the number was placed on the driver's arm. The black horse moved out on the track, toward the Judge's stand, with strides as regular as the beating of a clock, and the whirr of the shining, newly ebonized sulky was like the purring of a cat. Clad from head to foot in the deepest black, the driver sat like a statue of black onyx, and a murmur of admiration rippled over the crowded amphitheater, as he touched his cap in a simple salute to the starter's announcement:

"Shepard Boy, you have the outside position."

Shep met the bunch at the head of the stretch, whirled into position, kept about even with the pole horse, and came down with a good, steady stride. I'ma Daisy hung close to the rear of Only Me and was going nicely, but Daniel Deronda was a length or so ahead and fighting his straps with a vengeance. Of course they couldn't start, and, as the bell sounded, Shep shook his head and slowed up.

The second time they scored, all seemed to be in good shape and they were given the word.

At the half-mile you could have covered the bunch with a blanket. There was a change before reaching the three-quarter pole. Daniel Deronda was four lengths back. I'ma Daisy was in the lead and Shep's nose was even with her sulky wheel. Only Me was a good length to Shep's rear. They turned in the stretch and came down like shadows driven by a hurricane. Four rods from the line, and Shep's head moved to I'ma Daisy's shoulder and they passed under the wire with Shep the winner by the breadth of your hand. Time, $2:10\frac{1}{4}$.

As they were going out for the second heat, Fred Webber said to the driver of Shepard Boy:

"We've got Jenkins (the driver of Daniel Deronda) and Only Me beaten; but they will have to be watched, because Jenkins is an old hand at funny work, and I'll bet he tries some of his shady driving this heat."

The horses started on the first score, but I'ma Daisy was just a little back. They made the first quarter in good time. Jenkins turned Daniel Deronda loose and he passed Shepard Boy, but immediately his speed diminished, and in the slack-up Only Me went by them. I'ma Daisy overhauled Daniel Deronda at the three-quarter pole and they came down the stretch in a string. Shep's nose was even with Only Me's tires and gradually passed to his flanks.

Only Me finished, under the whip, a nose ahead of Shepard Boy and I'ma Daisy even with Shep's shoulders. Daniel Deronda was hopelessly behind.

Webber slid from his sulky and entered the Judge's stand, and after a slight delay the announcement was made:

"Only Me is set back to third place, on account of the foul driving of himself and Daniel Deronda. Shepard Boy wins the heat, I'ma Daisy second. Time, 2:14.

The usual intermission elapsed before the starter announced:

"The next heat in the free-for-all pace. Daniel Deronda has been withdrawn, and there will be but three to finish."

It took three scores to get them off—and it was a horse-race! You could have covered them with the palm of your hand at the half-mile, and then Only Me began to lag. As they started on the stretch I'ma Daisy was slightly in advance and setting the track a-fire, but the steady stroke of the black horse was like geared lightning and he passed by the little mare. Two rods from the wire, and the cap of Shep's driver came off—then Ruey's hair unfurled and floated out behind like a sable banner of victory. The spectators arose to their feet and cheer after cheer mingled with the music of the band.

A year from that day, Ruey sat with a tiny head nestling in her arms. Fred Webber turned from I'ma Daisy and the week-old filly tagging at her heels, to his wife and baby girl, a radiant light shining in his happy eyes.

"What shall we call the colt, Ruey? Belle of the Platte?"

Shepard Boy thrust his nose from out his roomy stall and whinnied.

Ruey smiled and replied: "That seems to suit Shep." Mound City, Mo.



GETTING TOGETHER



VERY significant conference of "Friends of the Indian" was held at Riverside, Cal., April 27 to 29, inclusive. It marks the beginning of a new epoch, whose importance will depend upon the advantage taken of this opportunity by those who shared it.

Frank A. Miller is a good citizen, as well as an extraordinarily competent business man. Yet a few years ago it is probable that even so shrewd and so public-spirited a man would not have ventured upon a Western Mohonk. Even now it probably took at least as heroic public spirit to do this in the West as it took to begin it in the East. But it is a sign that public sentiment is changing. This is in no derogation of the splendid hospitality of Mr. Miller. On the contrary, it is a compliment. He was the first person in California to be so sagacious as to know that he could at last afford to carry out ideas he has long entertained.

At any rate, his beautiful hotel, which is probably the most attractive in the United States, was thrown open to an unspecified number of guests interested in a proper solution of our Indian problem. Some 150 delegates from the Sequoya League, the Northern California Indian Association and other organizations, with specially invited guests of like interests, were present at this most promising conference; besides 55 Indians of nearly half as many different linguistic stocks from all over California. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, presided at the conference; and many other college presidents were there, and a number of scientists of national repute, and several Indian agents, and many less noted laborers among the Indians, whether as government employes or as missionaries.

There were no formal papers, and but few formal addresses. A serious virtue of the conference was its really "getting together." People who knew about Indians talked about them; and the Indians spoke for themselves—as sensibly and as interestingly as any of their white neighbors. The dignity and the real American spirit of these ousted First Americans were alike noticeable. Every plea was unanimously for enough land on which to build a home in which they could make by hard work an honest living; and next for schools; and next to have help to keep liquor from among their people. This is a platform that it would be hard to disagree with. No Indian indulged in a theory—and in justice it must be said that very few of the white speakers were carried away by dreams. The one or two who were so carried were promptly awakened.

The conference was notable for its approving tone of common sense. This included very noticeably the lack of any attacks upon the government. There was a time when the government was to

be blamed for our "Century of Dishonor," but now the government is doing as well as it can under the circumstances. It was realized by the conference that we cannot take the Indians away from the government; nor yet take the government away from Washington; that, therefore, the business thing is to co-operate with the government in improving Indian affairs as every good citizen has a right to do. The way to do it is, not by scolding or beating the air, but by cool, steady, accurate aid in the way of information tempered with proportion. A good deal of harm has been done to this philanthropy, in times past, by excellent people who strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. I have never known of any Indian gathering of any size in which less foolishness and more cold sense came to the surface. This is particularly due, of course, to the presiding officer; a man before whom shams and follies naturally weaken in their knees. But it was due also in no small measure to the progress of understanding of these many thoughtful Americans in the last few years. The Indian is no longer a freak nor a toy for philanthropy; he is a human, with some of the limitations of minority, but all the rights of humanity. The most notable figure perhaps in this extraordinary gathering was C. E. Kelsey, an attorney of San Jose who interested himself a few years ago in Indian wrongs, and who is now Special Agent of the Government for the California Indians. In all the history of our dealings with the aborigine in California there has never been so competent an example as Mr. Kelsey has set for what an Indian Agent can, may, and should do. It is another symptom of awakened conscience both as to ethics and as to business, that instead of sending an Eastern political employee to muddle conditions in a country he couldn't understand, the government has taken a man who knows the ground of his jurisdiction. Mr. Kelsey's plain talk as to the work accomplished in about two years-incomparably more for our self-respect than all that was ever done in California in the 50 years preceding—was, without a flower of rhetoric, the most encouraging report I have ever heard on any phase of the Indian question. I hope to print a synopsis of it soon.

It was a pleasure to watch the perhaps natural surprise of most of these delegates at the demeanor of the Indian contingent. These 55 Indians from all parts of California were as well behaved and as good-looking a set of men as would easily be found anywhere; and as for their ability to state their message before a strange audience, none of their distinguished fellow guests had the better of them. All but one or two spoke in English; modestly, clearly, effectively. None of them had wild-eyed theories to expound or extravagant pleas to make. They contented themselves with pleading in manful fashion for three of the fundamental rights of man.

It was a valuable educative experience to many of the delegates

to meet thus this representative body of the people in whose interest they were assembled—for most good Americans cherish an honorable desire for justice to the Indian without any real knowledge of how human, and how likeable and how respectable an Indian is.

Out of more than 200,000 Indians in California in 1834, there are now not more than 17,000. 3500 of these are in Southern California; placed here on reservations-all bad, with the exception of Pala and Morengo. The Northern California Indians are practically all without land to which they have any title whatever. Having been crowded off the fertile fields in Southern California, they have been given desert substitutes. In Northern California they have been given nothing. Every treaty made by the Government has been broken—and it is so long ago that there is no reasonable hope that Congress will remedy the matter. Persistent effort has brought about some mitigation. The agitation made by the Sequoya League at its foundation secured \$100,000 from Congress for the Warner's Ranch Indians, who are now occupying one of the best valleys in the state. Further agitation secured another \$100,000. Another appropriation of \$50,000 was made last year, with the provision that this should be the last. It may be the last for that Congress, but it will not be the last for the American people, since it is not nearly enough to make even a passable show of reparation to the Indians who have been dispossessed of the very lands which make California a wonder among the states. The securing of these lands is in charge of Mr. Kelsev—which is most fortunate, not only for the Indians but for those of us other Americans who like to see fair play.

There has been an enormous awakening not only of moral sense but of common sense as to the Indian question. There was a time when it took hard fighting to convince the politician that you could not convert a man by tying him up and cutting his hair, or by changing his clothes; and that you cannot make an Indian or a Chinaman an Anglo-Saxon by any amount of process or pressure. All you can do is to help him to be better as he is. That is now the policy of the government and the policy of all Indian associations.

The platform of the conference unanimously adopted is the best proof and guarantee that it would be worth while to make this conference an annual affair. It is a safe corner upon which to build a building. There is need, and for many years there will be need, in California of a superstructure—for it will take a long time to remove from this state the shame of its Indian record. With the start that is made, in the spirit of it and the people behind it, there is every reason to feel sure that this building will be an honor to our Americanism.

C. F. L.

The resolutions adopted were as follows:

"Resolved, That the thanks of all present are hereby tendered to Frank A. Miller for calling this conference into being and for the generously munificent hospitality he has extended to us.

"Resolved, That the home is the unit and the foundation of American life and should be taken as the cornerstone of all education. Any plans for the education of Indians should include parents as well as children.

"Resolved, That we ask that a special prosecuting attorney be detailed to assist in more active enforcement of the liquor laws relating to the Indians and other laws for their protection.

"Resolved, That we tender the thanks of this conference to Senator Frank K. Flint and all of the California delegation at Washington for their untiring and successful efforts on behal fof the California Indians.

"Resolved, That this conference hereby records its high appreciation of the extraordinary skill, thoroughness and efficiency with which C. E. Kelsey, special agent for the California Indians, has discharged and is discharging the duties of his mission.

"Resolved, That we pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to assist to the best of our ability in the upholding and the continuance of this work until every landless Indian in California shall be secured the land upon which he can maintain a home; and until public sentiment shall demand full justice for all California Indians."

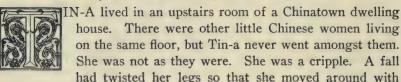
Among the delegates were: Mrs. P. D. Browne, Camp Meeker, Sonoma County; Mrs. Arthur Bandini, Pasadena; Mrs. T. C. Ed-José: Mrs. Eli King. Palo Alto: Miss Blackford, San José; C. E. Kelsey, San José; Chas. F. Lummis, Los Angeles; Mrs. and Judge J. R. Lewis, Los Angeles; Rev. Geo. F. Bovard, President U. S. C., Los Angeles; Rev. Hugh E. Gilchrist, San José; Rev. W. E. Dodge, Pasadena; Rev. Geo. H. B. Wright, San José; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Berkeley; Chalfant L. Swain, Aguanga, Cal.; Rev. Hugh K. Walker, Los Angeles; Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, South Pasadena; President Geo. A. Gates, D. D., Claremont; Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist, San José; Rev. B. Florian Hahn, Banning; Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard, Azusa; Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Sanborne, Oakland; Rev. W. C. Cook, Clovis; Rev. H. S. Jordan, San Diego; Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University: Rev. Edwin Sidney Williams, Saratoga; Mrs. M. N. Temple, Clovis; A. B. Cass, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. E. Coleman, Los Angeles; Miss M. E. Chase, Hoopa; Mrs. Mary L. Bacon, San José; Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer, Alameda; Dr. Wm. V. Coffin, Whittier; Chas. D. Rakestraw, Fort Bidwell; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis, Temecula; Jas. B. Royce, Mecca; Mrs. A. C. Darby, San José; President Jno. Willis Baer, Occidental College, Los Angeles; Miss Jennie M. Farwell, San Fernando; Miss A. A. Smead, Los Angeles; Will H. Stanley, San Jacinto; Geo. W. Marston, San Diego; Thos. Newlin, President Whittier College, Whittier; Rev. W. D. Ferrier, Berkeley; Prof. P. E. Goddard, Berkeley; Prof. F. W. Putnam and wife, Harvard University; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Blaney, Pasadena; Rev. W. H. Weinland, Banning; Rev. and Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks, Oakland; Wayland H. Smith, Los Angeles; Miss Davidson, University Club, San Francisco; Miss Nellic McCraw, Oakland; Mrs. J. W. Van Benthuysen, Los Angeles; Miss Janette Newton, Ontario; Miss Clara D. True, Banning; Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, Perris; Dr. Geo. L. Spining; Jno. W. Dinsmore, San José; Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Williams, Redlands; Mrs. W. S. Crawford, Redlands; Dr. C. Hanford, Henderson, N. Y.; Mrs. L. A. Kelley, San Francisco; Miss Grace Nicholson,

Pasadena; Rev. J. W. Millar, Tustin; Mrs. E. C. Sterling, Redlands; A. Sterling Calder and wife, Los Angeles; J. M. Johnson, Greenville; David J. Woosley, Valley Center; Miss M. Gilchrist, San José; Miss R. Smiley, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Benton, Los Angeles; Mrs Mary S. Fowler, San Jacinto; Miss Cornelia Taber, San José; A. K. Smiley, Redlands; C. E. Rumsey, Riverside; Prof. and Mrs. A. L. Kroeber, University of California; Mrs. Rothschild, San Francisco.

Among the Indians who attended were: Henry Knight, Middletown; Charlie Gunter, Upperlake; Francisco John, Kelseyville; Ned Posh, Kelseyville; Captain Tack, Hopland; Willie D. Williams, Ukiah; Wm. Dunken, Potter Valley, Mendocino County; Tonnie McTock, Potter Valley; Potter Williams, Potter Valley; John Thomas, Banning; Wm. Pablo, Banning; Jim Pine, Twenty-nine Palms; Joe Miguel, Banning; Miguel Saturnino, Palms Spring; Jim Maron, Ahwahnee; Housen Lavell, Northford; Sam Garfield, Porterville, Tulare County; Jack Jones, Needles; José Pablo, Santa Ysabel; Ramon Lugo, Banning; Lupy Lugo, Aguayo; Ignacio Costo, Aguayo; Juan Costo, Aguayo; Gabriel Costo, Aguayo.

THE CHINESE LILY

By EDITH EATON (SUI SIN FAR).



difficulty and scarred her face so terribly that none save Lin John cared to look upon it. Lin John, her brother, was a laundryman, working for another of his countrymen. Lin John and Tin-a had come to San Francisco with their parents when they were small children. Their mother had died the day she entered the foreign city, and the father the week following; both having contracted a fever on the steamer. Tin-a and Lin John were then taken in charge by their father's brother, and although he was a poor man, he did his best for them until he also was called away by death.

Long before her Uncle died, Tin-a had met with the accident that had made her not as other girls; but that had only strengthened her brother's affection, and old Lin Wan died happy in the knowledge that Lin John would ever put Tin-a before himself.

So Tin-a lived in her little upstairs room, cared for by Lin John, and scarcely an evening passed that he dd not call to see her. One evening, however, Lin John failed to appear, and Tin-a began to feel very sad and lonely. Tin-a could embroider all day in contented silence if she knew that in the evening someone would come to whom she could communicate all the thoughts that filled a small black head that knew nothing of life save what it saw from a little upstairs window. Tin-a's window looked down upon the street and

she would sit for hours pressed close against it watching those that passed below and all that took place. That day she had seen many things which she had put into her mental portfolio for Lin John's edification when evening should come. Two yellow-robed priests had passed below on their way to the joss-house in the net street; a little bird with a white breast had fluttered against the window pane; a man carrying an image of a Gambling Cash Tiger had entered the house across the street; and six young girls of about her own age, dressed gaily as if to attend a wedding, had also passed over the same threshold.

But when nine o'clock came and no Lin John, the girl began to cry softly. She did not often shed tears, but, for some reason unknown to Tin-a herself, the sight of those joyous girls caused sad reflections. In the midst of her weeping a timid knock was heard. It was not Lin John. He always gave a loud rap, then entered without waiting to be bidden. Tin-a hobbled to the door, pulled it open, and there, in the dim light of the hall without, beheld a young girl—the most beautiful young girl that Tin-a had ever seen—and she stood there extending to Tin-a a blossom from a Chinese lily-plant. Tin-a understood the meaning of the flower, and, taking it, beckoned for her visitor to follow her into her room.

What a delightful hour that was to Tin-a! She forgot that she was scarred and crippled, and she and the young girl chattered out their little hearts to one another. "Lin John is dear, but one can't talk to a man, even if he is a brother, as one can to one the same as oneself," said Tin-a to Sui Sin Far—her new friend, and Sui Sin Far, the meaning of whose name was "Chinese Lily," answered:

"Yes, indeed. The woman must be the friend of the woman and the man the friend of the man. Is it not so in the country that Heaven loves?"

"What beneficent spirt moved you to come to my door?" asked Tin-a.

"I know not," replied Sui Sin Far, "save that I was lonely too We have but lately moved here, my sister, my sister's husband and myself. My sister is a bride and there is much to say between her and her husband. Therefore, in the evening, when the day's duties are done, I am alone. Several times, hearing that you were sick, I ventured to your door; but failed to knock, because, always when I drew near, I heard the voice of he whom they call your brother. Tonight as I returned from an errand for my sister I heard only the sound of weeping—so I hastened to my room and plucked the lily for you."

The net evening, when Lin John eplained how he had been obliged to work the evening before, Tin-a answered that that was all

right. She loved him just as much as ever and was just as glad to see him as ever; but if work prevented him from seeing her, he was not to worry. She had found a friend who would cheer her loneliness.

Lin John was surprised, but glad to hear such news, and it came to pass that when he beheld Sui Sin Far, her sweet and gentle face, her pretty drooped eyelids and arched eyebrows, he began to think of apple and peach and plum trees showering their dainty blossoms in the country that Heaven loves.

* * *

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Lin John, working in his laundry, paid little attention to the street uproar and the clang of the fire engines rushing by. He had no thought of what it meant to him and would have continued at his work undisturbed had not a boy put his head into the door and shouted:

"Lin John! The house in which your sister lives is on fire!"

The tall building was in flames when Lin John reached it. The uprising tongues licked his face as he sprung up the ladder no other man dared ascend.

"I will not go. It is best for me to die," and Tin-a resisted her friend with all her puny strength.

"The ladder will not bear the weight of both of us. You are his sister," calmly replied Sui Sin Far.

"But he loves you best. You and he can be happy together. I am not fit to live."

"May Lin John decide, Tin-a?"

"Yes. Lin John may decide."

Lin John reached the casement. For one awful second he wavered. Then his eyes sought the eyes of his sister's friend.

"Come, Tin-a," he called.

* * *

"Where is the Chinese Lily?" asked Tin-a when she became conscious.

"The Chinese Lily is in the land of happy sprits."

"And I am still in this sad dark world."

"Speak not so, little one. Your brother loves you and will protect you from the darkness."

"But you loved Sui Sin Far better-and she loved you."

Lin John bowed his head.

"Alas," wept Tin-a. "That I should live to make others sad!"

"Nay!" said Lin John, "Sui Sin Far is happy. And I—I did my duty with her approval. Aye, at her bidding. How then, little sister, can I be sad?"

Seattle, Wash.



No other city in the world harbors a quarter so many people who butcher its name as Los Angeles does. The historic, obvious and inevitable pronunciation ought to have been made official a generation ago—but it was not. At present you can have your choice of half a dozen different barbarisms. In schools and colleges, in clubs of the foremost men and women of education and influence, even among the educated Old-Timers, you will get a beautiful assortment of at least half a dozen atrocious mispronunciations habitual to them; and you are in luck if in a busy day, and meeting a hundred Angeleños (another word which ought to be part of our constitution, and which not one in fifty of us can pronounce) you hear the city's name called correctly three times.

Fawncy if the Boston tourists called Machias, Me., Matchy-Ass, or the Windy city, Chick-ago, or the Oread city Wor-see-stir! There is no more obvious reason why the name of Los Angeles should be blithered by those who love her—which means all who know her.

This city was founded in 1781, and named by the name it bears today. That name is Spanish. It's old enough to be respected. While in English there are hardly two letters together which have a fixed value, in Spanish every letter and every combination of letters is absolutely determinate. If correctly written or printed, a word—even a strange one—can be pronounced but one way by any one who reads it and who knows the Spanish alphabet.

It is a disgrace and a shame that in a city like Los Angeles, populated by 300,000 educated Americans, the very name of the town they live in, and are proud of, and have helped to make, should be wife-beaten at their daily hands. Even if late, it is time now to make a crusade for the official pronunciation which will be followed by every self-respecting person with the fear of God and the love of California before his eyes.

And that's easy to set and easy to get:

LOCE ANG-EL-ESS.

This is no ipse dixi. Every Spanish dictionary that was ever published is part of my working library—and there is a long, noble line of these big and learned tomes, from Nebrissa, 1560, and even a Spanish-English (Percival) in 1598, down to the latest output of

scholarship. No competent philologist in the world will maintain an essentially different pronunciation. Some academe might try to split a finer hair; but this is the practical right. Here's why:

The serious problem comes up, of course, on the sound of the G. A smattering of Spanish leads one to believe that in the present case this is represented by plain H. There is no example in the Spanish language, and never was, where G stands literally for the English H. Before other vowels and diphthongs the Spanish G has almost exactly the sound of the English hard G as in anger. Before E and I it has an entirely different sound. To the careless ear this is "somewhere near" expressed by H. But no scholar would spell it so. This difference is best expressed perhaps by de Tornos: "has another strong guttural, aspirated sound, for which the English has no equivalent, and which even a very strongly aspirated H, as in the words Hot, Holy, does not represent."

And again Ramsey: "Before E and I, has the sound of a strongly aspirated H, nearly like the German ch in buch."

This guttural sound, for which we have no English letter, comes phonetically nearest to a cross between hard G and K. Following the nasal n, this similarity is increased. Perhaps the Century Dictionary of Proper Names exaggerates this in giving the Spanish pronunciation as "Ang-he-les;" or perhaps this is a reasonable compromise in English for the German ch which really is the closest representative of this sound that can be written in any other modern language.

As de Tornos says, the strongest H in English does not cover the Spanish sound of G before E and I. We cannot import the German ch, for it would comomnly be taken to be like the English ch in charge. "Loss Ahn-chay-lace" would be no more absurd than "Ahn-hay-lace"—but both are too absurd to become fastened upon a town which certainly deserves the highest respect that its people can give it.

Neither can we very well follow the abandoned example of the Bureau of Ethnology and invent an alphabet to express graduations of sound for which the English alphabet is not adequate. As people of common sense, as well as education and good morals, we have to hit upon the reasonable compromise which can be and will be accepted by plain Americans. It is not a question of hair-splitting for the benefit of philologists, but a matter of establishing in everyday, intelligible terms a pronunciation which mere human citizens of Los Angeles will be willing and able to use. We cannot hope to hold any night schools or summer schools to teach an injection of that peculiar guttural represented in German by ch and in Spanish by G before E. The best we can do is to come the nearest to the historic and proper and decent pronunciation that the English alpha-

bet and the limitations of our palates will permit. The nearest representation in English of the proper Spanish pronunciation of the name of this city—of the name by which it was called almost universally for a century—is Loce (rhyming with dose and gross) Ang-el-ess. The A sound is nearer that of Ann than of Ah. The two E's are precisely the same as they are in "yes" and "less' and "Bess." The S is as hard as in these words—for there is no sound in Spanish like our Z, any more than there is such a flat O as in our "Loss."

The E sound in Spanish shares the history of the letter in other European languages. It is a descendant of the letter H, and is a very soft, smooth aspirate—phonetically a medium between the completely open A of "father" and the close-sound I of "pique." Or, to state it differently, it is a weakening of the old A.

In Spanish an accented E has the sound of Ay in "day." Without the stress it has exactly the sound of the English E in "red," "bed," "yes," 'less." It is the easiest mistake of the beginner to think that every Spanish E has the ay sound. Any one who will say to an educated Spaniard "een-tay-ray'-sace" for "intereses" would be laughed at, if the Spanish were not too polite to laugh at people who boggle their language. To pronounce the last syllables of Angeles "hay-lace" or "hay-lais" is as incorrect and as absurd and as repugnant to the genius of the language as it would be to call the English word kindred "keen-draid." Even worse, since it mangles a consonant as well as both vowels. It's like calling it "seen-draid."

The vital thing is to have the O long and the aspirate hard. Those who like to be precise and critical can soften this hard G toward the German ch, just as any one who knows anything about Spanish softens every D and every B, from the English sounds. Our grievous general crime against history and scholarship is in jellyfying this G, and in calling the city, in effect, "Lost Angie Lees." "There ain't no sich a person." She isn't lost, and she isn't Angie. There is no jelly sound in Spanish. The plea that the "soft G is more euphonious" is unworthy of people fit to live here. Euphony, in the first place, is somewhat a matter of individual taste.. At least half of the family names in this city are not as euphonious as they might be-but fairly respectful children prefer to retain the names that were good enough for their fathers. Furthermore, if we are to blubber history for the safe of a euphonic jellyfication, of course we shall come to saying "Mó-jave" and "San Joes." Without exhausting the infinite variety of handicaps that would confront any one trying to "euphonize" in this way, it's enough to come to the last of the list, and remark that it will probably be some time before we allow this kind of amateur euphonists to call the Almighty by the "nicer" name of "Iod."

Not all people who speak English are called upon to make English dictionaries—nor could, if called upon. Quite as much is true in Spanish. That is the reason why we have dictionaries in both languages. Just as we Americans all of us mispronounce some words, the Spanish speaking people are also finite. Thousands of them here do not know how to pronounce the ll, and give it the sound of y instead of lli in "million." Thousands of them lose their g in "agua" and "guero," and call them "awa" and "wayro." But this doesn't signify that anyone else should follow the bad example. Many of them also express the G sound in the present case by H; but if you corner them you will find that they have a gutteral quality to it which is more than H. Or else they don't know how to pronounce their own language.

And of course An-hel-ess is not nearly so bad as the jelly G. If one can't come any closer to the correct pronunciation than this, it's less barbarous anyhow than Angie.

The Lady would remind you, please, Her name is not

LOST ANGIE LEES.

Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride,
The G shall not be jellified.
O long, G hard, and rhyme with "yes"—
And all about

Loce Ang-el-ess.

* *

This is a very decent old planet. It is not perfect; but the only serious trouble in it is when we are smaller than the things that befall—that are bound to befall—all of us. Man is meant to be bigger than anything that can happen to him. He can be. Human nature is a wonderful thing when it has a chance—an adequate chance.

Not long ago the Lion saw an eight-year-old boy fallen off a swift boat in mid-ocean. It happened to be the Lion's cub. When seen, he was already 150 yards astern in a roaring sea. He had "learned to swim" as the phrase goes—that is, to paddle twenty feet at a time in still water where he could set his feet to the ground when he got tired of paddling. But mid-ocean is a different matter—and a white-cap sea.

The engine broke down at the instant—so the propeller didn't cut him in two when he went under it. But we didn't think of that until later. All we knew was that the boat was dead, and

that no one on it could go to the boy. For nine minutes we watched that little white head when it came up on the waves; and yelled cheer to it that is a fair gospel in any stress of life: "Keep your mouth shut—don't work too hard—float when you are tired—don't be afraid—Father will get you." And the little red-and-black sweater, and the little hands, and the tow-head still showed above the white-caps.

Then by the grace of God and the skill of a grizzled Dane who can do anything with his hands that man can do, the gasoline engine came to life; and we swooped down in the last second to pick up with a long boat-hook a little drooping object that was already four feet down in the clear green; and to struggle for several minutes to carry him back along the bucking boat; and to roll and work him for full fifteen minutes before the first gasp of life came back—while the good old "California," the fastest of its kind, made its best record for home and help and warmth. And here, with all that science could do, we brought life back safely.

The Lion has seen on many frontiers a good many killings, a good many deaths, a good many brave things; and has learned that human life on the average is full of patient heroism. But he never saw so brave a fight nor so straight a miracle. He never got discouraged yet, and never expects to. But if he were ever tempted, he would remember that indelible picture, and would feel that if a slender eight-year-old coddling could take his first lesson in real swimming for nine minutes in an angry sea, no one on earth has a right to sink under any tide.

Nobody but a scrub ought ever to get discouraged at anything. We Don't Have To. We can meet it anyhow. Live or die, we can conquer Fate. And this little word is set down in the hope that it may do someone else some good; even as the fact it sketches did good to the Lion and to a cub he can't spare.

* *

A valued correspondent writes: "I have not a Century Dictionary at hand. Can you tell me how it defines 'Smithereens?' Is it what's left of Smith?"

* *

This is a Funny life; and the funniest thing in it is that so few of us realize what a joke we are. There is probably no other word more variously understood than "fun." Humor, which is its expression, is somewhat like a combination of pepper and breakfast food—the base is not really worth the seasoning. Luckily we have had in this country for a good many years two papers whose ideas of fun and of humor are sane and lasting: a welcome relief from the shallow ha ha of the average jester.



Puck, the veteran, has just made a profession of its faith which is worthy to be put in the bible of all humorists. The Lion knows and loves the boys who make Puck, as he knew and admired their fathers before them. They are doing men's work in a way to make any father hope that his boys shall do as well after he is gone. And this editorial is good not only in the testament of Fun, but in that of good citizenship. Here is its gist:

Some people do not understand Puck. They think it is our pleasure, or our peculiar duty, to laugh at everything and everybody. Nothing of the sort.

We appreciate a good joke; we know a good joke when we see one; and whether anybody else will see it, we do not pause to consider—we seek no levels of intelligence, aim at no "average reader." But we also know that the only humor that is worth while—the only humor that ever was worth while—is the humor that has a serious foundation. In addition to a sense of humor we have certain convictions of what is right and wrong in government, in business, in life. And that is why we do not choose, or feel obliged, to laugh at everything and everybody. Take the cartoons, for example. Sometimes they are intended to be humorous; more frequently they are not so intended. In short, when this paper is serious it expects to be taken seriously; when humorous—you may take it as you please.

We wish to add that at no time in its career has Puck been more in earnest than the present, at no time has jocularity had a more serious basis. We believe that the men who have discovered wrong and injustice and cried it aloud have rendered their country an incalculable service, and, further, that there never was greater need of their labors than at the present moment, when a half-awakened public conscience is debating whether to turn over and go to sleep again.

Not "Slow down!" but "Full steam ahead!" is the command of a clear conscience and a sound head. We believe that, absolutely. For this reason: If the experiment of democracy in this country is not to end in crash and failure, the republic must be upbuilt, or rebuilt, on lines of rigid honesty. No compromise! Compromise is a serviceable weapon, but this is not the time for it. This is the time for the naked sword of Honesty. That now—or the torch of revolution for our children.

Business has been hurt; yes. Business may be further hurt; yes again. But we are taking our share of the hurt. Take yours. Puck has no respect for business, big or little, that is not honest business. Neither have younger you. Then why not say so? That is all that is necessary—enough people saying a thing. It goes, then.

Puck's motto is, "What fools these mortals be!"—not "What knaves!" Fools we may be; but here and there a wise man lifts his voice, and Puck gives ear and stretches out a hand. We are for the cause—your cause. And our wish, our purpose, is to extend, as far as lies in our power, the influence of the men who are battling for honest government in the best country under the sun.

* *

Let us now arise and sing the doxology!

Whatever it was that happened to the Post Office Department (and there is a suspicion that what happened was a certain Man who, though occupied with large affairs, has a heart for history and a respect for decency) the most fatuous vandalism ever perpetrated upon the map of the West even by the Post Office Department has been remedied.

Historic Jemez, celebrated in our Western archives for more than three centuries, was by the Post Office Department recently transmogrified into "Putney"—upon which horrid barbarism some gentle remarks were made in these pages not long ago. Now, glory be, it has been changed back to its ancient and honorable name. Probably in the Post Office Department they call it Gee-meez (its friends call it Há-mess) but that makes little odds. But it is not a trifle when local vanity or official ignorance can obliterate and pervert history.

One of the most interesting and cheerful cases in the periodic attempts of the Post Office Department to murder place-names was that of Cañon City, Colorado. The Post Office Department turned it into Canyon City. The citizens protested, being able to spell for themselves. No attention. The hateful stamp still postmarked all their letters. Thereupon these independent Americans quit buying stamps of their local post office, and got them elsewhere. As the cancellation of stamps in smaller offices determines the salary of the postmaster, this was an argumentum ad hom, which was intelligible even in the large stone building on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C. The Department decided to spell Cañon City the way its people spell, and the way that everyone else spells who knows anything.

It is hardly necessary to add that the National Geographic Board turned a deaf ear and sticks to Canyon. It is the bright record of this Board that it has made more blunders and has officially perpetuated more foolish solecisms than probably any other body that ever in the world's history monkeyed with proper names. Even the Century Dictionary of Names must take a back seat.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS



Officers Founded 1895 President, Chas. F. Lummis Vice-President, Margaret Collier Grayham. Secretary, Arthur B Benton, 114 N. Spring St. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Stilson, 812 Kensington Road. 812 Kensington Road. Chas. F. Lummis Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, 1033 Santee St.

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VERY member of the Landmarks Club is entitled to a share in these thanks of the fine organization at Whittier and that region which is working valiantly to preserve and repair the historic home of Governor Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors. The

letter is therefore printed here for the pleasure of those of the Landmarks Club; all of whom are represented in some degree in this donation to the Pico Museum.

Whittier, California, April 7, 1908.

Chas. F. Lummis, Esq., Los Angeles.

Dear Sir:-Upon receipt of your very kind letter and munificent donation of two hundred and fifty dollars from the Landmarks Club, the Governor Pico Museum and Historical Society tendered a formal vote of thanks to you and the Landmarks Club at its annual meeting October 29, 1907. Also at a meeting of the Board of Directors, January 7, 1908, it was ordered to send you due notice of the action of the Society, but owing to the continued absence of the corresponding secretary, a painful and seemingly inexcusable delay has followed in acknowledging the courtesy extended to us, and the directors have authorized me to convey to you and the Landmarks Club the thanks of our Society, and assure you of our deep appreciation of your continued kindness and helpfulness towards our organization.

Very Respectfully,

H. W. R. STRONG, President.





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1908	3		JUNE		1908				
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.			
3 First Quart June 6	1	2	3	4	5	6			
7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
28	29	30		Full Moon June 13	Last Quarter June 20	New Moon June 27			
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